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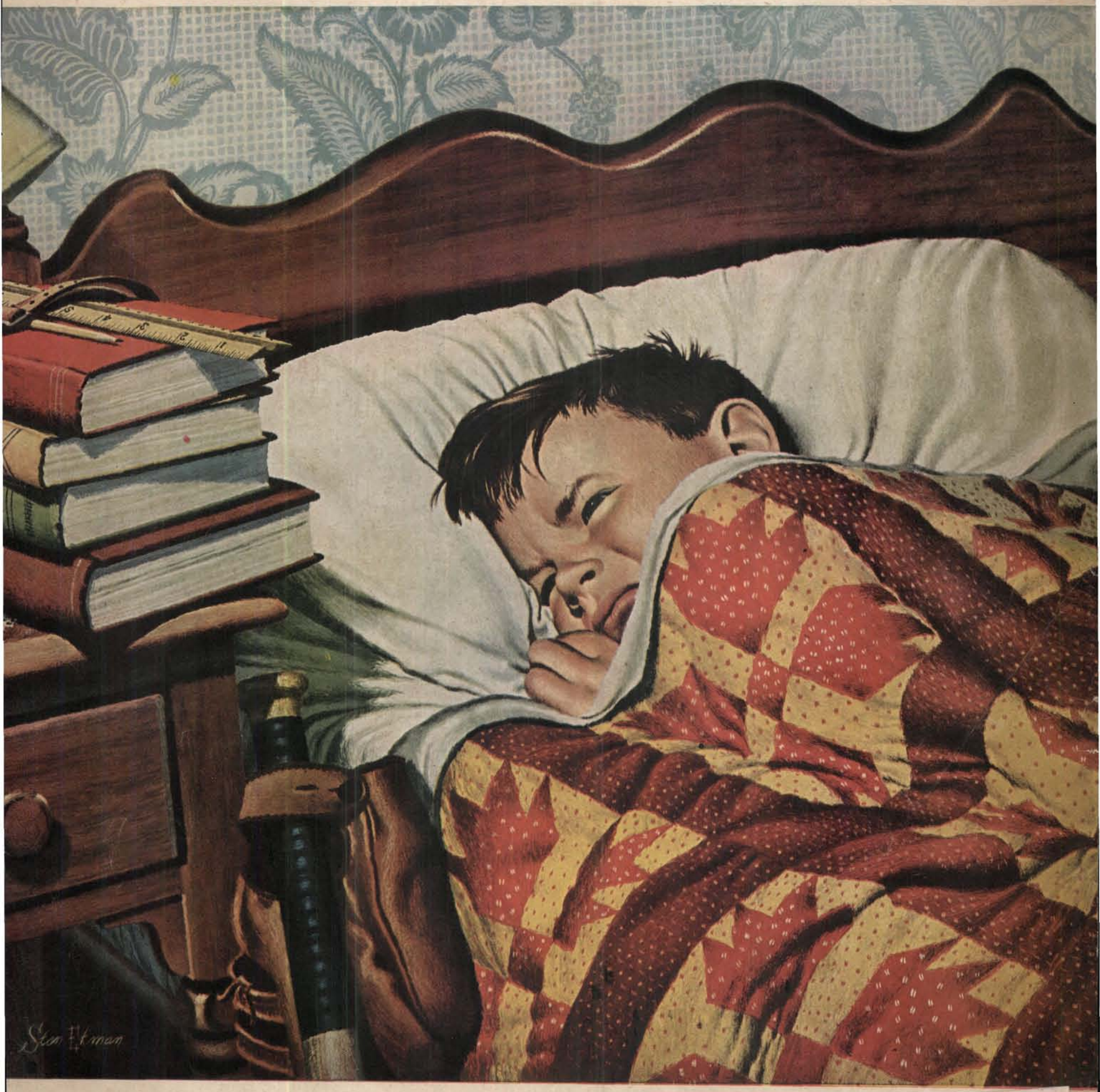

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September 8, 1951

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

The boy who's sleeplessly worrying about his homework is Richie Ekman, nephew of the artist. Richie, eleven, is a combined scholar and athlete who rooted for the Cubs all summer and is now enrolled in the seventh grade at Chicago's Palmer School. The quilt is a handmade job run up by the talented grandmother of an Ekman neighbor.

Week's Mail

About Mr. Miller

EDITOR: I enjoyed greatly the article in the July 21st issue of your publication entitled Miller's Million, by Mr. Bill Fay.

Among the ideas successfully plugged by this very capable author are two mighty important items so often forgotten by some of our power-mad groups today. These are: loyalty to one's employers and, secondly, loyalty to a country and a system which have made possible so many stories of success and achievement. What a great contrast between such a man as this quiet professor and Frederick Vanderbilt Field, who has devoted his fortune to fighting a great country and a great system!

JOHN K. CRIPPEN, Chicago, Ill.

. . . The article in your July 21st issue relative to Miller's Million was very interesting and well written. In the main, it gives a correct story of Professor Miller with whom I have been acquainted for many years.

The only objection to the article which I have is the fact that you refer to me as "Boswell, the No. 2 man on Miller's investment team."

Based upon our office records, a conservative estimate would show that over 60 per cent of the profits made by Professor Miller and more than 60 per cent of the current market value of his estate came from the ownership of securities purchased through me.

My own inclination has been to seek no personal publicity in connection with this account, as from an investment standpoint it could only happen once in a lifetime.

BYRON E. BOSWELL, Chicago, Ill.

Aggressing the Aggressor?

EDITOR: Are we preparing to fight fire with fire?

I refer to Mr. Robert Shaplen's article Guerrillas—Our Hope in Red China (July 21st), where he advocates arming and using guerrillas against the Communist government of mainland China. The North Koreans, trained and armed by the Russians, committed aggression by putting a full-scale task force over the 38th parallel. We called it aggression and jumped in. The UN reluctantly followed suit. What can or will the UN think when U.S. armed and trained guerrillas go jumping across to China and coming out of their mountain hide-outs as did the North Koreans in South Korea? It looks like aggression to me even if we, not the Russians, are masterminding it.

LOREN W. FESSLER, Thompson Falls, Mont.

Liked the Sky Goddess

EDITOR: To those of us who barnstormed around in the Jennies, Canucks and De Havilands in the early 1920s, Noel Houston's splendid short story The Sky Goddess (July 21st) brings back many pleasant memories. Not only is Mr. Houston an excellent story writer but he jolly well knows his flying machines and the country around north Texas and southern Oklahoma where I've slept many a night under a wing with just gas and hamburger money for the next day.

RAYMOND L. HUGHES, Plant City, Fla.

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"I'd rather be literal-minded than fuzzy-minded, my intemperate friend"

'Round and 'Round the Round Table

By MILFORD CONN

THIS is your moderator Joseph Zoakes convening the 1,149th session of the Citizens' Forum Round Table. Our subject today is, Should Cuba and Prince Edward Island Enter into a Reciprocal Trade Agreement? Participating today in addition to our regular group are Dr. Oliver Comma and—"

"Not Dr. Comma, if you please—it's *Professor* Comma."

"I beg your pardon. Also with us today is Professor Hannibal Humperpickel of the University of—"

"Not Professor Humperpickel, if you please—it's Dr. Humperpickel."

"I beg your pardon, Doctor. We seem to be off to an inauspicious start. If we can't agree on our titles, how are we going to agree on anything else? Ha! Ha! But anyhow titles should only be taken seriously in a monarchy. That's a joke, son, as Senator Claghorn used to say." (Laughs uproariously.) "To get down to our subject, first I'll call upon one of our regulars, C.J.K. Algonquin, renowned author, lecturer, globe trotter—"

"C.J.A., if you please, not C.J.K."

"Beg your pardon, C.J.A. That's an initial blunder. No, it isn't at that. It's my third. I'm in good form today." (Laughs uproariously.) "Well, C.J.A., do you think a trade agreement between Cuba and Prince Edward Island is economically sound?"

"Well, the products of one could make up for deficiencies in the other. For instance, Prince Edward Island produces some pretty good lumber, mainly spruce and balsam. And her fur industry is really something—plenty of silver and platinum fox. The fur people could swap—"

"What in the world would Cuba do with furs? Cuba's a hot place. If you'll pardon my saying so—"

"I don't like your tone, sir. If you had even the most elementary knowledge of economics—"

"My friend from Princeton sounds a bit belligerent today."

"Minnesota, if you please, not Princeton."

"Well, our time is limited and we must get on with our discussion. Professor Comma's hand is up and I can see he has something pertinent to tell us."

"I don't know whether my somewhat confused colleague will consider it pertinent or not. But how could Prince Edward Island enter into a trade agreement without consulting the Canadian government? The island is part of the Dominion of Canada. It seems to me—"

"With the permission of our interrupting confrere let us assume that Prince Edward Island *has* secured permission—"

"It seems to me that's taking a lot for granted. How can a small province ignore her government and assume she can enter into a trade agreement with—"

"The question is purely hypothetical."

"I'm a practical person. Does this have the approval of the Dominion's prime minister or doesn't it?"

"It seems to me you're pretty literal-minded, sir. We'll never get anywhere if—"

"I'd rather be literal-minded than fuzzy-minded, my intemperate friend. Either you'll face facts or—"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!"

"If my distinguished colleague will try to get it through his thick skull that—"

"If the eminent scholar from Minnesota will give a few simple facts a chance to seep through his atrophied brain cells—"

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!"

"I insist—"

"I demand—"

"I didn't come here to—"

"I've got better things to do with my time than—"

"Our time is up, gentlemen. This concludes our round table on whether Cuba or Prince Edward Island should enter into a reciprocal trade agreement. For a copy of this enlightening discussion send 10 cents to Forum Editor in care of the station to which you are listening. Tune in next week for another of these informative exchanges. Our topic is a novel one that has come to the fore of late and merits serious consideration—Juvenile Delinquency. And now your moderator says good-by to one and all until next week at the same time." THE END

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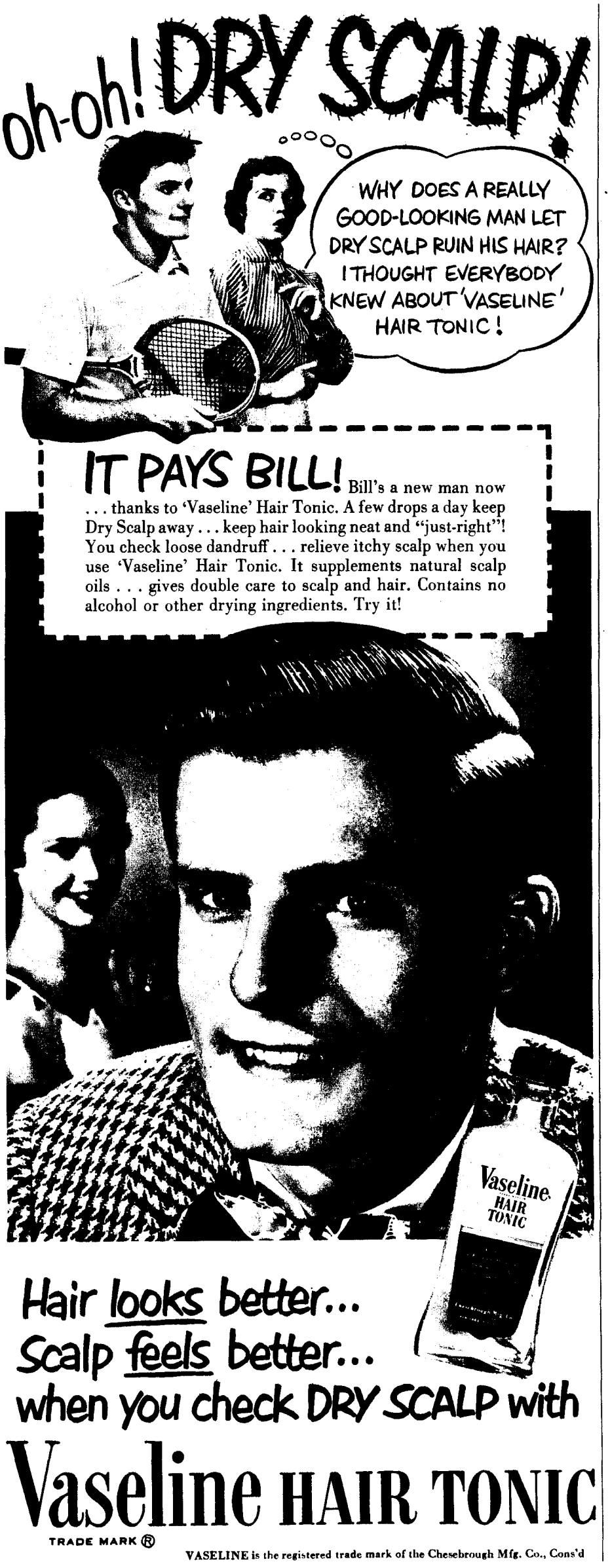
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IT PAYS BILL! Bill's a new man now . . . thanks to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. A few drops a day keep Dry Scalp away . . . keep hair looking neat and "just-right"! You check loose dandruff . . . relieve itchy scalp when you use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It supplements natural scalp oils . . . gives double care to scalp and hair. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it!
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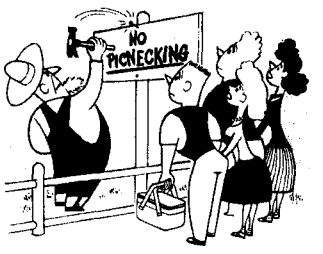
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT



George Williams College is located in Chicago. It has 400 students, a faculty of 33, is coeducational, and Harold C. Coffman is its president. Furthermore it has a camp on Vision Hill near Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Now that you're all set about George Williams, you're no doubt prepared for the news that on Vision Hill, too, is a sign, laboriously wrought by a farmer. It reads: No Picnecking.

★ ★ ★

Cop in Los Angeles listened patiently while a friend of ours commented on the extremely youthful appearance of many passing car drivers. "Yeah," said the cop, "all too young to be allowed on the streets as pedestrians."

★ ★ ★

And while we're in California we'd better tell you that five civic organizations in the Pasadena area are protesting the presence in Pasadena of the jet propulsion laboratory of the California Institute of Technology. Complain it's too noisy. Caltech's scientists reply that they are making important progress as quietly as possible and the Pasadena City Board of Directors hopes to convince the protesters that an enemy invasion which Tech's technicians are helping to forestall would be much noisier and much, much more painful.

★ ★ ★

Wednesday evening meeting was about to close with prayer in a small church in Cumberland County, Kentucky. The preacher called upon a brother who had never before prayed in public. The brother made up for lost time. He prayed for his friends, his enemies, his country, his family, relatives, the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, the weather, Congress, the President, the county supervisors and then spread himself into the world at large. After he'd been praying 15 minutes the meeting began to get restless but apparently the brother couldn't find a landing place. And then a happy thought: "Janie," said he, turning to his wife, "take holt and wind this up. Damned if I ain't got her in a twist."

★ ★ ★

Had quite a little trouble getting started this week because we've been reading a batch of releases from government agencies—Economic Stabilization, for example. If we were a bit brighter, maybe we'd have dredged something helpful from the one about Evaluation of the Utilization of Priorities on Flow Retardation. But we had got ourself pretty badly scrambled by the one we pored over just before—Ascertainment of the Fluidity of Modular Co-Ordination. Trouble is that Washington's snatching dough out of our hand as fast as we get it and we can't afford to hire an interpreter to tell us what to do when we're invited to attend a meeting to hear Expediters and Co-Ordinators Channelize Qualitative and Cumulative Information on Re-Activation of Facilities. Oh, well, maybe we had better go to this Conference on Patterns of Interadministrative Conjunctions of Efficiency Norms, and say no more about it.

★ ★ ★

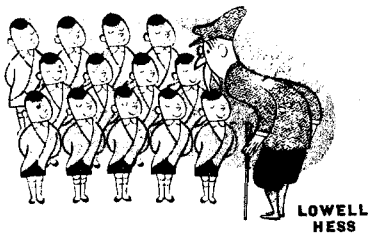
We do not know what's going to happen in 1952, a claim no other column can make. For example, we don't know whether Mr. Truman will run again. We are even so dumb that we don't know whether General Eisenhower will run nor on what ticket. All we know is that Mrs. Eleanor G. Bratlinger, of Walla Walla, Washington, has an idea which makes as much sense as anything else we know. When it came time for her club to elect a new president it was decided to stop fussing around with an election. "We just put all names of candidates in a hat and took them out into the street," says she. "Then we asked the first man we met to pick one. Worked fine. Everybody is satisfied. Club never had a better president—me."

★ ★ ★

The growing tendency of his Republican opposition to brand Mr. Truman a Socialist displeases Mr. Felix Haig, of Malone, New York. "If," thinks he, "they keep this up they will smear him as red as that well-known Communist, President Calvin Coolidge." It was after Mr. Coolidge had read Karl Marx's Das Kapital that he said: "Would have been better if he'd gone to work instead of just writing about it."

★ ★ ★

No applause here in these Forty-Eight for the bright idea of the Honorable Member of the British House of Commons who proposed that all British



children be dressed alike. Listen, John, can't you wait until they reach draft age?

★ ★ ★

Then too, an almost brand-new recruit in a South Carolina camp told his first sergeant in ecstatic voice that his girl had changed her mind and had decided to marry him. "Yeah?" said the top kick. "Well, serves you right for telling her you were learning to cook."

★ ★ ★

Frankly, we can see no reason for such bitterness, but Alabama seems to be badly divided over the question of whether it should have a state dog. The opposition shouts that Alabama already has a state flower that encourages hay fever—goldenrod, a state bird—yellowhammer—that hasn't been seen in Alabama for years and a state song which no one can sing. But Mrs. Bowrie Eastwood Plowven, of Birmingham, is not

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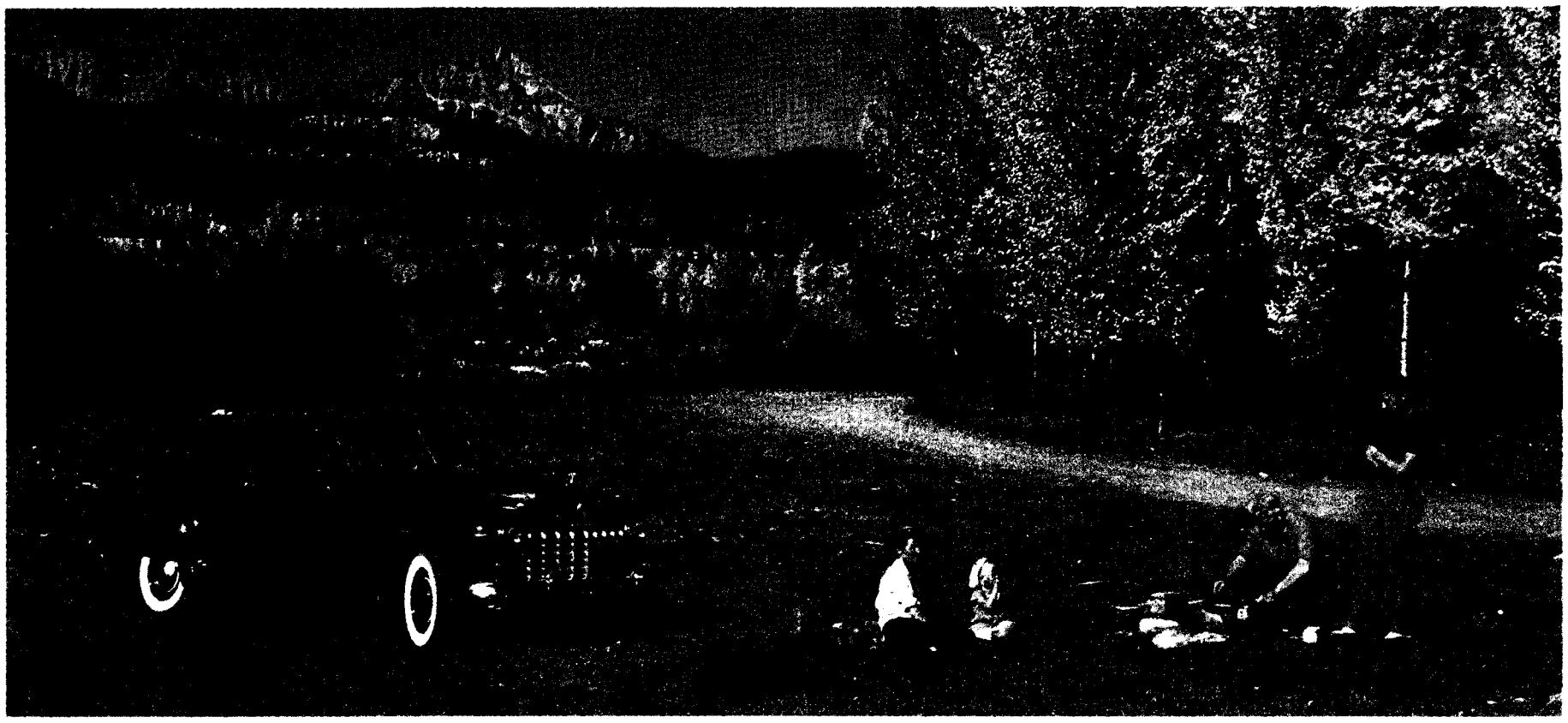

Wherever cars are driven today . . . to Miette Valley in Jasper, Canada (above) . . . to Putnam County in New York State (below) . . . or any other enchanting spot . . . more of them roll on Goodyear tires than on any other kind. *And there are mighty good reasons why this is so.*

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YOU STARTED THIS FIGHT, MARGIE! SO FINISH IT! HOW COME I'M IN THE DOGHOUSE? I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT!
I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO TELL YOU! ANYWAY, YOUR DENTIST IS THE ONE TO TELL YOU ABOUT— ABOUT BAD BREATH, DAN!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM DOES A SUPER JOB OF POLISHING TEETH, TOO! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
BELIEVE ME, USING COLGATE'S PAYS FOR I'M A LUCKY DOG THESE DAYS!

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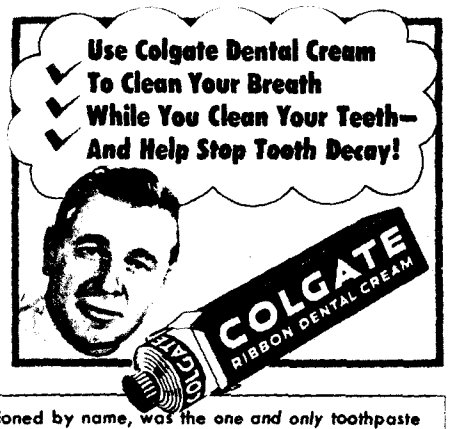

*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

dismayed. Mrs. Plowven has been sponsoring pro-dog meetings which thus far have been unable to select the breed that should bear the honor of being Alabama's Dog, although the ladies have agreed that puppies are cutest. Efforts to get the Honorable Frank W. (Everything's Made for Love) Boykin, member of Congress from Mobile, into the fray have thus far failed, although Mr. Boykin, who has rescued, bred and given away 12,492 dogs, keeping a mere 54 for himself, is alleged to favor the blue tick hound. And that's about all there is to report on the Alabama dog situation at the moment.

★ ★ ★

Joe Tonges attended a meeting in Wisconsin Rapids, where Senator Joe McCarthy spoke. Mr. Tonges left the hall deeply impressed. Said he to his friend Al McKinney: "McCarthy talked about two-bit politicians." Said Mr. McKinney: "Glad to hear the senator's finally found company there in Washington."

★ ★ ★

Too few remember him. He was born near Liberty in Union County, Indiana, in 1839. He died 38 years ago in Oakland, California. He was known as the Poet of the Sierras. He believed and wrote that God was just and all-wise and that there was something of God in every man. Not long ago, near the town of Liberty, state highway workers clearing out a ditch stumbled on a broken concrete block and, beneath it, an iron plaque on which was inscribed the man's name and that he was born half a mile down the road. And under that was a verse of his:

"In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not."

★ ★ ★

His name was Joaquin Miller.

★ ★ ★

Our policy of letting no summer pass without learning something has been rewarded. The ladies and gentlemen in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company who figure out such fascinating things as how long you're going to live and why you're alive, anyway, have come forth with the fact that four males are killed by lightning to every one female. This does not take into account the early Presidential candidates who stand in exposed positions inviting the lightning to hit them. Nor does the state of Rhode Island enter the survey. Nobody has been killed by lightning in Rhode Island since 1936. And this gives us a chance to reply to Mrs. Annabel O'Day, of Pawtucket, who complains of the infrequent appearance of Rhode Island in these columns. So far as we know nothing happens in Rhode Island. If we're wrong, dear customers, let us know.

★ ★ ★

Just been talking to a railroad conductor who has retired after 45 years of it. He was so enthusiastic in his praise of the road, his superiors and railroading generally that we asked him whether there was anything at all that he hadn't liked about his job. "Oh, yes," said he promptly. "Passengers."

★ ★ ★

As a result of Senate Crime Committee hearings in New Orleans, shoals of bookmakers, their runners, shills, touts, phone operators, torpedoes and all the rest of the weasel-morals train found themselves out of their nice illegal jobs. Naturally these twitch-noses couldn't be expected to go to work like you and me. So they registered with the unemployment compensation offices and, although complaining bitterly that this forces them to live on a far less comfortable scale, are collecting unemployment money every week against the time when the public goes back to sleep, permitting them to return to their trades. And would you believe it? There are people in New Orleans who object to supporting guys like that with their taxes. How do they expect them to live?

★ ★ ★

Now, there was a time when you could go into Joe Tilley's meat market in Omaha and order a few pounds of prime beef. Mr. Tilley would thereupon cut it off with expert ease and, in no time worth mentioning, you departed with a fine bit of cow for which you did not have to mortgage your house. Today, as you may suspect, it's different. Mr. Tilley listens to your order. He frowns. He draws forth a yardstick. From a shelf he takes a large whodunit lately received from the Office of Price Stabilization and turns to page 27. Mr. Tilley then reads carefully and, laying aside the volume, attacks the side of beef with yardstick and knife—hoping naturally, that he isn't carving himself into a legal hassel with the United States government. He reads aloud as he carves: "The rib bone or bones in these cuts shall measure no larger than seven inches in a straight line from the protruding edge of the chine bone. The diaphragm or skirt muscle may or may not be removed, but the membranes on each side of the skirt and on the inside of the plate and all loose fat shall be removed." Presently you get your meat and you bid good-by to Mr. Tilley, who is now gazing raptly into space counting on his fingers.

★ ★ ★

It's possible that Mr. Tilley, by nature a genial man, is in the same mood as the lady reported by Mrs. Joanna Massey La Paz of Toledo, Ohio. The lady was bitten by a dog and, notwithstanding assurances by her doctor, decided she was going to die of hydrophobia. Anyway, she decided to write her will at once. Her doctor called again in an hour and found her still writing. "Pretty lengthy will, isn't it?" he said. "Will nothing," she replied. "Finished that 40 minutes ago. I'm now writing the names of the people I'm going to bite."

★ ★ ★

Our private G-2 prowling the eternal corridors of the Pentagon Building reports that a colonel arriving late and cheerful saluted his secretary at the top of his lungs. "Morning, my dear. What's to mend this lovely morning?" She replied equally blithely: "Not a thing, not a thing, Colonel. Everything's fine." Shocked, the colonel cried: "What are we going to use for a crisis?"

★ ★ ★

Just read a speech by Mr. Robert B. Crosby, a North Platte Republican lawyer who wants to be governor of Nebraska. Says he wonders whether the United States can avoid the grief which has come to every other nation that has wangled itself into the same spot we're occupying today. Name one of those other nations, Mr. Crosby, just ONE.

★ ★ ★

All we can say is that if you're silly enough to miss our next week's issue there's not much we can do for you. Among other things you'll read with sheer delight will be a piece by Baby Shor, the wife of Toots Shor, the New York restaurant proprietor of far-flung fame. It's called Life with Toots. While Mrs. Shor was working on the piece (with our Tom Meany) Mr. Shor kept interrupting. Finally she lost patience and said: "Keep quiet or I'll leave you out of my story."

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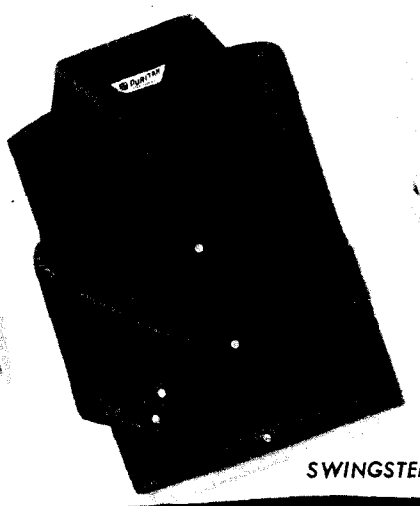
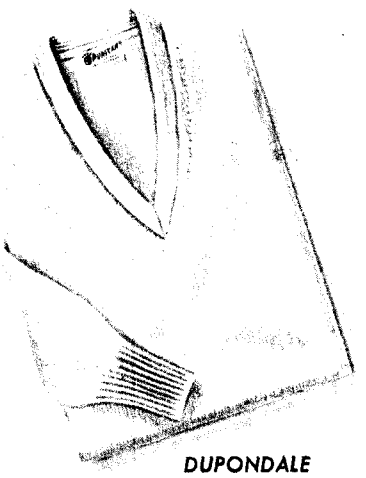
Can you name the ALL-AMERICANS who picked these PURITAN topscore styles?

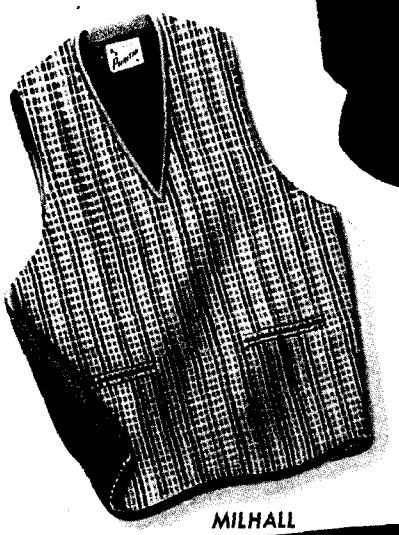
STANTON



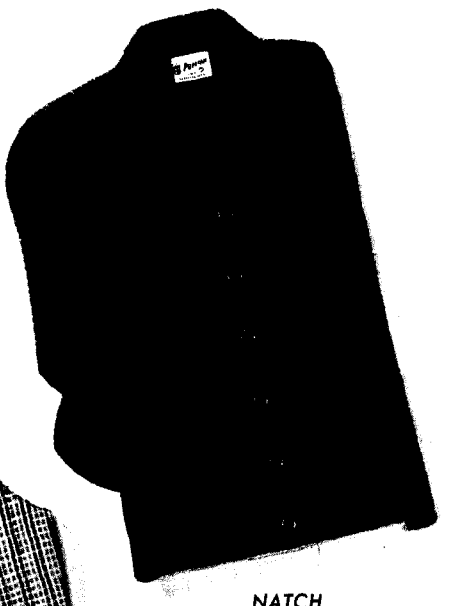
SWINGSTER



DUPONDALE



MILHALL

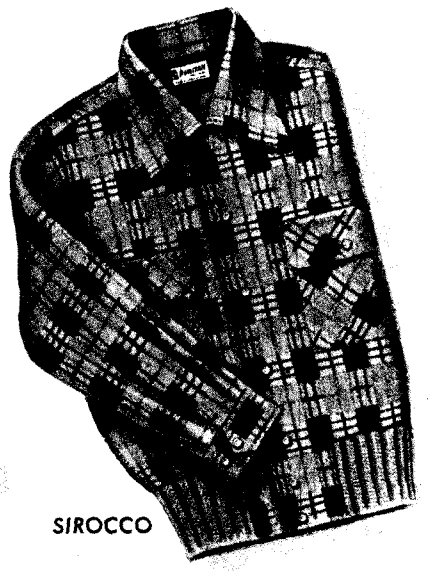


NATCH

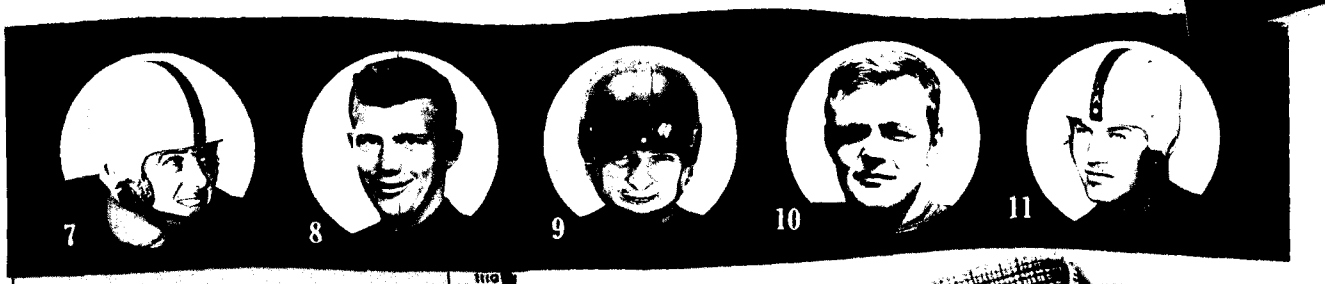
STRATFORD

ARCTIC

WINDSOR



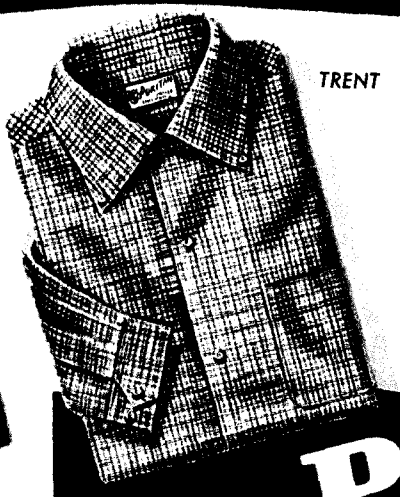
SIROCCO



PURITAN'S ALL-AMERICAN LINE-UP

1. Ed Salem, U. of Alabama, prefers STANTON
2. Bob Williams, Notre Dame, likes SWINGSTER
3. Holland Donan, Princeton, picks DUPONDALE
4. Dan Foldberg, West Point, prefers MILHALL
5. Bob McCullough, Ohio State U., chooses NATCH
6. Bernie Lemonick, U. of Penn., picks STRATFORD
7. Frank Anderson, U. of Okla., chooses ARCTIC
8. Chuck Ortmann, U. of Mich., likes WINDSOR
9. Jim Monachino, U. of Calif., selects SIROCCO
10. Bob Momsen, Ohio State U., selects CORDMONT
11. Bob Gain, U. of Kentucky, picks TRENT

CORDMONT



TRENT

It's a touchdown every time... as the top football stars of the country single out their favorite sportswear of the year (see line-up at left). Traditionally a winner, Puritan Sportswear sparkles with all the high spirit of an annual football classic—sets a lively pattern with its modern styling and dashing colors. Superior in workmanship, too. No wonder "All Americans" root for it. To win immediate approval on the campus, take *your own* Puritan favorites back to school with you. Popularly priced. In a host of colors. You'll find them at your nearest dealer, or write direct to Puritan Sportswear, Altoona, Pa.

PURITAN
SPORTSWEAR

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Good Shave?

Good Day!

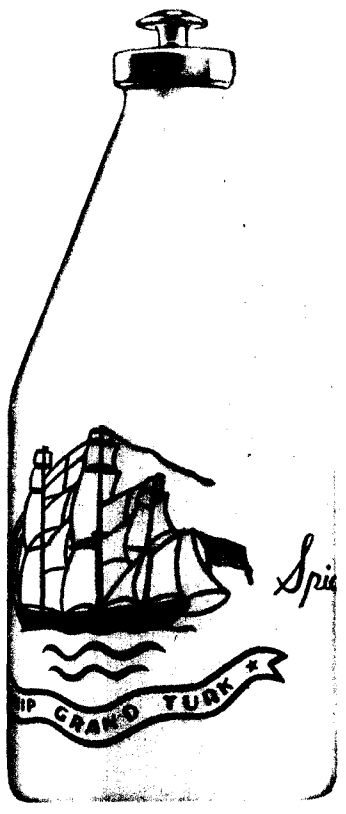
EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice®
FOR MEN

for that Top-of-the-World feeling

while shaving

SHAVING CREAM
Lather and Brushless
.50

after shaving

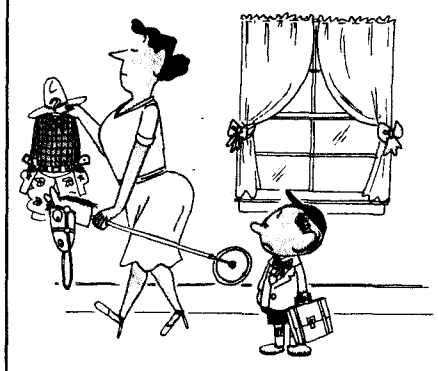


AFTER SHAVE LOTION
1.00 plus tax
(large size 1.75)

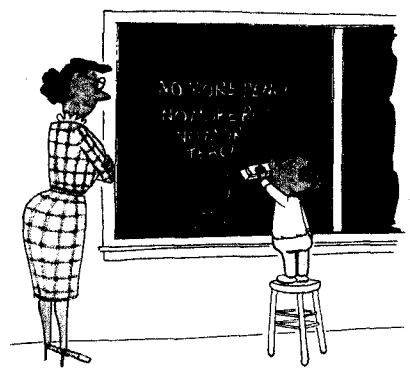
SHULTON
New York Toronto

BACK TO SCHOOL

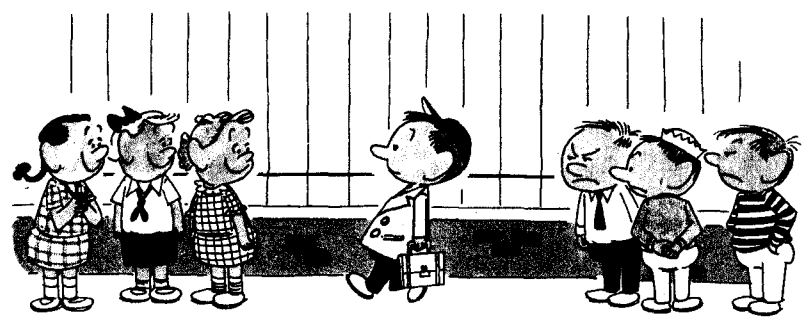
By DICK CAVALLI



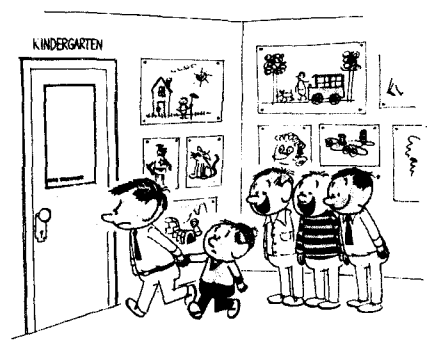
Good-by, Old Paint



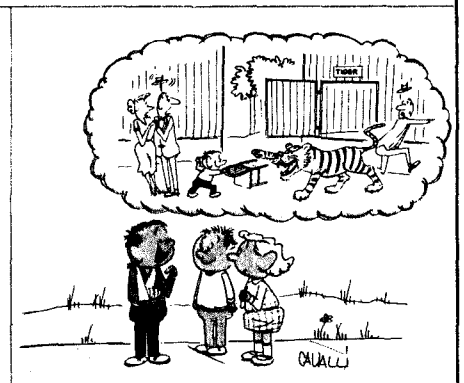
Retribution



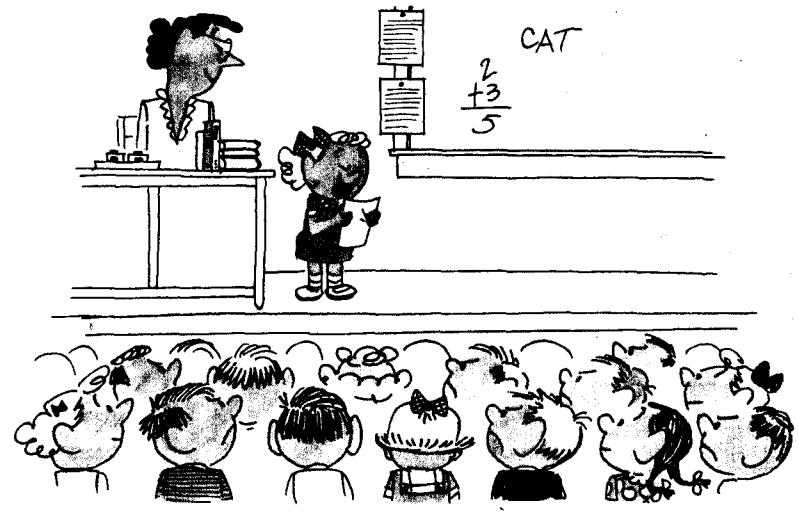
New Boy



New Responsibilities



The Vacation Hero



"We Are Happy to Be Back in School Because . . ."

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let's see . . .

There are eyes, *and eyes!*
There are *eyes that grope* in a world of blurs and double images . . . neglected eyes, straining to see, plaguing their owners with untold misery.
Then there are *eyes that really see!* Eyes, so bright, so clear, they add a plus value to everything in life.
They are a precision tool on the production line, speeding the job, guarding against accidents.
They give skill at games, they take the strain out of reading, sewing, movies, television.
They add to well-being by banishing nervous tension . . . they give beauty by abolishing ugly wrinkles.
All eyes are on the job every minute of every waking hour . . . and all eyes weaken and change as years go by.
But the *eyes that really see,*
are the eyes that are *regularly protected and corrected* by the expert care
and service of conscientious ophthalmologists, optometrists, and ophthalmic dispensers (opticians), who through
the miracle-working wonders of modern, visual science, enable us all to *put our best eyes forward.*
Better Vision Institute, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

EYE CARE
Nothing you buy gives you so much, yet costs you so little

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Science says, millions of different eyeglass-lens corrections are possible. Actually, many thousands are made, using over one hundred different kinds of glass. But only one combination of correction and glass, is just right for the needs of your individual eyes!

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PROTECTION

on those long vacation trips

THE GENERAL TIRE adds so much relaxation to vacation travel. You drive the long miles through summer heat and sudden showers confident of General's extra blowout protection, greater non-skid safety, quicker, straighter stops. Especially, if you make your first stop at your General Tire Dealer's for his Vacation trip inspection service.

Hat by John Frederics
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Goes a Long Way to Make Friends

THE GENERAL TIRE

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The 1951 MODEL BLONDE

By ROBERT CAHN

She's filmdom's Marilyn Monroe: Miss Cheesecake to GIs, whistle-bait in the studios—and an actress on her way up

IT WAS the kind of family party that Hollywood studios periodically throw for their outlying salesmen and picture-exchange executives in order to whoop up enthusiasm for the company's forthcoming product. The Café de Paris, more simply known as the 20th Century-Fox commissary, was crowded with a cheery assemblage of studio bigwigs and freshly manicured salesmen. For five days, in an atmosphere of backslapping camaraderie, the guests had watched the celluloid unroll, the same films which they were expected to describe as colossal and mean it. Now as a final lift to their morale the visitors were meeting, over highballs and hors d'oeuvres, such marquee names as Susan Hayward, Jeanne Crain, June Haver, Anne Baxter, Gregory Peck and Tyrone Power.

The party had fallen into small groups, one star per group, and at the bar a weary press agent was asking for his fifth highball when he glanced toward the doorway where Marilyn Monroe, a recently acquired studio starlet, had just arrived. Amid a slowly gathering hush, she stood there, a blonde apparition in a strapless black cocktail gown, a little breathless as if she were Cinderella just stepped from a pumpkin coach. At that moment, the salesmen's *esprit de corps* took a sudden leap upward.

The press agent put down his drink. "I'd better get over and get the introductions started," he remarked to a colleague. "Stand by for the massacre."

He was too late. Already a studio vice-president and two producers, suddenly self-designated Prince Charmings, had converged on the late arrival. A moment later she was wafted off by the upper echelons, her progress punctuated by the popping of flash bulbs as the visitors pressed forward to have their pictures taken with her. Finally, as the guests sat down for dinner, the blonde was installed at the head of the No. 1 table, at the right hand of company president Spyros Skouras.

While the long-established female stars silently measured her, young Marilyn Monroe, who has logged less than 50 minutes' screen time, stole the show.

Sitting there, her chin resting prettily on the backs of her fingers, Marilyn looked the part of the standard Hollywood Blonde, traditionally equipped with automatic batting eyelashes, a vague smile that seems to include everybody, and a head filled with sawdust. Certainly her 118 pounds, handsomely distributed throughout her five-foot five-inch frame, are from the classic mold—bust, 37 inches; waist, 23 inches; *(Continued on page 50)*

Marilyn is fast becoming Hollywood's definition of sex appeal. During the filming of her new picture, Love Nest, studio employees crowded to watch her

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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WIDE WORLD

Violence-preaching R. E. Barclay is head of one machine, "Good Government League"

TERROR IN

Anarchy grips a whole county, with killings commonplace

By BILL DAVIDSON

RECENTLY, at a press conference in Kansas City, a newspaperman put a pointed question to crime-investigating Senator Estes Kefauver. "If you're so interested in exposing dirty politics," the reporter asked, "why don't you clean up Polk County in your own back yard?"

Kefauver (who comes from Madisonville, Tennessee, just 20 miles from the Polk County line) had no answer to this question. Neither, so far, has anyone else—including Kefauver's 1948 political ally, Tennessee's Democratic Governor Gordon Browning, who is being so cautious about a possible 1952 Vice-Presidential nomination that Tennesseeans claim "he wouldn't take sides in a spelling bee."

In the meantime, Polk County has become one of the most lawless areas this side of the Iron Curtain. Its citizenry has been rocked by murders, dynamitings, vote frauds and ambushes. Armed mobs have seized the courthouse and prevented the legally constituted county government from functioning; teachers and county officials have gone unpaid for months; county roads have fallen into disrepair; and men with guns have openly defied the authority of Tennessee's legislature and courts. The sheriff, a slender, steely-eyed man named John Edwards, drives about with a sawed-off shotgun cradled alongside his leg, and a .45-caliber pistol stuck into the vanes of his car heater. As recently as last April, he slept in the jail to save his family from murderers who might have come to his home looking for him in the night.

But another public official, forty-three-year-old W. August Lewis, was not so careful. Lewis, a justice of the peace and a member of the County Court (the local legislative body) went to Cleveland, Tennessee, the night of May 11th to visit his sister who was ill in the hospital. When he returned, his wife and daughter got out of the car at his neat white-frame house in Benton, the county seat, and Lewis drove to the unpainted shed behind the house that served as a garage. He was silhouetted for a moment as he walked away from the shed, and just then a series of blasts shook the neighborhood. Someone had opened fire with a shotgun from behind a clump of wild blackberry bushes in a vacant lot across the street!

Murder Bullets Not Sought as Clues

Lewis staggered into the dining room of his house and died—before the horrified eyes of his wife and his daughter. He had gaping shotgun wounds in the shoulder, chest and side. To this day, no trace of the murderer has been found, and Dr. John H. Lillard, who performed the autopsy on Lewis, reported eight weeks later that no official had come around to claim the slugs, which would be the first step in solving the murder.

That will give you some idea of what night life in Polk County is like. For further diversion, there are slot machines, bootleg whisky (the county is bone-dry) and nocturnal fireworks, such as the dynamiting (nobody knows why) of the grocery store of a completely innocent bystander named Bob Byrd, who promptly packed his belongings and left the county. Other decent citizens are making quiet arrangements to leave, too, and we spoke to one departing businessman who begged us not to use his name "because they'll come in the night and dynamite me, if they find out." He said, "My wife is going to have a baby soon, and I'll be damned if my child is going to be brought up in a town run by Murder, Incorporated."

As all this indicates, Polk County has descended to a state of complete anarchy. The influences that have brought this about are two political machines that are locked in a death struggle for control of the county—with the people, as usual, caught in the middle.

Machine number one is the regular Democratic organization of former Sheriff Burch Euclid Biggs, an old-time political boss who ran the county with traditional graft and protection for local bootlegging and gambling interests. Machine number two is the so-called Good Government League, headed by R. E. Barclay, violence-preaching paymaster of a copper company.

On the surface, the Good Government League —which came to power in 1948—seems to be the hero of the struggle, since it claims to have cleaned up much of the organized bootlegging and gambling. But beneath all this, Polk County neutrals detect something considerably more ominous than the simple graft of the Biggs faction. For it has been during the Good Government League regime that the murders, dynamitings, stolen elections and armed-mob rule have flourished—with Barclay whipping up his adherents even further with talk

INTERNATIONAL

Gov. Gordon Browning, above, says he can't halt Polk terror until asked to by sheriff. Left, national guardsmen—sent to county by previous governor, Jim McCord, to quell election violence—show dynamite they found

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TENNESSEE

as two opposing political factions battle ruthlessly for control

and HAROLD TWITTY

WIDE WORLD

Burch Biggs, who led corrupt regime ousted from Polk County by Barclay's gun-toters

of a similar "clean-out" of the federal government in Washington.

Not only that, but some of the same old Biggs henchmen have showed up on the Good Government League side, as have a motley collection of trigger-happy punks and hoodlums—and people are wondering just how long the latter element can be held in check before they take over the lucrative rackets that thrived during the Biggs regime.

When the Biggs faction was in power, for example, the acknowledged overlord of the county's bootlegging and gambling operations was a rotund gentleman named B. F. (Banjo) Presswood, who drove a big expensive sedan equipped with an official police siren. Presswood owned a poker-and-crap-game emporium and he also reaped a small fortune from slot machines around the county.

Two of these machines were once seized by Deputy Sheriff Louis Wright in the Presswood-owned City Garage when the officer made the mistake of arresting Banjo on a gambling charge. On that occasion, Presswood was released and Wright resigned. Presswood also operated a taxi-dispatching shed, through the window of which he dispensed illegal bootleg whisky to all comers who would tap in friendly fashion on the pane. Aside from Wright's *faux-pas*, Presswood never was molested by the law, especially since his constant companion and sidekick was a deputy sheriff (later killed) named Frank Clayton. Presswood closed up in a hurry in 1948, however, when the Good Government League came to power in a bloody election in which three persons were killed.

But no sooner did Presswood lock the door on his operations than a Good Government League "reformer," a strong-arm man named Burton Brown who had come home from California to aid the uprising, announced that he was taking over where Presswood had left off. "They used my gun," he told Louis Wright (a deputy sheriff once again, under the Good Government League), "and this is going to be my payoff."

Blind Man Defies Intimidation

Brown then went to see a blind, sixty-year-old ex-merchant named Bill Chancey, who had purchased Presswood's taxi shed and its adjoining building for rental income. As Chancey reports the interview, Brown insisted that he turn the property over to him so he could make use of the shed's magnificent downtown location for whisky-selling purposes, as Presswood had done. Chancey says he refused, claiming that "as an American, I have a right to trade."

Whereupon Brown said, "Then the building will float down the river, blowed up."

He also threatened the old man's life, to which Chancey replied, "If you think there's any honor in killing an old blind man, just pour it to me"—a rejoinder which seems to have given Mr. Brown pause, since he muttered something unintelligible and walked out. A few nights later, the dynamite hit Chancey's building—wrecking a good portion of it and causing $3,500 worth of damage.

Today, Sheriff John Edwards flatly states, "Burton Brown did the Chancey dynamiting." The sheriff (who occupies a singular position in Polk County, since he is both a Good Government Leaguer and a man whose personal honesty is widely vouched for) makes another unexpected statement about his fellow reformer when he says, "There's no question that Brown wanted to fill Presswood's shoes—and he would have been worse than Banjo." The sheriff puts this remark in the past tense because Brown subsequently was killed in a scuffle with Deputy Sheriff Wright when the latter tried to arrest him on a drunk-and-disorderly charge in a Copperhill poolroom. They rolled over and over struggling for Wright's gun in true Hollywood fashion; Wright won. (It was only after Brown's death that Edwards learned who did the Chancey dynamiting.)

This put an end to a sordid career, one of the features of which was Brown's arrest, several years earlier, for robbing a traveler from Atlanta named Hoke Barner, and then pushing the victim's car, with Barner tied up inside, into the deep water of Parksville Lake. In some miraculous fashion, Barner was saved when the car did not sink. Even more miraculous, he suddenly dropped all charges against Brown, so that the hoodlum, who meanwhile had escaped from jail, never was prosecuted.

With things like this going on, it is apparent that the people of Polk County have little to choose between one political party that protects a Banjo Presswood and another that could number a Burton Brown in its ranks. Nevertheless, much of the citizenry has become *(Continued on page 65)*

MAX KEISTER

Above, Sheriff John Edwards, who keeps two guns in his car at all times. Right, when Good Government League barred courthouse to elected officers, photographer slipped in, got picture proving Barclay men were armed

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And then Herbert Foster, looking drab and hunted, picked his way through the crowd, with the expression of a holy man in Babylon

The Foster Portfolio

My business is handling other people's money, and I have a great respect for money.
But how could I help a man like Herbert Foster, who had such an odd feeling about it?

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

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I'M a salesman of good advice for rich people. I'm a contact man for an investment counseling firm. It's a living, but not a whale of a one—or at least not now, when I'm just starting out. To qualify for the job, I had to buy a Homburg, a navy-blue overcoat, a double-breasted banker's-gray suit, black shoes, a regimental-stripe tie, half a dozen white shirts, half a dozen pairs of black socks and gray gloves.

When I call on a client, I come by cab, and I am sleek and clean and foursquare. I carry myself as though I've made a quiet killing on the stock market, and am calling on him more as a public service than anything else. When I arrive in clean wool, with crackling certificates and confidential stock analyses in crisp Manila folders, the reaction—ideally and usually—is the same accorded a minister or physician. I am in charge, and everything is going to be just fine.

I deal mostly with old ladies—the meek, who by dint of cast-iron constitutions have inherited sizable portions of the earth. I thumb through the clients' lists of securities, and relay our experts' suggestions for ways of making their portfolios—or bonanzas or piles—thrive and increase. I can speak of tens of thousands of dollars without a catch in my throat, and look at a list of securities worth more than a hundred thousand with no more fuss than a judicious "Mmmmm, uh-huh."

Since *I* don't have a portfolio, my job is a little like being a hungry delivery boy for a candy store. But I never really felt that way about it until Herbert Foster asked me to have a look at his finances.

He called one evening to say a friend had recommended me, and could I come out to talk business. I washed, shaved, dusted my shoes, put on my uniform, and made my grave arrival by cab.

People in my business—and maybe people in general—have an unsavory habit of sizing up a man's house, car and suit, and estimating his annual income. Herbert Foster was thirty-five hundred a year, or I'd never seen it. Understand, I have nothing against people in moderate circumstances, other than the crucial fact that I can't make any money off them. It made me a little sore that Foster would take my time, when the most he had to play around with, I guessed, was no more than a few hundred dollars. Say it was a thousand: my take would be a dollar or two at best.

ANYWAY, there I was in the Fosters' jerry-built postwar colonial with expansion attic, the kind of house that has a prewar car in the one-car garage. They had taken up a local furniture store on its offer of three rooms of furniture, including ash trays, a humidor and pictures for the wall, all for $199.99. Hell, I was there, and I figured I might as well go through with having a look at his pathetic problem.

"Nice place you have here, Mr. Foster," I said. "And this is your charming wife?"

A skinny, shrewish-looking woman smiled up at me vacuously. She wore a faded housecoat figured with a fox-hunting scene. The print was at war with the slip cover of the chair, and I had to squint to separate her features from the clash about her. "A pleasure, Mrs. Foster," I said. She was surrounded by underwear and socks to be mended, and Herbert said her name was Alma, which seemed entirely possible.

"And this is the young master," I said. "Bright little chap. Believe he favors his father." The two-year-old wiped his grubby hands on my trousers, snuffled, and padded off toward the piano. He stationed himself at the upper end of the keyboard, and hammered on the highest note for one minute, then two, then three.

"Musical—like his father," Alma said.

"You play, do you, Mr. Foster?"

"Classical," Herbert said. I took my first good look at him. He was lightly built, with the round, freckled face and big teeth I usually associate with a show-off or wise guy. It was hard to believe that he had settled for so plain a wife, or that he could be as fond of family life as he seemed. It may have been that I only imagined a look of quiet desperation in his eyes.

"Shouldn't you be getting on to your meeting, dear?" Herbert said.

"It was called off at the last minute."

"Now, about your portfolio—" I began.

Herbert looked rattled. "How's that?"

"Your portfolio—your securities."

"Yes, well, I think we'd better talk in the bedroom. It's quieter in there."

Alma put down her sewing. "What securities?"

"The bonds, dear. The government bonds."

"Now, Herbert, you're not going to cash them in."

"No, Alma, just want to talk them over."

"I see," I said tentatively. "Uh—approximately how much in government bonds?"

"Three hundred and fifty dollars," Alma said proudly.

"Well," I said, "I don't see any need for going into the bedroom to talk. My advice, and I give it free, is to hang on to your nest egg until it matures. And now, if you'll let me phone a cab—"

"Please," Herbert said, standing in the bedroom door, "there are a couple of other things I'd like to discuss."

"What?" Alma said.

"Oh, long-range investment planning," Herbert said vaguely.

"We could use a little short-range planning for next month's grocery bill."

"Please," Herbert said to me again.

I shrugged and followed him into the bedroom. He closed the door behind me. I sat on the edge of the bed and watched him open a little door in the wall, which bared the pipes servicing the bathroom. He slid his arm up into the wall, grunted, and pulled down an envelope.

"Oho," I said apathetically, "so that's where we've got the bonds, eh? Very clever. You needn't have gone to that trouble, Mr. Foster. I have an idea what government bonds look like."

"Alma," he called.

"Yes, Herbert."

"Will you start some coffee for us?"

"I don't drink coffee at night," I said.

"We have some from dinner," Alma said.

"I can't sleep if I touch it after supper," I said.

"Fresh—we want some fresh," Herbert said.

The chair springs creaked, and her reluctant footsteps faded into the kitchen.

"Here," said Herbert, putting the envelope in my lap. "I don't know anything about this business, and I guess I ought to have professional help."

All right, so I'd give the poor guy a professional talk about his three hundred and fifty dollars in government bonds. "They're the most conservative investment you can make. They haven't the growth characteristics of many securities, and the return isn't great, but they're very safe. By all means hang onto them." I stood up. "And now, if you'll let me call a cab—"

"You haven't looked at them."

I sighed, and untwisted the red string holding the envelope shut. Nothing would do but that I admire the things. The bonds and a list of securities slid into my lap. I riffled through the bonds quickly, and then read the list slowly.

"Well?"

I put the list down on the faded bedspread. I composed myself. "Ummmm, uh-huh," I said. "Do you mind telling me where the securities listed here came from?"

"Grandfather left them to me two years ago. The lawyers who handled the estate have them. They sent me that list."

"Do you know what these stocks are worth?"

"They were appraised when I inherited them." He told me the figure, and, to my bewilderment, he looked sheepish, even a little unhappy about it.

"They've gone up a little since then."

"How much?"

"On today's market—maybe they're worth seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Foster. Sir."

His expression didn't change. My news moved him about as much as if I'd told him it'd been a chilly winter. He raised his eyebrows as Alma's footsteps came back into the living room. "Shhhh!"

"She doesn't know?"

"Lord, no!" He seemed to have surprised himself with his vehemence. "I mean the time isn't ripe."

"If you'll let me have this list of securities, I'll have our New York office give you a complete analysis and recommendations," I whispered. "May I call you Herbert, sir?"

MY CLIENT, Herbert Foster, hadn't had a new suit in three years; he had never owned more than one pair of shoes at a time. He worried about payments on his secondhand car, and ate tuna and cheese instead of meat, because meat was too expensive. His wife made her own clothes, and those of Herbert, Jr., and the curtains and slip covers—all cut from the same bargain bolt. The Fosters were going through hell, trying to choose between new tires or retreads for the car; and television was something they had to go two doors down the street to watch. Determinedly, they kept within the small salary Herbert made as a bookkeeper for a wholesale grocery house.

God knows it's no disgrace to live that way, which is better than the way I live, but it was pretty disturbing to watch, knowing Herbert had an income, after taxes, of perhaps twenty thousand a year.

I had our securities analysts look over Foster's holdings, and report on the stocks' growth possibilities, prospective earnings, the effects of war and peace, inflation and deflation, and so on. The report ran to twenty pages, a record for any of my clients. Usually, the reports *(Continued on page 72)*

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POP GINGLE-
Hong Kong Host

A salty ex-gob from Wisconsin, stranded in strange territory 15 years ago, wound up running an international hangout (American style) that's famed all over the Far East

By BILL STAPLETON

Hong Kong

EDWARD FRANCIS GINGLE, Esq., ex-United States Navy chief steward, admits he's quite a distance from Junction City, Wisconsin, these days; but he takes a philosopher's long view of the fact.

Discharged after 30 years' service, Pop Gingle (everybody pronounces it "jingle") was paid off in Hong Kong Harbor aboard the destroyer tender USS Blackhawk in 1936. Tucked in his pocket as he went ashore was a 23-jewel platinum watch given to him by the crew of the ship and it's still his proudest possession.

The presentation of the watch immediately preceded a shore-based celebration of such caliber that old-time residents of Hong Kong began dating subsequent local events from that evening.

The morning after, ex-Chief Gingle woke up and made some rather startling discoveries, in addition to the realization that he had the grandfather of all hang-overs. First, he was still in Hong Kong. Second, he had lost a round-the-world ticket that was to get him back to Wisconsin. And third, he found a receipted bill of sale in one pocket that certified he was the new owner of the 60-room Palace Hotel in Kowloon.

Characteristically, Pop set out to "get the damn' hotel organized" and incidentally to begin a reputation that has spread the name of his bar and restaurant at 70 Nathan Road to the four corners of the world and earned him the fitting description of "a real Far East character."

If you stop any ricksha boy or taxi driver in this tropical community and shout no more than "Gingle's!" at him, he will shortly deposit you at the door of the international hangout, where the flavor of excellent American home cooking mixes with the spice of well-mellowed companionship among world travelers.

Pop gets a tremendous kick out of the idea that his name has become a byword in such places as Tokyo, Singapore, Calcutta, the Fiji's and even barren Shemya in the Aleutians.

Pilots, particularly, have him in high regard, since Pop has been known to stake many a "grounded" airman until things picked up again.

They tell you, "Listen, buddy, if you ever wind up out here and you're stuck for dough, a square meal or some transportation, don't let it panic you. Look up the old man."

The softball team off the United States Far Eastern Fleet's headquarters' ship, USS Eldorado, will be a long time forgetting their visit to Gingle's in 1946.

Not only did Pop rassle his 300 pounds around as official bat boy for the lads while they played teams from the Hong Kong garrison, but he gained near immortality when he produced cold beer for all hands at every game.

A famous picture of Pop in his bat boy uniform decorates the back bar and he's prouder of that than he is of knowing the team's top boss, Vice-Admiral Oscar Badger.

"Knew him when he was a damn' ensign," he recalls.

Among other top brass that Pop remembers personally is Vice-Admiral M. E. Miles, a good friend and Gingle's commanding officer when he served on destroyer convoy duty during the first crossing of the A.E.F. to Europe in World War I. Gingle was a chief aboard the USS MacDougal.

His past service in the "cans" of the fleet is reflected today in the overwhelming receptions he lays on for destroyermen who make liberty in Hong Kong.

Pop's comfortable establishment in Kowloon is as American as a short-order drive-in on U.S. 1. The walls are undecorated, except for a picture of Custer's Last Stand, and a juke box in a corner of the room is loaded with the latest in Stateside hillbilly and swing records.

"Listen, boy," he rumbles from the depths of his massive frame, "I'm content to stay out here. Where else in this screwball world can I sit at a crossroads like this, meet all kinds of interesting people every day and get the chance to shoot the breeze with the kind of characters you see around this joint?

"A lot of guys want to stick around the house or go sit on a porch somewhere when they get to my age, but I wouldn't trade this deal for anything back in the States."

Pop folded his latest copy of a naval reserve publication into a comfortable fly-swatting hold and yelled in Cantonese for another cold beer.

"I can talk to my mother once a month on the transpacific telephone and so I'm always in touch with home." (Mrs. Gingle is eighty-seven years old and lives in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.)

Born on August 17, 1884, Pop reached for his first cold beer in Milwaukee when he was seventeen years old and joined the Coast Guard almost simultaneously. He transferred over to the Navy at the beginning of the first World War. After the war, he shipped out of San Francisco with the Pacific fleet.

His favorite enlistment covered the period of service on the upper Yangtze River in China on the American gunboat USS Helena.

"I was hanging around Canton the day in 1924 when the Nationalist forces drove back a bunch of Communists who'd burned half the city. In those days they were shooting wooden bullets at each other," Pop said, an old excitement alive in his eyes.

His original stake in the colony's business life, the Palace Hotel, was blasted flat by the United States Fourteenth Air Force when the Japanese occupied Hong Kong during World War II. The Japs had been using the hotel for a military headquarters and somebody tipped off the American bombers.

Pop was interned in Stanley Camp, the wartime prison for colony families which was set up by the Japs near Victoria not far from Hong Kong proper. During the three years and eight months he spent there, he saw some other interests go down the drain, too. Gingle's Dixie Kitchen and Gingle's Little Spot, both experiments in hamburger and coffee counters for a startled British colonial trade, were confiscated and later wrecked.

Pop's Chinese wife, Susie, put the show back on the road after they were released from internment and their present establishment, on one of Kowloon's busiest streets, is a tribute to her managing of business matters. Mabel, their young daughter, actually runs the place while Pop gathers with old cronies from Navy days.

His unabated saltiness occasionally riles a customer. For example, a British customer who had ordered a dozen oysters demanded the shells after he finished his meal. Not understanding what to him was an odd request, Pop simply shouted: "I suppose if you ordered a cup of coffee, you'd want the cup and saucer, too, huh?"

The Englishman explained he intended giving the shells to his chickens.

The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who had just returned to Hong Kong after nine months' service in Korea, mobbed the restaurant on their return. Pop broke out Australian T-bone steaks for all the soldiers who could crowd into the restaurant. Plus free cold beer, "until it ran outta their ears."

Pop regards the British Hong Kong garrison soldiers as his personal household troops. Most of them make his place a regular stopping place on their days off duty.

Pop waited anxiously for the Middlesex regiment to get back from Korea. "That's *my* regiment," he'd say, "and I'm going to feed them some real good old American cooking when they get back. I'll cut the steaks myself." He did, too.

Is a bouncer ever necessary when occasional groups clash in the bar?

Pop rapidly banged a beefy fist twice on the wooden table, once on the arm of his chair and twice again on the head of a nearby diner.

"I never need a bouncer," he snorted.

But Pop's place has class. Just as many families and business executives go to Gingle's for good food and a chance to relax as military personnel of all nations. And the kids in the neighborhood are always sure of a handout at Gingle's. Three-year-old Anthony Flursheim, a recovering polio victim, comes in daily to show Pop how much his walking has improved.

Pop Gingle, honorary member of the commercial air-line pilots' Buzzards Club and a Kentucky Colonel by decree of ex-Governor (now Senator) Earle C. Clements, sits at his world crossroads and tries to be a good friend to man. THE END

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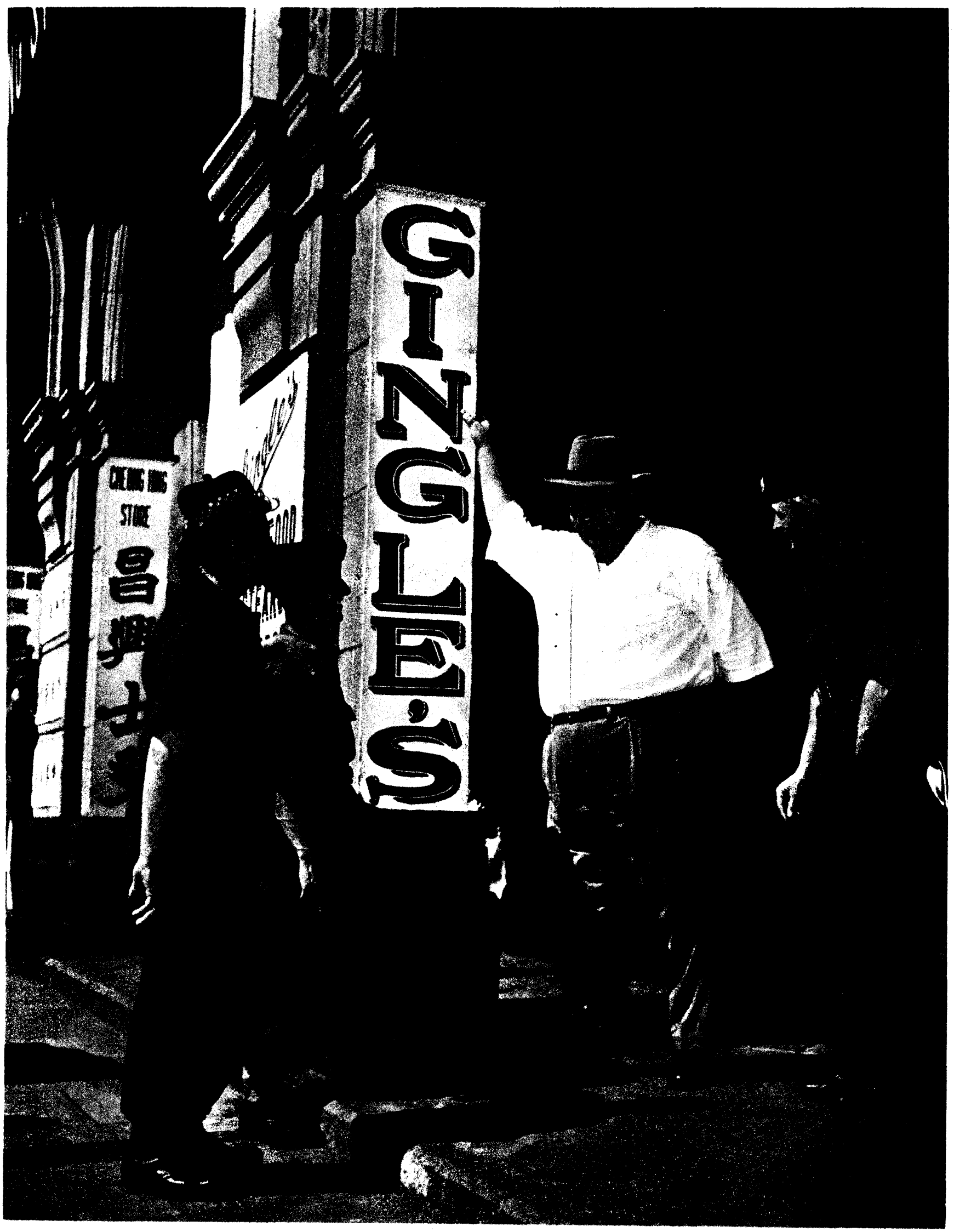

Pop's place is a mecca for servicemen of all nations. These are Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders just back from nine months' Korean action

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

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KILLER in the VALLEY

Usually everyone in the valley fought to go after a cougar. But not this one. Silvern was the only man brave enough to hunt her—and he wanted me to go along

By HIRAM SAVAGE

BUCKER flinched and rolled his eyes when I slapped the saddle onto his back. "Yeah, I know," I said, "you're just like everyone else in the valley—scared silly." It was getting so a man looked behind him sixteen times between the house and the barn to see if he was being tailed by a big cougar.

It was a nasty morning and I didn't like starting out any better than the fidgety pack string, but fall was coming and I still had back-country camps to stock. Once it snowed in the mountains there'd be no getting stock through Elkhorn Pass.

Smoky howled and tugged at her chain. She wanted to go, but she had a lot to learn yet. I went over and sat down by her. "Later, girl," I said, patting her head. "As soon's packing season's over we'll run cat all winter."

I was as eager to hunt as she was. Ever since I was a kid and got to know Silvern I'd dreamed of owning a hound like Smoky. Silvern's dog was young then, and sometimes when I'd ride into the back country I'd come across Silvern and his dog, Boone, looking for cat sign. You never knew where you'd see him. Anyplace in the big jumble of peaks that hugged the coast you might look up and see Silvern leaning on his rifle, the big hound sitting quietly beside him, watching.

Boone was getting old now, not as fast as he used to be, but I guess he and Silvern had more cougar to their credit than all the rest of the hunters in the country put together. And even Silvern wanted Smoky. He knew that once she was trained she'd be the best in the country. Small, maybe, but fast, and born to hunt. He'd never been known to hunt another dog with Boone, but the last time he'd come down for supplies he'd seen Smoky. He'd stopped, looked at her for a minute, then walked toward her.

Smoky had gone to his outstretched hand. "Thoroughbred black-and-tan," he'd said to himself. He'd run a hand over her long silky ears, and his dark eyes had gleamed as he looked her over. Then he'd turned to me and said, "How much you want for her?"

I'd shaken my head. I wasn't going to sell her at any price. It had been my good luck to find her when I was east of the mountains, looking for pack stock. I wouldn't have traded her for the best saddle horse in Washington.

I lined out the string, jammed my rifle into the scabbard, and started out.

Fog hung like a soggy blanket over the hills, and trailed dismally through the treetops. Bucker sidled and pranced all over the road, and the mules alternated between crowding one another ahead and yanking back. There was a cutbank up ahead, covered with salal and rhododendron. Bucker wheeled under the bank and tried to turn, and I knew as I saw the gray shadow sailing off the bank that the cougar had been with us all morning. He lighted with a snarl on the last mule's back, lashing out with powerful forepaws while the mule bucked and brayed frantically.

I had the rifle half out of the scabbard when the red mule hit Bucker broadside in wild panic. The rifle went flying and I fought to stay in the saddle while Bucker went crazy with the rest of the stock. When I got him quieted I rode on up to McDonald's to get a gun and his dogs.

I brought up my Colt, but the cat was already on me and I felt myself going down and the sharp claws ripping up my shoulder

Ordinarily, when a cougar came into the valley, it was a fight to see who'd get him first. Most of the ranchers kept a bunch of dogs, some good, some useless, but most any of them would take a hot trail, and the bounty came in handy for whoever bagged him. But this one was different. When I told McDonald what had happened, he looked at the sky and said, "Not much chance. It's sure to rain all day and wash the trail out."

I was mad. "Wash it out, hell," I said. "He ain't even made it yet. That cat's down there right now chewing on my best mule. Grab your rifle and let's take the dogs and go!"

McDonald took his thirty-thirty down off the wall and handed it to me. "Take this if you've a mind to," he said, "but my dogs won't run that cougar, and neither will any other hound in the country that's been anywhere near him."

I opened my mouth, but McDonald went on evenly: "You think I'm scared. Well, I am. That devil just ain't scared of dog or man. He ripped two of my hounds apart and I ain't gonna lose any more. Jackson won't hunt him and neither will Phillips, and if you try that new hound of yours out on him, you ain't got the sense of your dumbest mule."

"Smoky'd run him," I said doggedly, "if you guys would get your hounds together and back her up."

But McDonald just shook his head. I took his rifle and went back to the kill, but the cougar'd eaten his meal and left. The mule's neck was broken, and there were deep gouges that the long claws had ripped in his back and sides. The cougar had clawed through the saddle pad and taken a few bites of the loin, but that was all.

I CAUGHT up the stock again and turned them out to pasture. Then I saddled Bucker and headed for the high country. Silvern wasn't scared, and even if Boone was old he could pick up a trail where no other hound could smell a thing.

The last I'd heard, Silvern was at his camp at Buckhorn, so I rode that way. I found him on a ridge of the high country some fifteen miles back, pulling a coyote set. As usual, he saw me first and stood waiting, his long black hair waving in the wind, his deep-set eyes alert.

"Cougar got Johnny Mule," I told him. "On the cutbank this morning. There ain't a hunter in the country who'll go after it now."

"Did you see it?" Silvern asked.

I nodded, and told him what had happened. Silvern looked solemn and said to himself, "Sounds like the Old Lady. I been wondering where she'd show up next."

He looked for a long time at the sky out across the jagged peaks; then he called Boone. "We got a couple more sets to pull," he said, "but we'll catch you 'fore you hit the switchbacks."

When we came down off the trail into the road, I had thirty trail miles behind me and I was weary to the last inch. It was still half raining and we were damp and sweaty. Silvern was fresh and alert, aware of everything around him, pointing out a deer in the brush, an owl hunched in a tree, and the marks of a cat on a cedar tree. As soon as we hit the road, he called Boone back to his side, and the big dog whined softly at him, but he couldn't pick up any scent at the kill. It was just dark when we hit the ranch. Jackson and McDonald were at the gate.

"You figuring on hunting that beast?" McDonald asked.

(Continued on page 61)

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Pro Football's "BEST

How did the Los Angeles Rams get to be the most powerful offensive team in play-for-pay grid history? The answer, says Coach Joe Stydahar, is using two quarterbacks and four halfbacks

By BILL FAY

Sharpshooting T-formation quarterbacks Bob Waterfield, Norm Van Brocklin spur Rams

ONE Saturday evening last October, the Los Angeles Rams invaded Shibe Park in Philadelphia to oppose the world champion Eagles in a vital National Football League game. It was a sad night for the Rams; everything they tried went wrong. When they finally stumbled off the field at the end of the first half, the situation had become almost hopeless. Score: Eagles, 28; Rams, 0.

Under the circumstances, Joe Stydahar, the 287-pound coach of the Rams, felt constrained to offer a few words of constructive criticism to his bruised and bewildered employees. Grabbing a piece of chalk, Stydahar diagrammed the Philadelphia defenses on the blackboard; then, turning to the players, Joe began to speak in a well-modulated bellow:

"Now listen, you guys—"

At this juncture, Stydahar was interrupted by an authoritative knock on the dressing-room door, which was opened to admit Ed Pauley, the oil tycoon who owns 27½ per cent of the Rams' stock. Standing directly behind Pauley was General Mark Clark, wartime commander of the U.S. Fifth Army.

"Coach Stydahar," said Pauley, explaining the intrusion, "General Clark came to the game as my guest today and I thought a short talk by the general might give our players a lift in morale."

Stydahar, an ex-Navy lieutenant, was outranked. He sat down, and General Clark proceeded to deliver one of the most remarkable half-time inspirational messages in the annals of professional football. Drawing on his experiences in the North African and Italian campaigns, the general recalled numerous instances in which outnumbered troops held the line and eventually routed the enemy; then, touching on the Rams' 28-point deficit, the general pointed out that the players need not feel discouraged. "You can still win," he concluded. "There is no handicap so great that it cannot be overcome."

With these inspiring words ringing in their helmeted ears, the Rams rushed back onto the field and kicked off to Philadelphia's Russ Craft, who promptly carried the ball 103 yards for a touchdown. It was the second longest kickoff return in the 31-year history of the National League; and, after Cliff Patton booted the extra point, the Eagles led, 35 to 0.

For a moment, nobody said anything on the Los Angeles bench. Finally, halfback Vitamin T. Smith, formerly of Sweetwater, Texas, who happened to be standing alongside Stydahar, had an idea. "Coach," Vitamin suggested, "how 'bout sendin' somebody over to Mistuh Pauley's box to ask the general what we-all better do now?"

"Never mind the general," Stydahar growled, pushing Smith onto the field. "Get in there and tell Van Brocklin to throw that football."

Perhaps this would be a more dramatic story if quarterback Norm Van Brocklin had been able to implement Stydahar's order by passing the Rams to victory from their 0-35 disadvantage. Only that didn't happen. The Eagles finally won, 56 to 20. However, the incident illustrates a point about the 1950 Los Angeles Rams. Their answer to every challenge was "throw that football." They were the pass-happiest outfit that ever performed in the pro league.

Fortunately for Stydahar, who was working on a one-year contract, the Rams pitched and caught with infinitely greater finesse after the Philadelphia fiasco. Against the Detroit Lions, for example, their aerial artistry produced six touchdowns within 13 minutes en route to an overwhelming 65-24 triumph. Against the Baltimore Colts, they tossed a 70-27 victory which broke the National League's scoring record for a single game; and, most important of all, they threw three touchdown strikes to whip their archenemies, the Chicago Bears, in a savage play-off for the National League's Western Division championship.

Over the season, the Rams sailed 453 passes in 12 games, an unprecedented total which exceeded the former record of 416 aerials propelled by the 1947 Washington Redskins. More than half of the Rams' 857 offensive plays—53 per cent, to be exact—were forward passes.

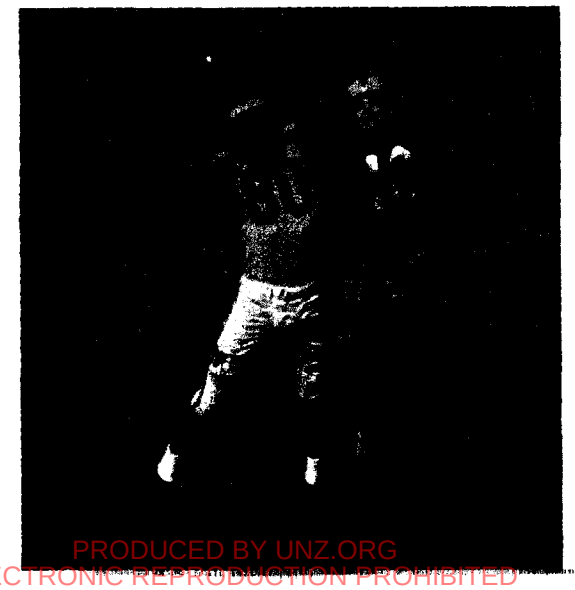
While Stydahar's tossers were accumulating 70 points against Baltimore, an Eastern sports writer who was observing their offense for the first time was asked: "What do you think of 'em?"

"Wonderful," the reporter enthused. "The best basketball team I've ever seen."

This fourth-estate witticism fairly well sums up the sentiments of a militant bloc of football critics who contend that Stydahar and the other pro

Glenn Davis (center), Army's immortal "Mr. Outside," leaps for pass during Rams' drill

End Bob Boyd (l.), who looks to be hot this year, steals aerial from teammate Tom Keane



Bulldozing Dick Hoerner, L.A. fullback here grabbing ball, can take a toss with the best

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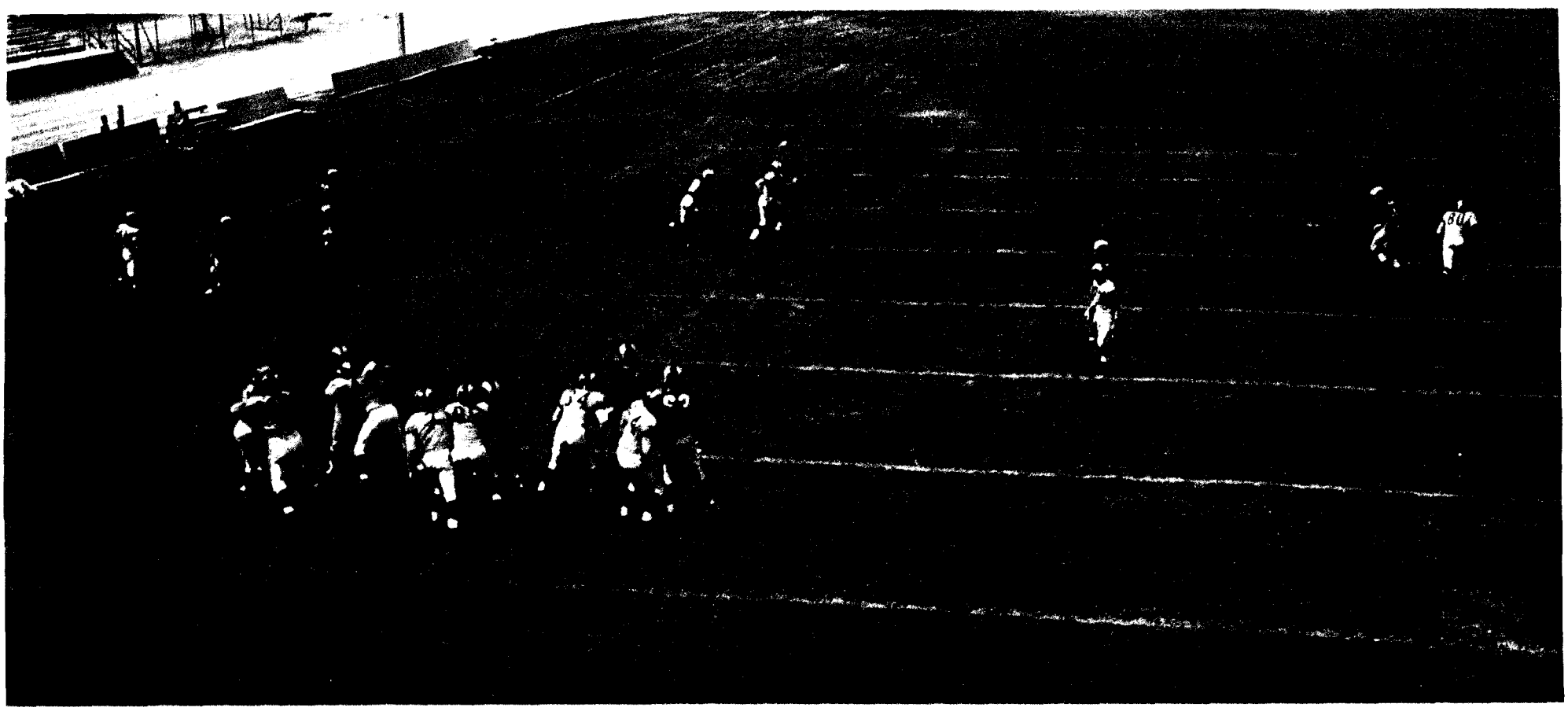
BASKETBALL TEAM"



Typical Rams pass play, Waterfield to Fears, shows team's favored spread formation, designed to draw all but one defender from target

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

coaches have gone overboard in their exploitation of the forward pass. Last November, Earl (Red) Blaik, Army's head coach, expounded on this controversial theme in a Collier's article (The Pro Game Isn't Football) which pushed several pro mentors to the brink of apoplexy.

However, Stydahar, a large and leisurely fellow going on forty, refuses to become excited about what some critics may think of the Rams' predilection for passes, so long as the system produces championship results and draws crowds like the 83,501 fans who assembled in Los Angeles for the play-off game with the Bears last December. That 83,501 crowd, incidentally, was the largest West Coast football crowd of 1950, topping even Southern California's traditional meeting with Notre Dame, which attracted 70,177 spectators.

Consequently, it would be a mistake for anybody to anticipate that the Rams may diminish their spectacular forward-passing efforts this season. Indeed, Stydahar predicted a few weeks ago, during an interview at the Rams' training camp in Redlands, California, that his sharpshooting quarterbacks—Van Brocklin and Bob Waterfield—might throw the ball "more than ever" in 1951.

"I know," Stydahar added, expanding his prediction, "some people claim the forward pass is ruining football—that the fans want to see more running plays and fewer passes. I'll agree that the fans want to see lots of running, but people who say that cutting down the number of passes would result in more exciting running plays simply don't know what they're talking about. So far as the Rams are concerned, just the opposite is true. *The more we pass, the more we run.*"

By way of explaining this seeming paradox, Stydahar recalled the Rams' play-off victory over the Bears. "The play that whipped the Bears," Joe declared, "is carried in the record book as a 22-yard forward pass from Waterfield to our left end, Tom Fears. Actually, it was the greatest run I saw all year. Fears caught that ball near the line of scrimmage—the ball traveled only about 10 yards through the air—then he shook off five Chicago tacklers while he was zigzagging 20 yards to the goal line.

"What really happened," Stydahar emphasized, "is that Waterfield's short pass—coupled with the decoy maneuvers of our other potential pass receivers—spread the Bear defense and put Fears in possession of the ball at the spot on the field where he was in a favorable position to run. That's the object of most of our passes—to put our receivers in the best possible running position.

"Now you take last year." Stydahar paused to extract a list of 1950 statistics from his billfold. "Last year, we threw 31 touchdown passes, but the ball was in the air less than 40 per cent of the total touchdown yardage. The rest of the distance—the most exciting 60 per cent *(Continued on page 59)*

Top Rams target Tom Fears snatches one from lunging defenders, Keane and Jack Zilly

Danger! Los Angeles coaches at work: (l. to r.) Eddie Kotal, backfield assistant; Hamp Pool, backfield; Joe Stydahar, the head coach; Ray Richards, line; and Howard (Red) Hickey, ends

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COMMUNISM ERUPTS

World War I ended with men believing it would be the last. But fear and violence soon returned as the Russians, using czarist gold, subsidized revolutions in other countries

By HERBERT HOOVER

KEYSTONE

After peace came, the Allies continued to blockade Germany. Starvation and unrest resulted in the rise of new political groups like the Spartacus, here shown in a 1919 street meeting

EUROPEAN

Under constant urging of Hoover, the Allies finally agreed to lift German food blockade

V

WITH the Armistice of November 11, 1918, hope swept in like a desert sunrise. The men at the front emerged from their dugouts into the sunlight, scraped off the trench mud and the lice for the last time, sang and shouted. Good cheer and laughter met at every crossroads and every street corner of the world. The rebound from fear and despair was somewhat raucous and, in spots, wet.

Inspiring visions rose in men's minds. This was to be the last war. President Wilson had proclaimed the redemption of mankind in his Fourteen Points and 11 more points in his "subsequent addresses." He was greeted as little short of the Second Messiah. The leaders of nations had only to meet and fix these great aspirations in a covenant that would give humanity its greatest forward impulse since the Sermon on the Mount.

But after a few days the world began to survey the wreckage and lick its wounds. It recalled that Germany, Austria and Russia were the causes of its suffering. The memory of their outrages and atrocities surged back, and, with it, demands for revenge and reparations.

Then came new fears. The Two Horsemen of War and Death had passed on, but now appeared Famine and Pestilence and their camp follower, Revolution. History might repeat itself; after the Thirty Years' War, a third of Europe had died.

The specter of starvation stirred still other fears. The liberated and enemy nations had, by revolution, thrown off the old oppressions and leaders and adopted constitutional governments. But these regimes were weak; famine might mean a breakdown into anarchy.

Even more potent than anarchy—which is, after all, an unorganized force—was a new form of organized destruction of liberty. Communism had captured Russia, and the Communists had captured the czarist gold reserves. Their agents deployed over Europe subsidizing new revolutions; their poison was infecting the starving.

Here loomed a defeat of all we had fought for.

In Washington, the Armistice turned the United States Food Administration, which I headed, from problems of wartime food supply to the relief of Europe's famine. Our American food strategy was prepared. We had created gigantic surpluses, to be used either to carry the Allies until the harvest of 1919, or, alternatively, to fight this very famine.

But the problem was not just to save some 300 to 400 million people—Allies, neutrals, enemies—from starvation and pestilence. We also had to bridge over the economic transition until Europe could resume production and support itself.

Motive of Second U.S. Intervention

America, with its military might, had intervened to bring the war to an end. Now we were called on to intervene again to start the rebuilding of Europe's life and industry. Without this second intervention no hope of a better world could come. As President Wilson phrased it: "This service is second only to the mission of our Army in Europe."

On November 7th, the President asked me to transform the Food Administration into the new agency of relief and reconstruction. The next day, his adviser, Colonel House, independently cabled from Europe recommending that I head up Europe's economic reconstruction. The President replied that I would be leaving as soon as possible.

Seven days after the Armistice I sailed aboard the Olympic, accompanied by Julius Barnes, head of the Grain Corporation; Lewis Strauss, my secretary; Alonzo Taylor, as nutritional adviser, and, as legal adviser, Robert A. Taft (now senator), who had served ably in the legal division of the Food Administration.

All of us were familiar with Europe. On the voyage across the Atlantic we had a chance to think about and plan the solutions of the problems confronting us. In our appraisal we divided the European nations into groups.

There were the major Allies, Britain, France and Italy, and the little Allies, Portugal and Greece, totaling about 135,000,000 people. These five could get some supplies from the Southern Hemisphere and India, where they could exchange goods or secure credit. They also required large supplies from the United States for which credit would have to be provided, but they did have ships and so could manage their own transport.

There were the six neutrals—Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland and Spain—about 42,000,000 people in all. They had made money out of the war, had ships and credit, and could go to distant sources for supplies.

There were the 13 liberated countries—Belgium, Poland, Yugoslavia, Albania, Czechoslovakia, Romania, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Armenia, Georgia and Azerbaijan—over 110,000,000 people destitute of everything—credit, food, raw materials and ships. They had set up, by revolution, representative governments led by men wholly inexperienced in governing, and were struggling to hold their own against Communist infiltration and attack.

There were the five enemy countries—Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey—about 102,000,000 people in all. Except for Turkey, they

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IN EUROPE

Continuing Herbert Hoover's Memoirs of Public Life

had also set up representative governments, but these too were in the hands of inexperienced men and were potential prey to Communism. These countries had some gold resources, but their ships, under the projected peace terms, were to be taken away from them.

And there was Soviet Russia, with 145,000,000 people, starving, yet her agents were everywhere stirring up trouble.

There were special problems affecting the 18 liberated and enemy countries. The new setup of Europe had carved new boundaries, disconnected railways, and stopped the movement of coal and of such small local food surpluses as there were. The new nations would have to create whole new machineries of government and new systems of food distribution; they would have to open ports, restore railways and communications, create currencies and do a thousand other revivifying things.

Allies Continue the Food Blockade

As if that were not all, our Allies were still maintaining their blockade of food and other supplies—not only against these liberated and enemy countries, but the neutrals and Russia as well.

Beyond all this, there were internal political and religious conflicts in all these countries—of which we would have to keep rigidly free.

With his usual understatement, Mr. Taft opined that it was a mess.

My first evening in London I was warmly welcomed by old friends—British and American. Idealism burned brightly. We talked of abolishing want through increased productivity, care of the aged, better homes, and wider doors of opportunity. Far into the night we discussed the measures that must be taken to get the world back to work. There would be a period of great difficulties, but the purification of men and triumph of democracy would bring a new golden age. We were indeed proud to have had a part in this rebirth of mankind.

The next morning I had a rude awakening.

Still under the spell of the night before, I met with the Allied ministers to discuss programs and organization. The session was at once a revelation in intrigue, nationalism, selfishness, heartlessness and suspicion, which seemed to ooze from every pore—albeit with polished politeness.

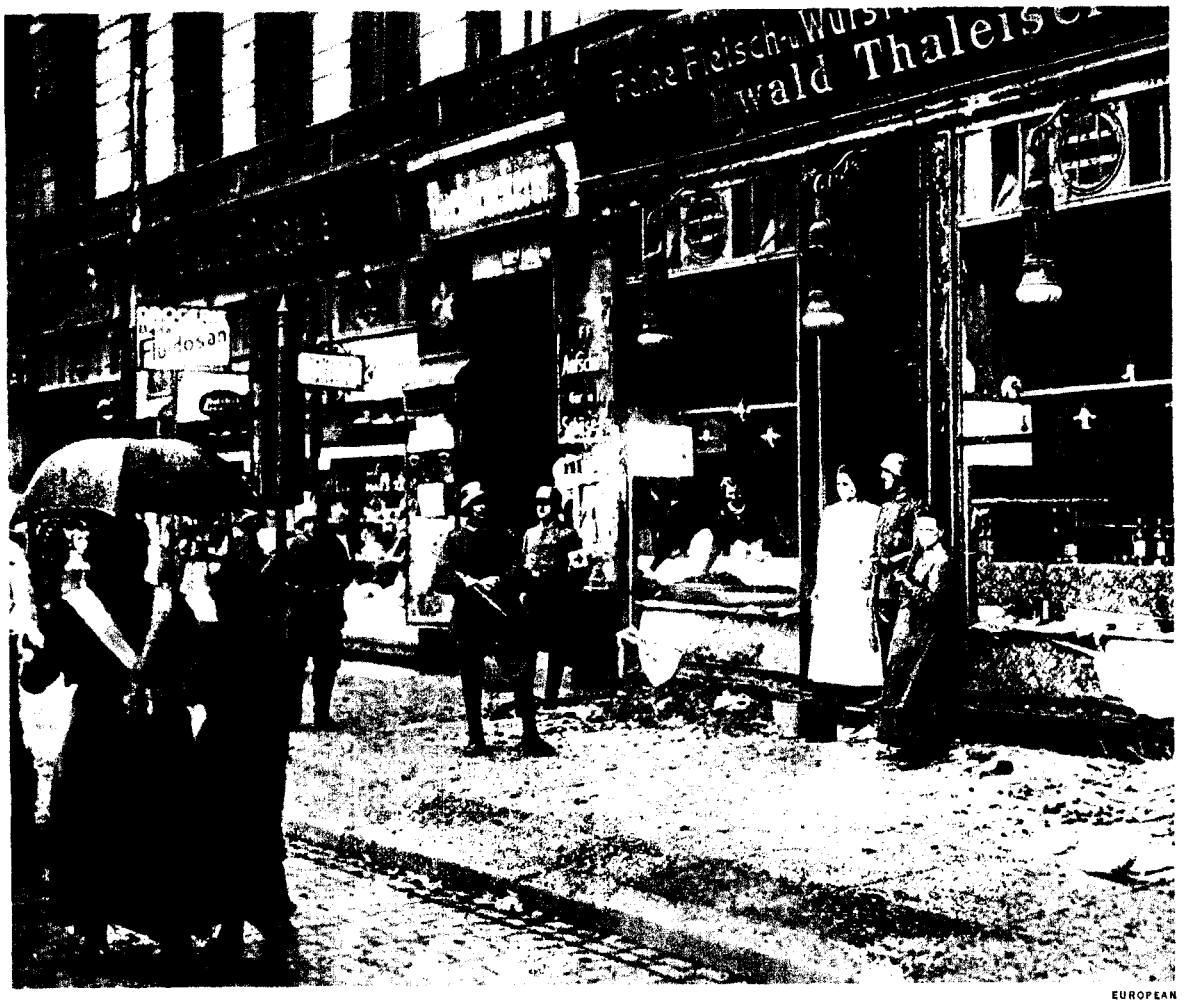
There was here a dual mind. The Englishman, Frenchman and Italian genuinely thought idealistically—as individuals. But when each thought of the problems of his own people, of national prestige and power, he was a different man. There were thus morals and idealism in individuals, but no morals nor idealism in the state.

America alone held to such ideas. Ours was the only nation since the Crusades that had fought other people's wars for ideals. Individually, Europeans were generous to suffering, but ours was the only government that had poured out billions in compassion. The other nations knew this and traded on it.

It was a shock to realize that the war and all its elevation of spirit had not changed the collective minds of the British, French or Italians. It was still Empire First—and against all comers, including one another.

The officials I sat with were delightful men. They believed the welfare of their empires was the welfare of the world. Much as I am devoted to the English, they had one most irritating quality—they were masters at wrapping every national action in words of sanctity which made one really ashamed not to support it all.

I have never been disposed to be overcritical of the selfishness and materialism in our Allies and all other countries which began to emerge with the Armistice. Every nation was faced with stupendous difficulties. Each looked for solution of its own problems first. And they all regarded America as having suffered much less than they, and therefore able to be liberal. *(Continued on page 68)*



EUROPEAN

Food store in Berlin being protected by police during the hunger riots which swept the beaten nation in 1918. Mr. Hoover says the blockade "poisoned German life" for an entire generation

WIDE WORLD

Postwar Berlin bread line. Mr. Hoover says maintaining of the food blockade four months after the 1918 Armistice "was a crime in statesmanship, and a crime against civilization as a whole"

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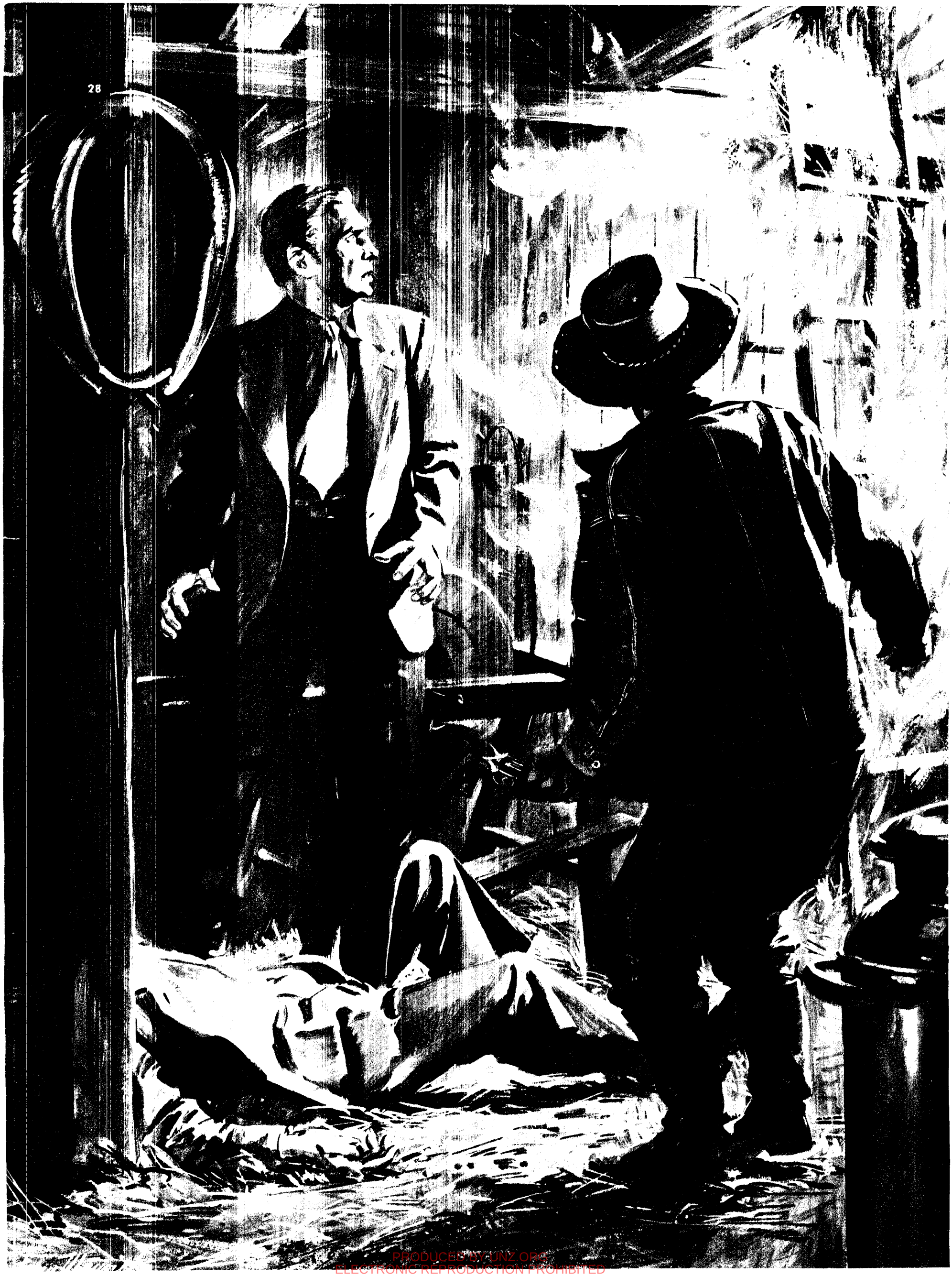

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If You Don't Get Caught

I had to get hold of Buck and tell him what I'd found out. But he and that crazy sheriff had already gone to the farmhouse. Maybe I was too late. Maybe Buck would be dead when I got there

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

The Story: I was lying in my room at Oklahoma U., where I was a journalism student, when in walked my old pal BUCK EARLY. Buck offered me five hundred dollars to pretend to be named "Edgar Jones" and to bid in a truckload of whisky at a sheriff's auction in a town called Derrick. It was a bootlegging scheme. The sheriff, FLOYD TALMADGE, was in on it. I'd load the whisky in a truck and drive it to Buck's farm; from there it would be sold to bootleggers in Oklahoma. I said okay. I needed the money.

Buck drove me to Derrick. I met his uncle, TONY, who, like Buck, was a deputy sheriff. I also met Floyd, and I didn't like him. He was so mean he had ulcers. He also had a brother named CLARENCE, who had killed a guy and had just got out of prison. Clarence was supposed to be in Texas somewhere.

Buck took me to a rooming house run by a MRS. TURNER. There I ran into an old girl of mine from school, JERRY EVANS. She was pretty suspicious when she found that the guy she'd known as ROBERT NOLAN was calling himself Edgar Jones.

Next morning, I went to the sheriff's auction. Jerry, who worked for the local paper, turned up, smelling a rat. But she didn't expose me. The auction went off okay, but the bootlegging scheme backfired. Two guys stopped my truck, sapped me, tossed me into a ditch under a culvert, and hijacked my load. One of them seemed to be named HERB. The other was a wild, nervous young type whose name I didn't catch.

Jerry found me and took me back to Mrs. Turner's, and got a doctor to patch me up. Then I went looking for Buck. Instead I found Floyd. I told him what happened. He didn't believe me, and we got into a fight. Buck came in and broke it up, and took me out to the scene of the hijacking to see if we could get any idea who the hijackers might have been. We didn't find anything, and nobody seemed to know this "Herb." Then a kid turned up and said he'd found a body. We went to look at it. It was Herb. We moved him to a place where somebody would find him. Tony, Buck's uncle, did.

All I wanted was to get out of the whole mess. I told Buck that while we were getting a meal in a café. Then I got to worrying about Jerry. All she had to do was reveal my right name, and I'd be in for real trouble.

CONCLUSION

WHEN Buck finished eating and we went back to the courthouse, Tony, the deputy who was Buck's uncle, was alone, playing solitaire. He shuffled the cards and told Buck that Floyd had called from the funeral parlor. The inquest was set for ten o'clock the next morning, and Floyd had gone on home.

"He know the guy?" Buck asked.

"Said he didn't," Tony murmured, still shuffling the cards.

I got the bundle with my shoes and the borrowed clothes off the chair and watched Buck light a cigar, and then I said, "I'm going home to bed." *Home!* I thought. *That's real funny, what you said.*

Buck nodded. "Meet me for breakfast about eight thirty and we'll get squared away. The café we just come from, huh?"

"Okay," I said. I went out and got in my car and drove out through the quiet and peaceful and moonlit streets of Derrick to the south edge of town, and I toyed with the idea of continuing on out of town, on to Norman. But I dropped the thought right away, because I needed to get paid first. When I got to my room I undressed and got in bed and lay there in the shadowy room, smoking, seeing the moonlight outside the window as I'd seen moonlight outside other windows many times before and as I would probably see moonlight outside many other windows many other nights in the future. I got a taste of the loneliness that would go with me.

I didn't have what you would call any real strong ties with Oklahoma, except that I had been born and raised there, and I knew from the years in service how your native land can exert a strong pull on your emotions, particularly in spring and autumn, the best seasons in Oklahoma. A mockingbird was running through his borrowed repertoire back toward the alley somewhere, and a couple of whippoorwills were calling, one near, one distant, and there was the usual chorus of crickets and tree toads and jarflies. It was the kind of beautiful, serene, calm and extremely disturbing night when a healthy man hates to go to bed. At least by himself.

I wondered about Jerry—was she asleep somewhere nearby, or out in the moonlight with a nice, wholesome guy, as any pretty single girl should be on such a night? The thought made me feel a little jealous, or was it just envious? I put out my cigarette and closed my eyes, and presently I went to sleep, but it was no good. At first I dreamed about Jerry being with some other guy, and then I stopped dreaming about her and it got worse, much worse.

I was driving the truck through an endless wilderness of brush, and all the tires were flat and somebody had put water in the gas and molasses in the gears, and dozens of bloody corpses were chasing me. The chase went on and on, me just keeping out of their clutching hands, everything in slow motion, and then the truck began sputtering and slowing, and the stiffs were moving in on me, closer and closer, and I came awake sweating and moaning. For a second the dream clung on, because somebody was shaking me and I thought it was the stiffs, but then a light went on and I stopped the yell I had been planning before it got started, because it was Jerry shaking me, Jerry leaning over my bed, shaking me awake.

"Hush!" she said. "Hush, Robert!" She stopped shaking me and I went on shaking by myself. "I heard you crying," she said.

"I wasn't crying," I said, and she said gently, "All right, but I heard you anyhow. My room is next door. What's the matter, Robert?"

I got a cigarette and lighted it and the horror of the nightmare still clung to the edges of my mind. "Bad dream," I said.

"Does your head hurt you?" she asked. "Are you sick?"

"I'm all right," I said. "It was just a bad dream, Scoop."

"What were you dreaming about?"

"You," I said. "You and the power of the press."

She stopped looking sympathetic. "Well, it's a wonder you didn't wake Maw Turner."

"Yeah, that would have been a shame," I said.

"While I'm here," she said coolly, "do you want to pay me the seven dollars I paid the doctor for patching you up?"

"I'll send it to you, Scrooge," I said. "You're a real friend."

"Don't kid yourself," she said. "If I'd known you were having a nightmare, I wouldn't have come in here, Dillinger."

I sat up in bed and reached for the ash tray, and she looked away from my bared chest, being an old prude about it. A summery breeze stirred the curtains, and the monotonous mockingbird was still giving his moonlight concert, and Jerry was wearing her woolly robe again, only this time her hair was tousled and her eyes looked sleepy, and I had that old desire to kiss her. It seemed like it would be a pleasant thing to do, and the scene was all set for it. I pushed the thought away and brought up another matter that had been in the back of my mind off and on all evening.

"Listen," I said, "you followed me, after you promised not to. When you picked me up, you were coming from the west. What did you do—go all the way around by town and then circle back? Or did you just be brazen about it and follow me?"

"I followed you," she said, her eyes sparking. "You must have thought I was a dope, giving me that story about washing off the sign on the trailer. If it would wash off, why didn't the rain mess it up?"

"That's a good question," I admitted.

"Anyway, when it occurred to me, I was halfway to town but I turned around and went back. I drove right over you, I guess, while you were under the culvert."

"Well, how come you turned back again? Conscience bother you?"

"It did not!" she snapped. "As a matter of fact, I had to turn back because some dopey farmer had stalled his truck in the middle of the road and I couldn't get around him. He picked the narrowest place to stall, and then he couldn't get started again—he said his battery was down. I never did catch up with the truck and trailer again."

Old Herb, I thought. He must have seen her following them and pulled the stalled truck routine to stop her. He probably didn't know who she was—just didn't want her seeing the truckload of whisky and maybe mentioning that she'd seen it to the wrong people. Old Herb, the luckless rear guard.

"Was he anybody you knew?" I asked her.

She shook her head. *(Continued on page 52)*

The hay caught and flared up, crackling and popping. Fiery shreds were strewn across the floor. It was going to get hot in there fast

She said, "Stop it!" and then she got my cigarette off the ash tray and shoved it against my bare arm

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

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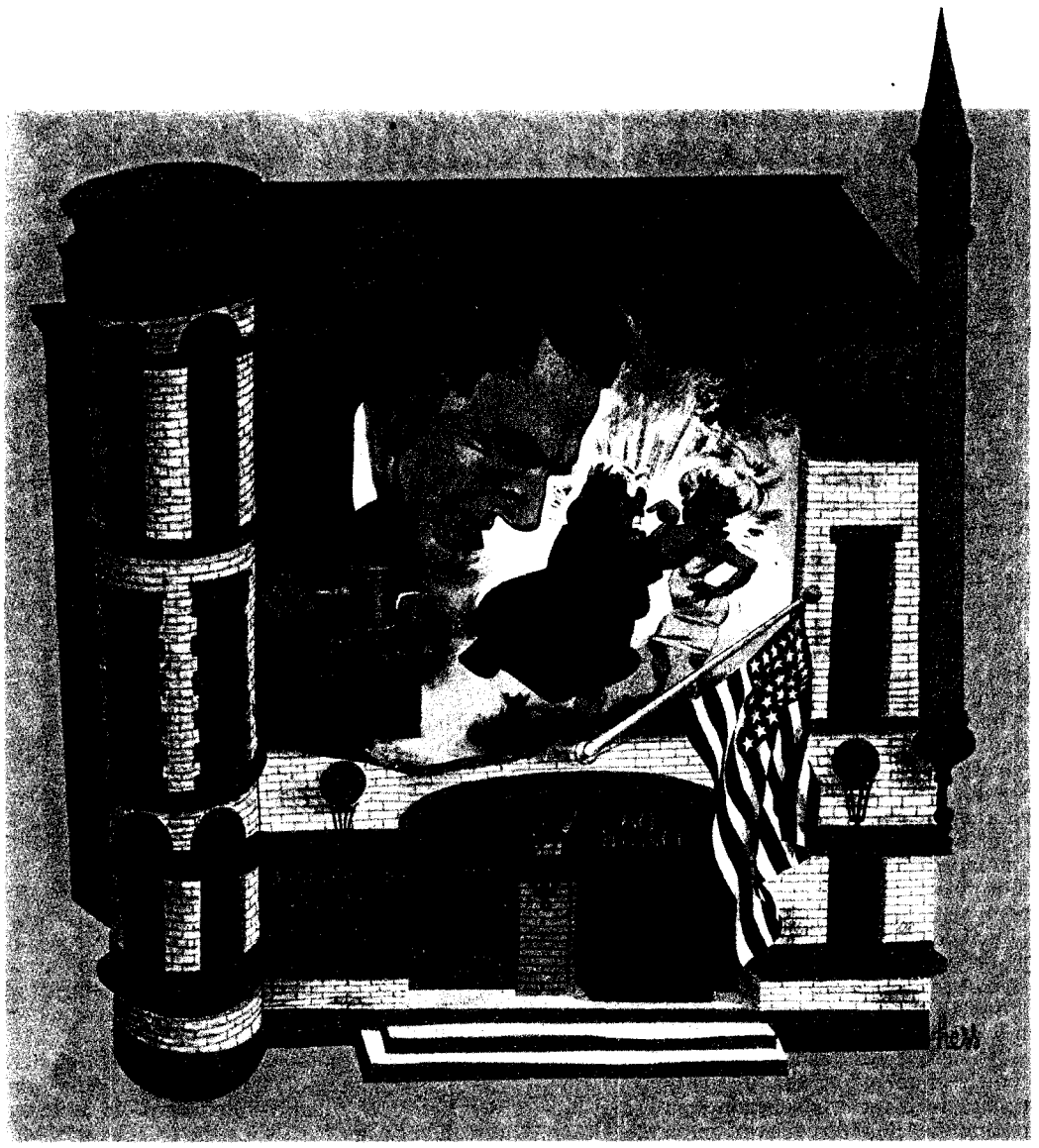
CONEY ISLAND—*Which*

They call this beach The Poor Man's Riviera, but on any hot Sunday substitute Bedlam-by-the-Sea. It's also the only known habitat of certain species yet unclassified by science—like the knish bootlegger



In an uninhibited place like Coney, it's easy to run afoul of the law. Offenders go to the courtroom of the "Little Brown Jug," Magistrate Charles E. Ramsgate presiding

THE defendant in Coney Island Magistrates' Court one muggy midsummer morning was a squat, balding man in a sport shirt. He listened impatiently as the charge against him was read: A startled policeman had found him on the jammed beach fetchingly attired in a woman's off-the-shoulder dress, and had given him a summons for "causing a crowd to collect."

"How do you plead?" asked the bridgeman, a court attendant who acts as liaison between judge and public. At that, the defendant leaped hoarsely into legal battle with four fighting words that are heard every day of the week at the seaside tribunal:

"Guilty with an explanation."

Magistrate Charles E. Ramsgate peered down at him from the bench. "All right," he said, "let's hear it."

"I put on a dress, it was my wife's," the defendant explained, "because people shouldn't see."

"Shouldn't see what?" the court prompted patiently.

"People shouldn't see," the defendant said, "I am taking off my bathing suit and putting on my pants under the dress. My suit was all wet."

"So is your explanation," the court said severely. "You have just admitted you were changing your clothes on the beach—and that's another violation."

The defendant fell into a clinch. "All right," he said hastily, "so I just put on my wife's dress for fun, and . . ."

"Five dollars," the court said.

Thus, in typically piquant fashion, began another day in the enchanting history of Coney Island Magistrates' Court, a tiny tribunal serving a resort which will have been visited by 40,000,000 persons from all over the world between May and October of this year, according to the estimate of its chamber of commerce.

On any hot Sunday, July Fourth or Labor Day, some 1,500,000 men, women, and children swarm all over the beach, boardwalk and amusement areas of The Poor Man's Riviera. The New York City Park Department, which operates the beach

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

Supervising the sand sardines (9 square feet of space per customer) is no easy job, take it from lifeguard Marty Alma. Violations range from

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Vay's the Ocean?

By MURRAY ROBINSON

and boardwalk, covering 7,000,000 square feet of sand and board, says every visitor to its domain on such days has just nine square feet of ground to call his own, figuring the crowd at around 750,000. The other 750,000 visitors to the Island jam Surf Avenue, the Bowery and the resort's side streets.

Numbered among these visitors is a host of summer roomers who annually descend on the Island (which isn't really an island, but a peninsula; a tidal creek separating it from Brooklyn was filled in years ago). The population leaps from a wintertime 95,000 to a summertime 250,000, through rentals of flats, bungalows, apartments, hotels and furnished rooms. And in Coney Island, even the roomers have roomers.

But it's the antlike swarming on the beach and boardwalk—running up against a seemingly endless list of "Don'ts" promulgated by the Park Department—that furnishes most of the quaint business of the seaside court.

For instance, another guilty-with-an-explanation case enlivened the proceedings a few days after the man with his wife's dress made his plea. A woman earned a summons *cum laude* by washing her little daughter and two bathing suits in a drinking fountain on the beach. This is frowned upon.

"Guilty with an explanation," she chirped.

"All right. I'm listening," the court said resignedly.

"I washed my little girl," the defendant said, "because she was dirty, and I washed the bathing suits because they was full of sand."

"Very good," was the verdict. "Ten dollars."

The court is hidden away on a dingy side street and is virtually unknown to the fun seekers who throng Surf Avenue, the Island's ancient main stem, a few hundred feet away. Yet to a handful of *cognoscenti* who have discovered its charm, it rates as a Coney Island attraction on a par with Steeplechase Park, the three-mile beach, the 80-foot-wide boardwalk, salt-water taffy, the Cyclone and Thunderbolt thrill rides, the carrousels, Lane's Irish House, Professor James Bostwick ("The Man You Will Eventually Ask"), Nathan's frankfurters, and the World in Wax, where somebody is always stealing the fancy pants off Bing Crosby.

Coney Island Court is one flight up in a faded tan brick-and-sandstone building which has come to be known as the Little Brown Jug at Coney Island. Downstairs in the sixty-year-old edifice is the 60th Precinct police station. It also has four king-sized detention pens, and a large back room used to entertain the children who forever are getting lost at the Island.

In the long ago, the upstairs court, which has 160 seats, saw some pretty tough customers—like the late Frankie Yale, Brooklyn hood, who made his court debut as a punk nabbed for busting up a Surf Avenue poolroom with billiard balls.

But in 1936, according to Chief Clerk Matthew M. Fitzgerald, the court's grimmer cases, including felonies, were transferred elsewhere. Now it specializes in more flavorsome matters, such as beach and boardwalk

(*Continued on page* 47)

Illegal pants-changing to well-digging

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The WORST of POTLUCK

Marty was a down-Easter with convictions about women. But they were pretty hard to keep when he ran into a pretty girl, a slow boat and nasty weather

By JAY WILSON

AS GEORGE, the bartender at the Charity Cove Yacht Club on the coast of Maine, says, life isn't so much what you try to make it as it is hanging on to your hat until ill winds blow some good your way. And an ill wind, George will add, can be started by a mighty small puff of hot air.

If you should choose to argue the point, George will cite the case of Marty Jones.

Marty's business, he will explain, was boats, and Marty believed in minding it strictly. It was what Marty thought he was doing one afternoon early in the season as he stood on the yacht-club porch with a semisenile member, watching some lovely young things from Boston, New York and Philadelphia race their boats out in the harbor.

The competition was keen in the lady-skippered races, and the congratulations of the losers scarcely concealed their indignation at Brenda Collins for being too frequent a winner. They were especially indignant since their crews were usually visiting boys, and Marty Jones crewed for Brenda. "Good heavens!" the losers complained. "He's practically a local pro!" There was also no little back-fence speculation about the more personal relations between Brenda and Marty. The unconfirmed but popular theory was that Brenda was running into head winds, and maybe she would frighten Marty so he wouldn't crew for her too much longer.

Brenda knew all this and merely held her nose disdainfully higher, but Marty was entirely unaware of what was being thought and said. He was concerned only with business opportunities as he watched the race that afternoon.

"The club could stand a few more of those single-handers," Marty said thoughtfully. "The girls handle them well."

The semisenile member glanced at Marty. He saw a lean young man with rugged but pleasant features. He nudged Marty slyly in the ribs and said, "You could stand going after one of those girls. Nothing like a rich, good-looking wife who can sail a boat to help a yacht broker get along."

Probably nothing would have happened if Marty had kidded back and said it was an idea and maybe he would. It was what Marty might have said if he had not already thought it all out carefully and decided what he would make of his life. But since he had thought it all out so carefully and had come to the considered decision that girls were nonessential if not hazardous to his plans, he said quite seriously, "Well, sir, I always remember about boats."

"Eh? Boats?"

"Yes, sir. There are all kinds of beautiful boats. There are fair-weather boats and deep-water boats. There are racing boats and cruising boats. The thing is, when a man owns one he limits the kind of sailing he can do to whatever his particular boat was designed for; only, how does he know he'll always want to do that sort of sailing?"

"Well, damn!" the elder member exclaimed, thrown slightly off course. "He can always sell his boat!"

"Sure," Marty said. "But could he sell his wife?"

The elder member blinked and then began to cackle. "Well, bless me! Hee hee! Wonder what the girls would say to that?" He looked at Marty thoughtfully, his eyes beginning to shine like those of a small boy sitting in church with a mouse in his pocket. "Hee hee!"

Marty stared at him with loathing and walked away.

Brenda knew what the girls would say. She managed an indulgent smile when the elder member cornered her and gleefully repeated Marty's words. Then she went home and kicked the cat.

"The conceited ass!" she snarled in the privacy of her room.

Brenda had first come to Charity Cove with her parents when she was fifteen, a year younger than Marty, who had been hired to clean up the woods around the cottage, build a rock garden, develop a lawn and give Brenda sailing lessons. Brenda had learned all Marty knew about racing and gone on from there. She graduated to a sleek, expensive racing sloop and Marty crewed for her. They made a hard-to-beat team.

Brenda knew that during the winters Marty had worked in boat yards and then had worked his way through college. Gradually, because he seemed to know every boat, boat owner and builder along the coast, he began to negotiate sales, trades, charters and contracts for the construction of new boats for the members of the yacht club. After a while he became a member himself and no one would have dreamed of transacting any boat business except through Marty.

EVERY year Brenda found herself growing a little fonder of Marty. He was honest, reasonably intelligent and dependable. These were practical considerations, but mostly Brenda had come to feel as she did because of other things. She liked his lean, strong hands and the way his hair curled up a little at the back of his neck when he forgot to have it cut. She liked his serious gray eyes and his quick grin. When two people could get along with each other under the tense and frequently exasperating conditions of yacht racing they could get along anywhere, Brenda felt. And this summer Brenda had intended to make Marty realize it, now that he was doing well enough not to get stiff-necked about how much money she had of her own.

Brenda looked at herself in a full-length mirror. She was wearing, as she usually did, tailored slacks and a snug jersey. She had jet-black hair, a small sunburned nose, and dark blue eyes which at the moment were a sort of violent violet.

She had no illusions about what her friends would do about Marty now that he had unintentionally given her a public brush-off. They would have some nice, clean fun making an utter ass out of him just to show Brenda how easy it was; and if Marty, after he found out what had happened to him, should become a permanent, all-around woman hater, that would be all to the good. Maybe he wouldn't crew for Brenda any more and a few others might win some races.

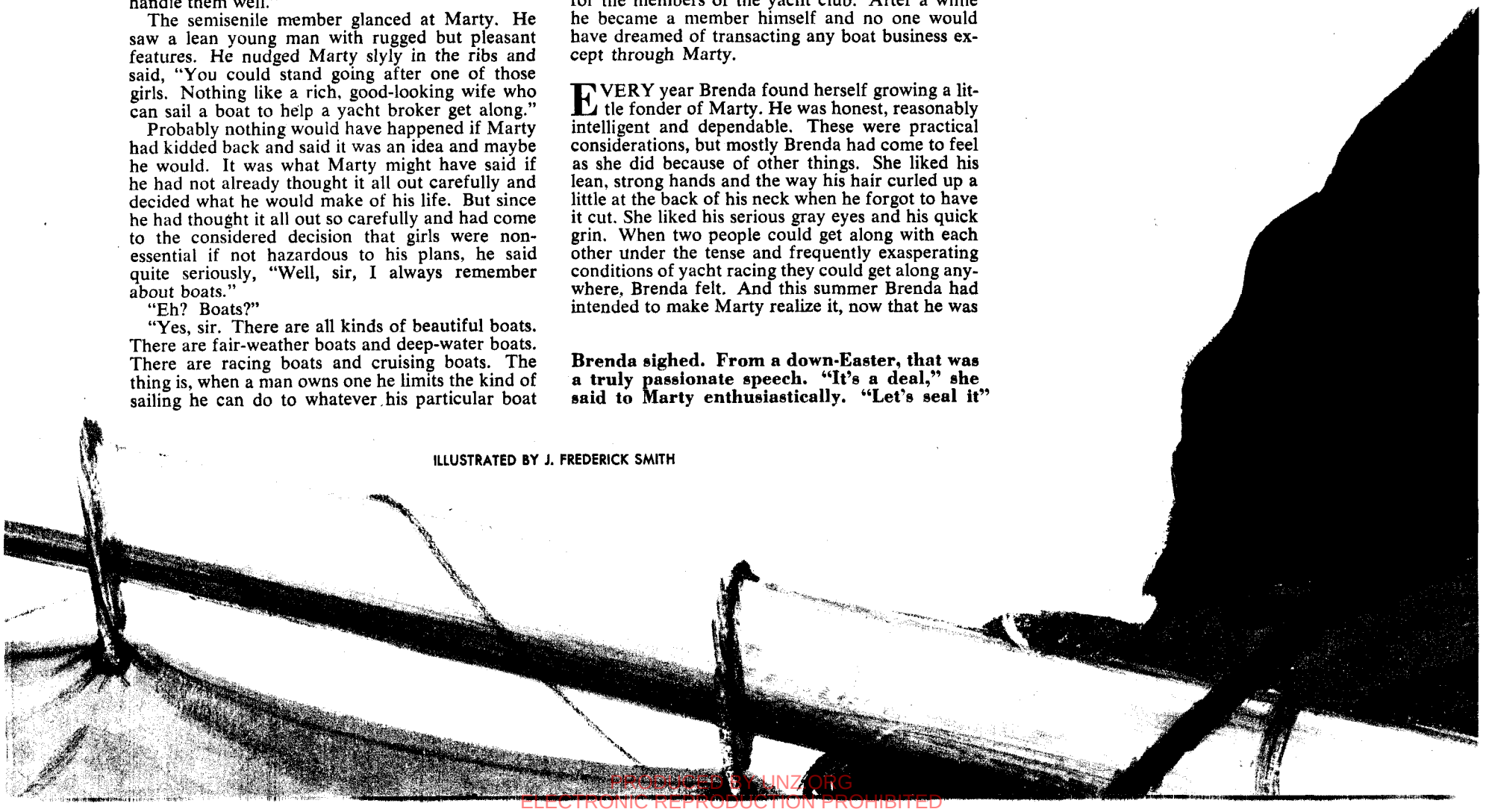
Brenda stretched out on her bed and muttered bitter, unladylike words. The tactics she'd planned were no good now; they would make her only one of the mob. To be different she would have to go on being the same old pal so that when Marty realized what a chump they'd made of him he wouldn't class her with the others—she hoped. At the very best it was another summer wasted. Brenda swore fervently. She wanted to drown the dope.

She almost did. In the very first race between the bigger boats she overestimated the height of the tide and tore the bottom out of her boat trying a short cut across a ledge. Insurance covered the loss but there was no boat for sale that Brenda wanted. Her one means of protecting Marty, by keeping him afloat and out of reach of the pack, was gone.

By the end of summer, *(Continued on page 42)*

Brenda sighed. From a down-Easter, that was a truly passionate speech. "It's a deal," she said to Marty enthusiastically. "Let's seal it"

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH



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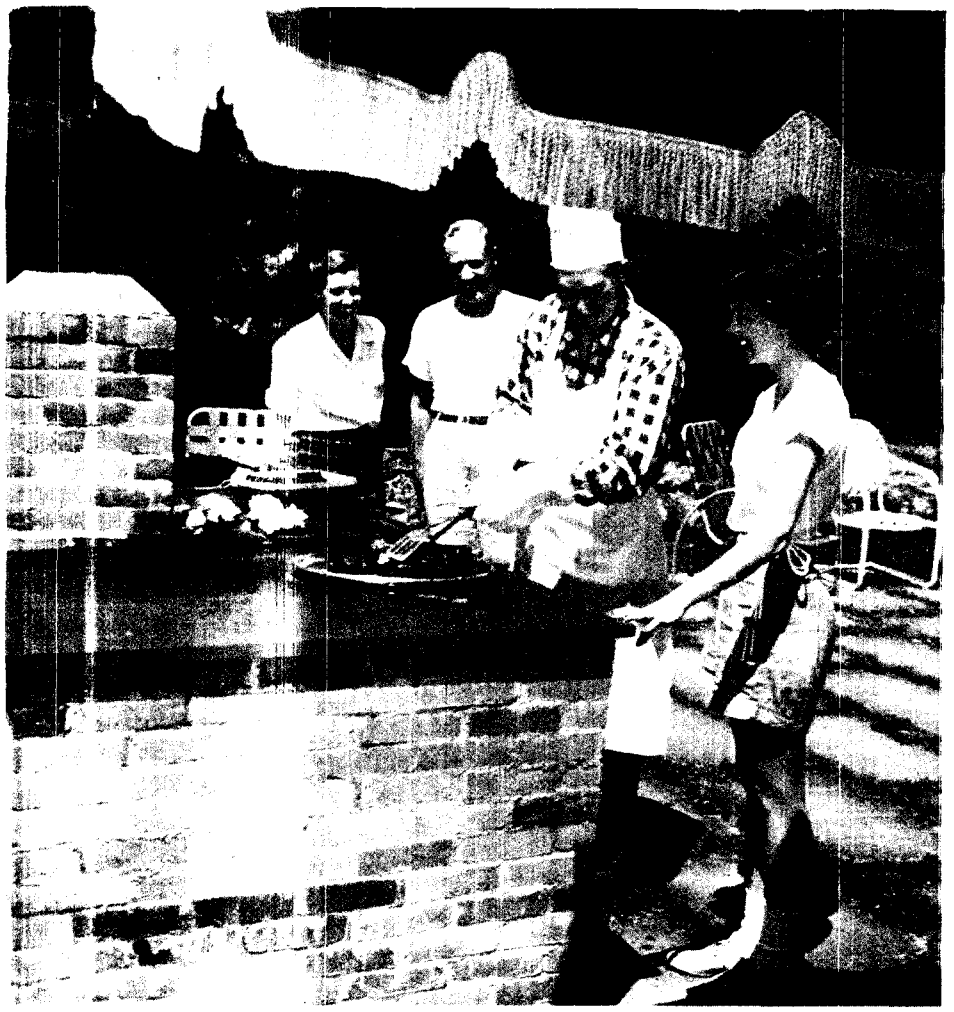

One joy of outdoor cooking is audience participation. Steak is done over hot coals; potatoes, wrapped in foil, emerge mealy

Pleasant companionship, an honest hunger and the victuals to appease it: broiled steak, corn on the cob, baked potato, green salad, sliced tomato

See What the Boys in the

There's a big boom in outdoor cookery, and if you've ever tasted food prepared

ABOUT two centuries ago, housewives who could afford something better decided they were sick and tired of cooking over a hot fire in the fireplace; they started to buy the stoves invented by B. Franklin, the heavy iron stoves made by the late William Henry Steigle at Charming Forge. From there, over the years, they advanced to the more modern types of stoves, fitted with frills and automatic on-and-off controls, stoves that can do everything but play a good hand of bridge or canasta.

Today, however, the average man is doing his small bit toward reversing the trend. In numbers that are estimated at more than 5,000,000, he has taken the kitchen and dining room (when weather permits) out into the garden or back yard, the terrace, the beach, the picnic grounds along the highways.

Two decades ago, the sight and sound of a group of business and professional men arguing heatedly about the best way to roast a leg of lamb over a barbecue grill would probably have generated unseemly and ribald comment from bystanders. Today, such arguments are commonplace. Outdoor cookery has come into its own. From the beaches and countless back yards, there arises the fragrant aroma of hamburgers broiling, the good smell of a thick steak attaining perfection, the salty tang of sputtering wienies.

Maybe this enthusiastic development is merely a passing fad, a sort of summer rash. I think the idea is here to stay, for the amateur chefs have tasted the rewards in the form of applause and in the shape of excellent food. It's a hobby that's open to every male, regardless of income or social status. He may use a homemade grill, consisting of some rocks and iron pipe, costing only a few dollars; it may be an elaborate and expensive affair, equipped with devices that cost thousands. Again, it may consist of a compact folding charcoal grill that may be packed in the back of the car for outdoor picnics—or it may be a shining stainless-steel affair that may be proudly used on the terrace of a penthouse.

In other words, outdoor cookery is for the average guy, and he's taken it up with a zest that hasn't been approached since miniature golf first swept this land.

The wives are dancing on the greensward, for this is a hobby that has their hearty support. For one thing, they are relieved of the chore of cooking. Also, the male is brought directly into the food-budget picture. Ah, yes, there's singing in the halls when the average male takes up outdoor cookery.

The true artist recognizes that much of the charm and simplicity of this practice lies in being able to function with a minimum of equipment. This is primitive cookery.

The kitchen is just for vegetables, and the use of a meat thermometer is considered as cheating, equivalent to the use of an elephant gun to slay a neighbor's trespassing hen. A good cook knows from the appearance of the meat, the condition of the fire, just when it is ready to serve.

Dormant Pioneer Spirit Is Aroused

Men are keen on outdoor cookery because it is a domain where their supremacy is unquestioned. Women never look their best when leaning over a hot fire. The guy is given free rein. If he is a reasonably red-blooded individual, there is concealed beneath the exterior husk a liberal quality of the Boy Scout, Daniel Boone and Leatherstocking. He just likes to build and tend fires. He also has a trace of the late M. Escoffier, the famed chef, in his veins. Moreover, he is something of an exhibitionist: he provides the audience with comfortable seats fairly close to the scene of operations. He gives them an abundance of sound potables; they sip and sniff, and terrific appetites are generated.

He is masterful at timing; for him, the meat or entree is the most important phase of the outdoor meal, all subsidiary items center around it. Salad greens are cleaned and refrigerated ahead of time, the dressing is a tasty French affair, augmented by some venerable morsels of a robust Gorgonzola or blue cheese. His vegetables are seldom overdone. He wants them crisp and flavorsome, not limp and tasteless. He knows there is nothing better than a prime steak adequately broiled, but he also knows such meat is expensive, hard on the food budget. He turns to the cheaper cuts, the lower grades, and by dint of sheer culinary sorcery, the help of spices, herbs and wines, makes them completely delicious. He knows more ways to cook hamburger than do the chefs at a fancy hotel.

If he's an average male, for dessert he is inclined to give you fruit in season and a cheese tray. He has been wary of desserts ever since he whipped some cream, overdid it and came up with a pat of butter and some watery buttermilk. Fruit and cheese—for most outdoor meals what could be better?

Let's take a quick look at how he does some of his most entrancing main dishes. If the directions seem a trifle vague, remember that much depends on variable factors. Take the fire, for example: early in the game, the outdoor cook realizes that the higher the fire the worse the food will taste. All he needs is a whisper of flame—a bed of glowing coals can and will cook superbly. He uses maple, apple wood, oak or any of the hardwoods for

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For charcoal broiling, steak should be aged to maturity, and thick. If the cook knows his business, it will come from the grill tender and juicy

An experienced steak man critically examines a dish prepared by the author, pronounces it deliciously cooked, and ready to slice

Back Yard Will Have

over glowing charcoal It's easy to see why

By HARRY BOTSFORD

the perfect broiling fire, a fire that is restrained. That is why cooking time is always somewhat indefinite in the culinary judgment of the amateur chef. *"Cook until tender."* There is an axiom that is imperishable, like any other great and abiding truth. If he makes his fire with charcoal or briquettes, then the cooking times can be more precise, for the heat is fairly even.

Grandma's Saddle of Lamb Recipe

One of his favorite dishes is likely to be saddle of lamb. His grandmother prepared it a certain way, and he tries to approximate it as nearly as he can remember. He personally shops for the saddle, does not permit the butcher to bone it. At home, he cuts small slits in the meat, inserts slivers of garlic. The saddle is rubbed with salt, pepper, dredged in flour. It is tied securely, spitted and placed over the glowing coals. A hand-operated spit will work just as well as a motor-actuated one. Turn ever and anon, that's all. When the outside becomes brown and crisp, he bastes with a garlic wine mixture—often. Don't let the exterior become charred, he warns. The aroma makes you ravenous as it cooks (time: about 30 minutes to the pound).

Heat a large heavy platter (on the grill if there's room; in the kitchen if there isn't), place the saddle on it, garnish with parsley sprigs and serve—that's his formula. With the lamb, he serves mashed potatoes, spring peas in a light cream sauce, beets cooked in a thin mustard sauce. The potatoes are mashed in cream and lots of butter, with just a tablespoon of minced garden onions added. The flavor is pleasant and provocative. For salad, and there's a big wooden bowl of it, he has crisp lettuce and endive in a robust blue *(Continued on page 46)*

Pointers for the Outdoor Chef

In planning and equipping grills, there are certain dangers to be avoided, according to the gentry who profess to be experts in the field (a group which normally includes every man who owns a grill). These may be summed up as follows:

1. **Start modestly and keep the investment down. You may decide that you are not the great outdoor Escoffier.**
2. **Be sure the grill faces in the direction of the prevailing winds—otherwise the guests will have to eat smoke.**
3. **Have the table far enough from the grill to prevent the heat from reaching the guests.**
4. **Keep your fuel dry. No pine, only hardwoods. Pine gives broiled food an unpleasant taste.**
5. **Use coals for cooking, feed fresh fuel to the fire frugally. Don't be alarmed when broiling meat drips fat into the coals, causing them to flare up. Just lift the meat and let the fire subside.**
6. **Avoid overseasoning foods. There's nothing a guest can do about oversalted meat. He can always add salt and pepper.**
7. **Plan your meals. Shop shrewdly; let the cooking time of the main dish determine when you start cooking your vegetables; prepare salads and dressing in the kitchen, keep refrigerated until ready to eat, then toss and serve.**
8. **Have the table set except for the plates. Keep them close to the grill for warmth. When you are ready to serve, holler for help to rush the laden dishes to the table.**
9. **Keep all utensils and condiments handy. At or near the grill, have carving knives, long-handled forks, serving spoons, a cutting board, a supply of spices, herbs, sauces and cooking wines—a *little* wine on some food makes a *big* difference. Use cast-iron or stainless-steel pots and skillets. For good stews, use good French casseroles over low fires.**
10. **A covered garbage pail is a necessity. Keep one in a convenient place.**

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD BEATTIE

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He CARED about HONESTY

This 1903 cartoon was captioned: Must Be Got Rid of Before the Performance Begins

REPRINT FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY, JUNE 20, 1903

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in Government . . .

MOST of the articles written about the first half of the twentieth century have dwelt upon the tremendous changes and scientific advances, for good and evil, that have taken place. But this is a story of human traits and ethical standards that have not been altered by the transition from horse-and-buggy days to the supersonic age.

Fifty years ago, on September 14, 1901, Theodore Roosevelt became President, succeeding the assassinated William McKinley. He was young, vigorous, a scrupulously honest man who was determined that the government, as long as he was President, was going to be honest. And it was not long before he had a chance to prove that determination.

There were no mink coats or deep freezers connected with the Washington scandals of 1903. But, like the scandals of 1951, they involved important figures of the party in power. The mess—and it was a bad one—was in the Post Office Department. It went back to appointees of McKinley, Cleveland and Hayes. Now and again honest employees had tried to tell their chiefs that something was rotten, and had been fired for their pains.

During McKinley's last year in the White House the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, Joseph W. Bristow, had uncovered fraud in the Cuban postal service under the American occupation. He suggested that an investigation might be in order. The First Assistant, Perry S. Heath, yelled for help. All the big guns moved into action. Bristow's neck was saved by McKinley's personal intervention. But there was no investigation.

Bristow lay low for a while. But he had told the story of corruption in his department to a young newspaper editor from his home state of Kansas, William Allen White, and White had told the story to Roosevelt. He told his First Assistant Postmaster General, Robert J. Wynne, to do a little investigating on his own. Wynne did, and found plenty.

Now if there was anything that Roosevelt didn't want, it was a scandal in the executive departments. A Presidential election was coming up the next year. The "President by accident" greatly wanted to be elected in his own right. He already had a fight on his hands over the issue of trust-regulation. A scandal would play into the hands of those business interests and newspapers which were opposing him. The fact that the scandal was not his fault would make little difference.

But Roosevelt determined to practice what he had preached. He appointed Bristow special investigator. But Bristow, still smarting from his previous painful experience, wanted to know if the President would keep the politicians off his neck. Roosevelt said he would, and soon got a chance to prove it.

As soon as rumors of the investigation got about, a group of Republican senators descended on the President. They were glad he was going to put a stop to corruption, they said, but they hoped he would avoid a scandal. "Make an example, Mr. President, of some one man, and let the others quietly resign." Roosevelt told them that he was after all offenders, politics or no politics.

The unsavory Post Office stew boiled over before Bristow was fairly started. Two top officials of the department were arrested for taking bribes from contractors. Another resigned. A fourth was dismissed when it appeared that during his illness, his wife had removed government papers from his office.

The country began to wonder who and what next. So did the party leaders. They were honest men, but they were also politicians. And they were scared and miserable. When a postal employee named Tulloch came up with 50 pages of fresh, detailed charges, the Postmaster General, Henry C. Payne, lost his head and told reporters that the charges were all "hot air." The papers gleefully seized the phrase and didn't let Payne or the country forget it. But Roosevelt, who returned from a trip around the country in June, told the Postmaster General that the investigation would be pursued "until the department has been purged of even the suspicion of dishonesty."

As the weeks passed, the scandal became hotter than a Washington summer. New crimes, ranging from petty graft to bribery, blackmail and conspiracies to defraud, were revealed almost daily, and indictments multiplied. More and more friends of Republican stalwarts were involved. The chorus of pleas to call off the probe "for the good of the party" became almost tearful. Finally a New York delegation called on the President at his summer home in Oyster Bay with a message from the governor which warned that, if a leading state senator were indicted, the Republicans would lose New York in 1904.

"I am interested in carrying New York," Roosevelt said, "more interested than anyone else. But I am not going to let up on any grafter, no matter what the political effect may be. Besides, though we may, in my judgment, lose the state—*may*, I said, mind you—if we make it evident that we intend to prosecute every guilty man, we shall certainly lose it if we don't."

The investigation continued, and so did the pressure to stop it. When the Justice Department appeared to be dragging its feet, Roosevelt was ready to appoint a group of bipartisan assistants to speed things up. When the Postmaster General started giving the press evasive answers, the President let the country know that he was backing Bristow to the finish.

By October, Roosevelt wrote to Elihu Root, his Secretary of War, "The postal scandal is being wound up. We have cut deep, and we have indicted or turned out of office every guilty man." Bristow's report was published in November. It was accompanied by a memorandum from Roosevelt. And his words, after nearly half a century, are pertinent reading today for a public whose recollections of the RFC investigation, the Kefauver hearings, the "five per centers" and the unsolved Kansas City ballot thefts are still fresh:

"All questions of difference in party policy sink into insignificance when the people of the country are brought face to face with a question like this, which lies at the root of honest and decent government. On this question, and on all others like it, we can afford to have no division among good citizens.

"In the last resort, good laws and good administration must rest upon the broad basis of sound public opinion. A dull public conscience, an easygoing acquiescence in corruption, infallibly mean debasement in public life, and such debasement in the end means the ruin of free institutions. Freedom is not a gift which will tarry long in the hands of the dishonest, or of those so foolish or so incompetent as to tolerate dishonesty in their public servants."

That, then, is the story of the scandals of a half century ago. There remains only this postscript, with a moral which also might be valid in reverse: Roosevelt was nominated by acclamation the year after the postal investigation, and elected by the greatest popular majority given up to that time to any President.

THE EDITORS

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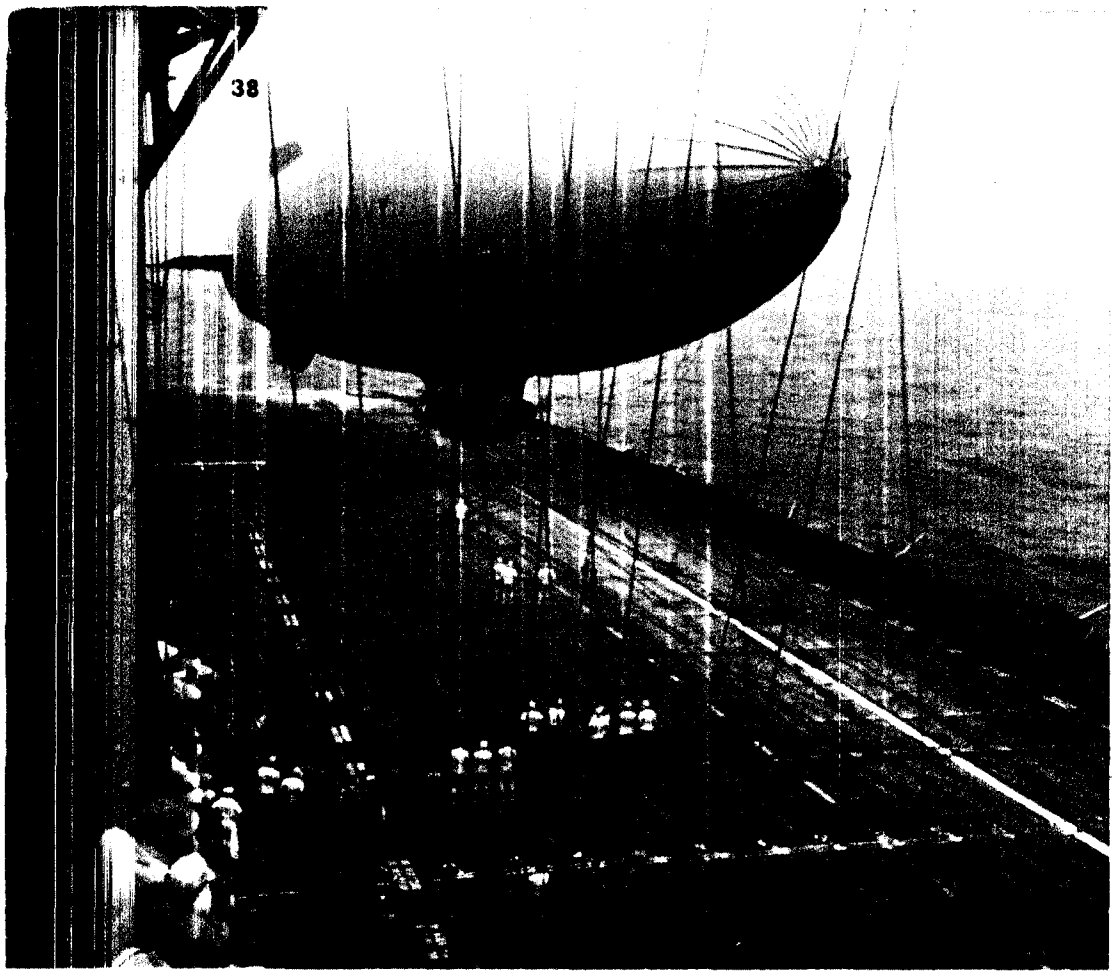

The Navy had Joint Conference members aboard carrier F.D.R. for two days, put on submarine show, simulated attack on carrier task force, landed 251-foot blimp on deck

The Air Force showed civilians napalm bombing, let them inspect B-36, gave them rides in jet planes, took them through hangars, invited them to church on Sunday

The Army show at Fort Benning took one day, concentrated on demonstrations of tank team techniques and airborne training devices. It followed two-day Marine display

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Collier's COLOR CAMERA

In Pentagon, Secretary of Defense Marshall told how department works, asked guests to take message home

Inspection Arms

THE Department of Defense of the U.S.A. is responsible for more men, more money, more transportation, more inventory, more real estate than most citizens can even begin to understand. As a result, it has a difficult time talking to people. It's just too blamed bulky to get close enough to shake hands.

To remedy the situation, Defense's Office of Information releases reams of stories to the nation's press, produces radio and television programs and distributes thousands of magazine features and photographs. But even these are not quite enough to satisfy the Pentagon. It prefers sitting down with civilians and having man-to-man chats.

Best answer so far to the department's itch to talk is a project originated during World War II and brought to full success in the past two years. Essentially a series of inspection tours staged by the military for nonmilitary citizens, the project, under the direction of Commander John Paul Floyd, is officially known as the Joint Civilian Orientation Conferences (J.C.O.C.). Four times a year the Department of Defense invites groups of 80 industrial, professional, press, religious, labor, civic, farm and government leaders to come to Washington and meet the Secretary of Defense, his deputies, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and scores of Pentagon bigwigs. It then takes them on a 10-day flying trip to Quantico, Virginia, to see the Marines in action; to Fort Benning, Georgia, for an Army show; to Eglin Air Force Base in Florida to watch Air Force maneuvers; and to Norfolk (Virginia) Naval Base to visit the Navy.

Conference members represent a geographic cross section of the nation. Almost all are men of influence, who will go back home and tell the folks what the Department of Defense is doing to ensure the welfare of its personnel and the safety of the nation. Thus, the Pentagon is able to get closer to great segments of the country.

Most recent of the department's Joint Conferences was held this summer. The Army, Navy, Marines and Air Force trotted out everything in their arsenals; put on shows using live ammunition; let security-checked visitors peek at new techniques and weapons; made 13 speeches to them in two days in Washington, and a good dozen more in the remaining eight days; and shared bunks and chow with them.

In general, this Ninth J.C.O.C. made such men as Joseph B. Hall, president of the Kroger grocery and supermarket chain, Harry Bullis of General Mills, Inc., and Dr. Charles Mayo of Mayo Clinic feel that the military is on its toes. Said Arch N. Booth, executive vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce of the U.S.: ". . . This trip gave me new insight into some of the reasons for the enormous costs of war." His reaction was just what J.C.O.C. aims at producing. It makes the military feel that all Americans are beginning to understand the tremendous job behind the defense of freedom.

SEY CHASSLER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB SMALLMAN

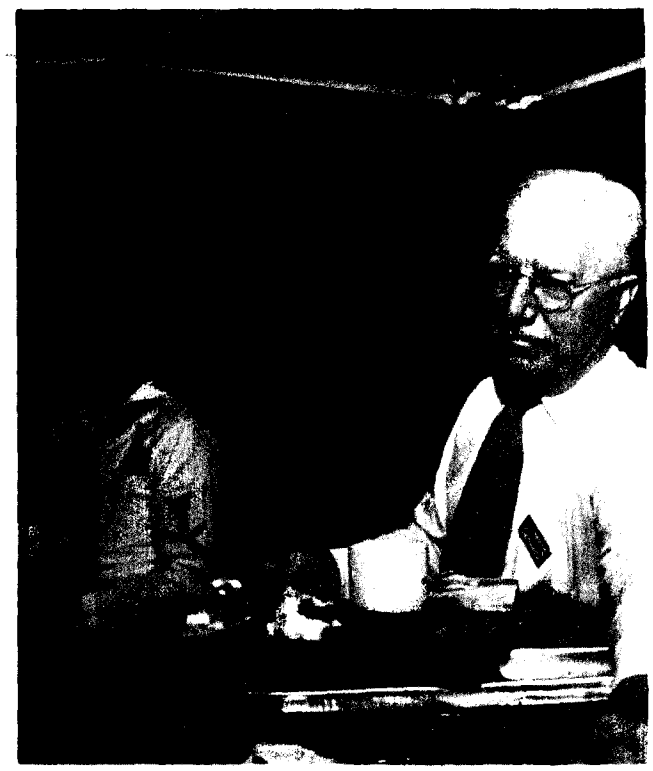
William Van Atten, chairman of the board of New York Board of Trade, fires M-1 at Benning

Gilbert Swanson, Omaha food packer, chats with Brig. Gen. Stuart Wright at Eglin Air Force Base, Fla.

Juan Trippe, Pan American Airways' president, talks helicopters to Marine pilot at Quantico

J. H. Carmichael, Capital Airlines' president, prepares to ride in T-33 jet trainer at Eglin

W. C. Mullendore, president of Southern California Edison Co., thought most maneuvers "awe-inspiring"



John Stuart, chairman of board of Quaker Oats Company, samples chow aboard aircraft carrier

Winthrop Rockefeller (below) said: "J.C.O.C. made me prouder than ever to be an American"

R. T. Stevens, a director of General Foods Corp., inspects emergency provisions in an Air Force plane

Donald Nelson, War Production Board chairman in World War II, tries on jet pilot's helmet

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Stephen pressed his clenched hands to his mouth. It would happen now; his sister would die

Bargain with God

By KINGSLEY TUFTS

***Collier's* SHORT SHORT**

STEPHEN alone knew the terrible thing. It would happen any minute now, any second. His sister Connie would die. It was as certain as the awful things his father called contracts and expirations and foreclosures. It was as certain as the little flat place along Connie's leg where the muscle hadn't grown again. Of course nobody noticed the flat place any more because Connie ran and played and did everything that anybody else did now. They all had forgotten how sick she had been three years ago. All but Stephen.

And Stephen might have forgotten too, if it hadn't been for what he had promised. He had never told anyone how it had been on that day when his father and mother had said that his sister might be going away for a long, long time.

He had gone to the garage where Connie's playthings had been carefully stored under the green canvas. He had known Connie would never come home from the hospital. They hadn't said it that way, but he knew. The awful thing was that she was only four years old, and wouldn't ever have as much fun as he had. He was six, and next year he would be seven.

He prayed desperately, "Please God, let Connie live to be seven years old." The tears had burned his face as he promised, "If You'll only let her live to be seven years old, I will let You take her then. I promise. Please God, don't take her away yet."

Three whole years had seemed the very most he could ask for. It was even a year more than he had lived himself. However, in return, he had promised everything he could: to be a good boy; to take the best care of Connie for all the time God would let her stay; and finally to give her up without crying.

And Connie had got well. God had fulfilled His part of the bargain by making Connie's fever go away. His father and mother had told everybody how wonderful Dr. Baker had been, and how doctors knew more than they used to. Connie hadn't even limped as long as the doctor thought she would. They said it was practically a miracle how she had got well so completely.

But Stephen's part of the bargain was still to come. His debt was so tremendous that he trembled every time he thought of it. And today Connie was seven. The three years had sped by. There was no more time.

CONNIE was laughing across the table at him now. His mother and father were leaning forward expectantly, for Connie was taking a deep breath to blow out the seven candles on the big pink birthday cake.

"Make a wish!" her mother cried.

It would happen now. Stephen knew it as surely as anything. He pressed his clenched hands to his mouth in fear. He could see the smiling face fallen forward, the toppled dish of vanilla ice cream, the yellow curls spilled over the white cloth. For that was the way it happened when God struck people dead. Stephen squeezed his eyes tightly shut. ". . . Thy will be done . . . on earth as it is in heaven . . ." He prayed silently.

"You did it!" His father's hearty voice rang out. "You get your wish!"

"But you mustn't tell it!" his mother warned. "If you do, it won't come true."

Blue waxy smoke was drifting across the table. Connie was still there, the color glowing in her flushed cheeks as she gaily flourished the silver knife above the cake. "Stevie, you get the biggest piece!" she cried delightedly.

"I never heard anybody so quiet," his mother said. "What is it, Stevie?"

"Nothing," he answered. But inside he was saying over and over, thank you, God, thank you, God . . .

When the big doubt came a moment later he could hardly go on eating. It was the thing about time. Maybe God had understood it was not to be until Connie had been seven all year. It was God's mistake. As long as God had got the time wrong, Connie would have another whole year, almost. But it wasn't honest, because he hadn't meant it that way when he made the bargain with God. And yet to be seven years old didn't seem hardly anything any more, not when you got to be nine, like he was now. But maybe God really knew the time was up all right, and He was only waiting—

Stephen knew then that he wouldn't be able to stand it. He'd have to tell his father. Maybe together they could do something, or get God to take something else instead. You could make settlements with people, his father often said. But this had to be done right away now, because if God was only putting off taking Connie until He had kind of a natural excuse—like when she was in swimming or something—it could happen any minute. All she had to do was slide down the banister—or start to learn on her new birthday skates . . .

HIS father looked up from his cigar when Stephen slipped into the library. "Well, Stevie, did you have fun at Connie's birthday dinner?"

"I—I have to talk to you about her," Stephen answered. "It's—it's—professional," he said earnestly.

His father nodded. "What you say will be held in strictest confidence," he replied soberly. "Take a chair, Steve."

Stephen told him everything because that was what you had to do when you went to a lawyer for help. His father was very particular in getting to the bottom when people were in bad trouble. There were always things at the bottom that the other side hadn't even suspected, let alone considered.

As he poured out the very exact words of his terrible bargain with God and told about his prayer at the table, he saw the furrows deepen in his father's face. The heavy brows contracted in thought and the grave eyes slowly darkened. He knew then that his father understood the enormity of what he had done.

"Those are all the facts?" his father said quietly.

"Yes," he whispered.

"And you want to be advised of your rights under this agreement with God?"

"Yes, sir." Stephen spoke tremulously. "Would—I mean do you think God would take something else—like maybe—me instead of Connie?"

It was a long time before his father answered, in the calm voice he used over the telephone sometimes, even when it was a matter of life or death in court.

"The law is very wise, Stephen," he said slowly. "When a man is in great distress and enters into a bargain that will free him from it, the law will not hold him to his promise. It is what is called undue influence. God would not have taken an unfair advantage of your distress to make a bargain with you that would not hold up in court." He smiled gravely. "God Himself is the Highest Court."

"But Connie got well," Stephen protested weakly. "I promised—He must have thought—"

"God will not hold you to your promise," his father repeated.

Stephen asked suddenly, "Did you pray for Connie too?"

His father nodded. "Just like you, Steve. That is why I'm sure of the law in your case. If it were otherwise," he added gently, "I would be dead."

THE END

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COMFORTABLE →

(almost all the comforts of home)

← DEPENDABLE

(you travel regardless of the weather)

AND-ABOVE ALL-

SAFE! →

(even safer than your own home)

Go Pullman

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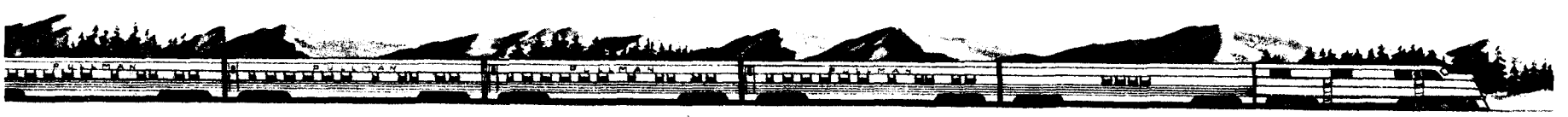

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The Worst of Potluck

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

however, it looked as though Marty hadn't needed any protection. The girls had failed to spin a thread around him, though their efforts had become progressively more determined and primitive. It was some satisfaction to Brenda that they couldn't gloat that they had succeeded where she'd failed. At the same time, she began to be afraid she couldn't do any better. It was just horribly possible that no woman could alter Marty's contrary, down-East mind. . . .

A young man from Princeton invited Brenda to the end-of-the-season dance at the yacht club. She accepted, since it hadn't occurred to Marty to invite her. He always went stag, for business reasons, stayed an hour or so and then went home. Brenda was preoccupied with the thought that she had only a day or two left to make Marty see her as a ravishing woman he couldn't live without. She felt as nervous as a prize fighter going into the ring with an undefeated opponent. The flame-red dress she wore to the dance left her stripped down for action.

THE dance was well under way before Marty slipped in through a side door to the bar which, traditionally, was masculine territory. For once, the place was deserted except for George, the bartender. Everyone was dancing.

Marty had come only because some member might just possibly want to talk a little last-minute business. Financially it had been his best season. Next year would probably be even better. His reputation as a competent broker was beginning to spread farther up and down the coast. Mixed with his satisfaction, though, was a vast relief that the summer was over and the members would be going back to the cities. He sat with his back to the door that opened on the ballroom. He had no interest in seeing the lovely bare-shouldered girls dance. He would have preferred to be safe at home in bed.

"Not dancing, sir?" George said.

Marty shuddered. "Danced all summer."

"Yes, sir," George said pleasantly. "That's what I thought—"

"You thought wrong."

George looked at the girls dancing by the door. He noticed the pert, snub noses and the short, straight noses. He studied the generous young lips and the bright, laughing eyes. He thought that if he were a young man with prospects he would be out there trying to improve them. He came to a conclusion about Marty's mood and said sympathetically, "Well, I wouldn't take it too hard. Maybe you'll have better luck next summer."

"What do you mean, better luck next summer?" Marty growled.

"Well, it takes time. Young ladies do seem to like to play hard to get."

Marty stared at George. Then he laughed wildly. "Hard to get? Good Lord! I've been beating them off all summer!"

It was George's turn to stare.

"What I'll never know, I suppose, is what got into them," Marty said. "But all of a sudden, this summer, I'm popular, if that's the word. Maybe it was the same sort of bug that makes people think they like canasta, or bop. Anyway, what could I do?" Marty said, and sighed. "They're all nice girls, mind you. Nice girls with nice parents I do business with. So I couldn't just say, 'You're off your rocker, sister. Beat it, I'm not interested.' Had to be a gentleman about it. Humor them without making a knucklehead of myself."

George glanced once more at the dance floor. He said, incredulously, "You weren't interested?"

Marty sighed again. "Do I look embalmed?"

George shook his head. "Then I don't see why you didn't—"

Marty glared at George. "Because I always remember about boats. There are all kinds of beautiful boats. There are—"

Marty paused. A look of suspicion came over his face. It was the first time he had thought of the elder member since he had spoken the words he had been about to repeat to George. Now he remembered clearly how the elder member had cackled and the revolting look of eager anticipation on his face when he had said, "Hee hee! Wonder what the girls would say to that?"

"Oh, no!" Marty said. "That wouldn't be reason enough for them to—but it must have been! Why, the nasty little witches!"

George looked reprovingly at Marty. "Oh, come, sir," he said gently, "they really aren't—"

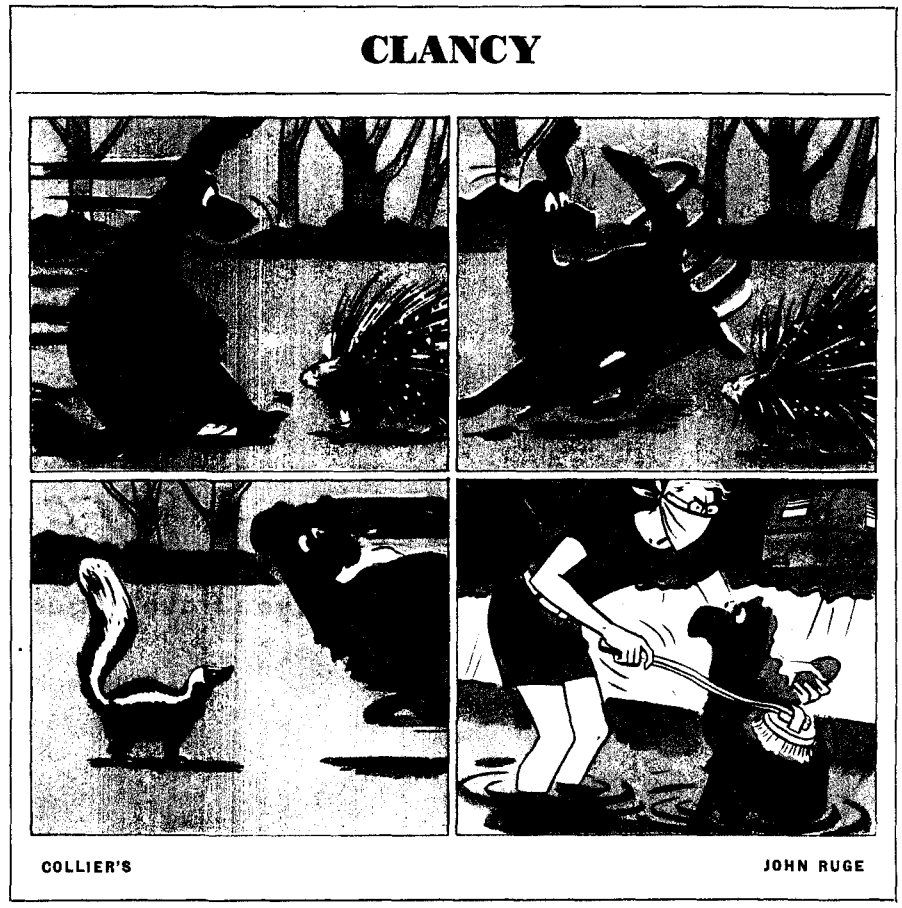
"They're not, huh?" Marty said bitterly. He pushed his glass across the bar for a refill, George turned to get a bottle. Neither

"Yeah, it's been nice to know you," Marty said cheerfully.

"Oh, it's been nice to know you, too," Brenda said coldly. "You're like—well, like one of those clean, square-shooting Western heroes who would rather kiss a horse than a girl." A thoughtful look came into her eyes. "I wonder how your whinny is?"

"I wouldn't know," Marty said. "Look, let's make it like old times next summer. I'll find a boat for you this winter and we'll show people a few things again."

Brenda didn't answer immediately. She gave Marty what George thought was a definitely speculative look. In fact, George said later, he had the distinct impression that she was weighing this against that and wondering if it was all worth while. In the



of them saw Brenda come in from the ballroom as Marty went on, "Well, one thing's for sure; I'll never do a Solomon and make seven hundred tries to find the woman who isn't!"

"The woman who isn't what?" Brenda said.

Marty spun around. He scowled at Brenda. "Ladies aren't supposed to eavesdrop—or come in here."

BRENDA grinned. "I'm no lady. I'm just Brenda, remember?" She slid onto the stool next to Marty. "Scotch with a dash of soda," she told George, and turned to Marty. "You aren't going to do a Solomon to find a woman who isn't what?"

"Female," Marty said. "Nasty, designing, vindictive female."

There was a pause. George stood holding Brenda's drink halfway across the bar. Brenda reached for it without looking away from Marty.

"Including me?" she asked quietly.

"Oh, blazes, no! You're not female!"

As George said later, at this point he gave up trying to make sense out of what he saw and heard. Because if anyone was ever entrancingly female it was Brenda, sitting there slim and straight in that flame-red dress, looking at Marty with smoldering, homicidal eyes.

"I mean," Marty said, grinning, "you're not female so far as I'm concerned."

"I'm so glad," she said, "that you won't have to make six hundred and ninety-nine tries to find a nonfemale woman like me."

end she seemed to acknowledge to herself that she was stuck with something, drew a deep breath, looked as though she would like to grab Marty by the ears and shake him until the rocks in his head rattled, and said, "That's what I wanted to see you about. I've found a boat. She's at Castine. I'm to see the owner tomorrow morning and I was hoping you'd come along to arrange the details and help me sail her back."

"What boat?"

Again Brenda hesitated. Then she said, "Plugalong."

Marty stared at her, then snorted. "You're crazy!" he said. "I know her. Thirty-two foot cruising sloop. Well named, too. Not your kind of boat."

A malicious little smile twitched at the corners of Brenda's lips. "I've heard that when you own a boat you limit your sailing to the kind it was designed for and how do you know that's the kind of sailing you really want to do? Well, I've always raced because I've always owned racing boats—and all I've got out of it is a bunch of cups. Maybe I want something else, and this is my chance to find out." She gave Marty another smile. "Besides, it's not permanent like marriage. I don't have to be a cautious little creep about it. I can always sell the boat if I don't like her."

Marty blushed. "What time do we start in the morning?" . . .

Castine Harbor is on the eastern side of upper Penobscot Bay, a driving day's sail from Charity Cove on the lower, western side of the bay. It is exposed to southwest winds. A strong southwest wind was tumbling greasy, wet clouds low overhead and flecking the gray harbor waters with whitecaps. Plugalong was moored deep in Smith's Cove, a sheltered finger of water off Castine Harbor. She rode gracefully at her mooring, stirring to the wind which was softened to a breeze at that point by the tall spruce trees on the high, sheltering shore.

MR. COSGROVE stood on the float below his summer cottage with Brenda and Marty and looked across the water at the boat he had just sold. He smiled a little wryly. "You've got a nice, safe boat there, Miss Collins. You can drive her just as hard as Mr. Jones, here, drives a bargain. I'd thought to get at least two thousand more for her."

"Well, you wouldn't get another buyer this season and we're saving you hauling-out and storage fees," Brenda said to comfort him.

"Let's go," Marty said. "We've got a long, wet beat to windward. This the dinghy that goes with her?"

Mr. Cosgrove said it was. Marty launched the dinghy from the float and stepped in. Brenda handed him a box of sandwiches and a vacuum bottle of hot coffee, and dropped lightly into the stern.

Plugalong was a full-bodied, roomy boat with comfortable cabin arrangements. "And so is a houseboat," Marty said sourly. He lifted the engine hatch in the cockpit and looked glumly down at the compact, efficient-looking engine. "But you can't tell anything about them just looking," he muttered.

"Then stop looking and get sail up," Brenda said. "We've got a fair wind out of here."

"Notice the whiskers on her bottom as we came alongside?" Marty asked. "Like an old goat. She hasn't been hauled out all summer. Need a gale to move her."

"There's half a gale outside," Brenda said cheerfully. "What you saved me on the price will pay for all that needs to be done to her this winter."

"It will take every penny of it," Marty grumbled. "And don't think I'm going to let you have my commission. First time I ever heard of anyone buying a boat this size without trying her out first."

"I know how she sails. I saw her out on the bay when I was up this way on Bill Simmons' cutter this summer. She looked like just what I wanted."

Marty grunted. "Didn't know you wanted to go in the lobster business," he said. "I could have got you something better for hauling traps at a third the price."

"Funnyman. Get the sails up."

Plugalong moved sedately down Smith's Cove toward Castine Harbor proper. Marty was rummaging morosely around in the cabin, poking at berth cushions and opening lockers, outraged to the core at this manner of buying a boat. At the tiller, Brenda could look down the companionway. She smiled contentedly at Marty's unhappiness.

She looked up at the sails. With the breeze astern and freshening as the sloop left the shelter of the wooded shore, the sails curved full and gracefully. But you couldn't tell much about their fit until you sheeted in and began beating to windward. Brenda recalled that both the jib and mainsail had shown a tendency to slat along their leeches when she had seen Mr. Cosgrove sailing Plugalong that summer. Of course, that might have been because he hadn't known how to trim them. But she didn't think so.

Nor could you tell too much about a boat's sailing characteristics when she was running before the wind. But she had not seemed very lively when Mr. Cosgrove had been sailing her. Right now, probably largely because of the heavy growth of whiskers on her bottom, Plugalong seemed

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sluggish, even before the wind, like a plow horse trying to work up into a trot. By the time they reached Charity Cove, Marty should be loathing Plugalong from the bottom of his heart.

Brenda's slender hand caressed the tiller lovingly. "Nice old baggage," she murmured.

Marty poked his head out of the companionway and eyed Brenda somberly. "We didn't bring any oilskins, and Cosgrove didn't leave any aboard," he announced.

"We've sailed without oilskins before," Brenda said.

"Not this late in the season, we haven't. It's cold when you get wet this time of year." He glanced up at the dirty clouds and added, "And it could rain."

Brenda laughed. "Anything else?"

Marty looked at her with gloomy satisfaction. "The head doesn't work."

They left Smith's Cove and sheeted in for the long tack to the entrance of Castine Harbor. There was less shelter and the wind was much stronger. But there was still no more than a white-flecked harbor chop to move against. They should have gone boiling down the harbor. But Plugalong did not boil. She moved with deliberate dignity, hurrying not at all.

"Look at those sails," Marty moaned.

Brenda looked at them. Marty had trimmed them properly for the course they were on but they slatted violently along their leeches, losing a lot of their driving power.

"They've been stretched to hell and gone," Marty said. "They fit like old potato sacks."

"I can get new ones," Brenda said placidly.

"There's more than sails wrong with this boat," Marty said. "The centers of effort and resistance aren't in proper relation."

Brenda grinned. "Now, that's where you're dead wrong, ducky. The center of effort is smack on the center of resistance, believe me."

AS THEY left the dolefully clanging bell buoy astern at the mouth of the harbor they felt the full force of the wind. It wasn't gusty. It was a steady, pugnacious howl and it had built up big rollers that marched toward them in endless gray, white-crested ranks. Plugalong settled down comfortably on her lee rail and slogged on with a heavy sort of buoyancy, rising sluggishly, over the rollers but keeping her deck dry and cushioning ponderously but easily when she came down.

"She's a nice dry boat," Brenda said.

"And she points up like a snow shovel," Marty said waspishly. "Can't you do better? Let me try her."

Marty took the tiller and Brenda stepped down in the companionway to get out of the wind. So she was sheltered when Marty yanked impatiently on the tiller a moment later and hit a wave wrong. A solid sheet of water rose above Plugalong's weather bow. The wind caught it and swept it aft.

"Damn!" Marty bellowed, gasping at the icy shock.

Brenda stepped aft and took the tiller from him. "Better get below and have some coffee and get out of those clothes."

Marty glared at her. "And what'll I get into? The club pennant?"

But the coffee helped.

They tacked across to Long Island, which runs down the middle of Penobscot Bay, and they tacked back to Cape Rosier. They had gained very little to windward. "Need the engine to make it before dark," Marty said disgustedly.

Brenda nodded. Everything was working out nicely. Marty reacted to a sailboat that needed an engine while there was a wind blowing the way a concert violinist reacts to a five-dollar fiddle. And they were hours from Charity Cove.

Marty turned on the blower to clear any gas fumes out of the engine compartment. Then he turned on the ignition and pressed the starter button. The starter ground away merrily. The engine remained silent. Marty tried again—and again and then once more.

"That's all we need!" he said.

He raised the engine hatch and scowled down at the silent, efficient-looking engine. He knelt and reached down to try the carburetor for gas. The engine was getting plenty of gas. He placed the blade of his sheath knife against a spark plug and Brenda pushed the starter button. A nice, fat spark leaped from the end of the knife blade to the engine block.

"It's probably just some little thing," Brenda said. This she had not counted on. She felt a growing affection for Plugalong.

Marty said something under his breath and rummaged around for tools in the lockers under the cockpit seats. He finally found a rusty screw driver. The end of it was broken. He glared at it and at Brenda. "With a hammer," he snarled, flinging the screw driver overboard, "I could at least have beaten the damn' thing to death."

"We can work down around Cape Rosier and put into Bucks Harbor," Brenda said. "There must be a mechanic there."

Marty grunted. He reached in his shirt pocket for his cigarettes. He brought out a waterlogged pack. He looked at the sodden mess in his hand and thought that he'd never wanted a cigarette more. There was no use asking Brenda for one. She didn't smoke. He said, in a quiet, restrained voice, "Straws! Straws enough to break every damn' back in a herd of camels!"

IT WAS late afternoon before they finally dropped anchor in the shelter of Bucks Harbor. They furled the sails and went ashore. The village was bleak and deserted-looking under the darkening clouds. Many of the houses were owned by summer people who had gone for the winter. But a small general store was open.

There was a mechanic, they learned, a Mr. Otis, who could make a marine engine sit up and talk. The trouble was, Mr. Otis had driven over to Belfast to visit with some of his wife's people and wouldn't be back until morning. Marty looked at Brenda. For a moment there was an almost frightened look in his eyes and Brenda had to restrain an urge to put her arms around him and murmur reassuring, motherly things.

"I think I'd better telephone my family and let them know there isn't anything to worry about," she said.

"Sure," Marty said. "Tell them we're as safe as two damn' fools can be in a jinxed boat."

Brenda's father did not sound surprised when Brenda finally got through to Charity Cove. "Thought you might put in somewhere," he said approvingly. "Smallcraft warnings up all along the coast. It doesn't promise to let up until sometime tomorrow. You stay right there until you get that engine fixed in the morning."

Brenda looked pensive. It was a look her father had from long experience learned to regard with suspicion. But, of course, he couldn't see it as Brenda glanced at Marty, who was across the store, buying a change of clothes—socks, underwear, cotton slacks and a sweat shirt. He had also found a Stillson wrench on the hardware counter.

"Of course you realize, Daddy," Brenda said in a pious voice, "you are telling your daughter to spend the night with a man aboard Plugalong."

She smiled at the snort that came back over the wire. "Ye gods! With Marty you'll be as safe as at your Aunt Min's."

"Unless I get some help," Brenda said under her breath.

"What did you say? Speak up. This is a poor connection."

"I said that just the same it's a very unconventional situation and I think you ought to have a word with Marty."

There was a pause and then an annoyed grunt. "Oh, all right—but I feel like a silly ass."

"Thank you, Daddy," Brenda said sweetly.

She was buying meat and groceries for

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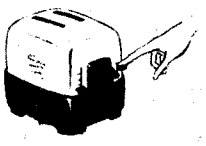

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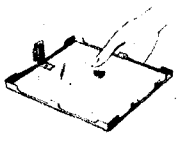

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supper and breakfast when Marty crossed the store from the telephone. His face was crimson. "Come on, Circe!" he snapped. "I've got to get you safely on board before dark and lash myself to the mast."

He walked out of the store. Brenda followed, smiling complacently. At that very moment Marty would be demanding indignantly of himself just what old man Collins thought his daughter had that might send Marty off his rocker. It was precisely the question Brenda wanted Marty to be asking himself. He was bound to begin looking to see for himself what she had. What more could a girl ask?

BACK aboard Plugalong, Marty went into the tiny forepeak to change his clothes. He felt a little better. He came back into the main cabin to find Brenda trying to get the kerosene galley stove burning.

"I don't know what's wrong with it," she said helplessly, and she sat down on one of the berths.

Marty looked at her. Brenda had lighted the cabin oil lamp. After an exasperating day the cabin seemed peaceful and cozy in the mellow light. Marty remembered Mr. Collins' embarrassed admonition, and inevitably, as Brenda had known he must, Marty saw Brenda as a woman. It was amazing, he thought, that he had never noticed before what a cute nose she had. Why, damn, she was beautiful! But she was also, he told himself quickly and firmly, an idiot girl who had impetuously spent eight thousand dollars for a lemon of a boat and just now was beginning to realize it. She had a way to go before she was grown up.

A wave of big-brother sympathy swept through Marty. Impulsively he sat down beside her on the berth and put an arm around her shoulders. "Chin up," he said gruffly.

The chin came up enthusiastically, and Marty was looking down into half-closed eyes and a half-opened mouth only an inch or two away. He could feel the warmth of her breath on his face. She leaned a little against him. It was the pleasantest sensation Marty had ever had in all his life. Suddenly, almost overwhelmingly, he wanted to gather her in his arms.

He stood up abruptly. That was exactly what Brenda's father had been talking about. That was exactly the way a man could get off the course he had so carefully planned for himself when he was clear-headed and rational. A moment's giddiness and he had for life a woman—no, a girl—who was irresponsible enough to buy a tub like Plugalong.

"I'll take a look at the stove," he said.

Brenda sighed. And now he would be what he would regard as being on guard against himself. It was up to Plugalong now. Good old Plugalong—she hoped—or with her own hands she would take an ax to the dowdy old hulk.

The galley stove sputtered and flared high. Marty made a frantic grab for the fire extinguisher but the flame subsided, threatened to go out, and then settled down to fitful, smoky stability. The cabin filled with acrid fumes and the hamburger, potatoes and coffee Brenda made all tasted of kerosene.

Afterward, Marty attacked the plumbing with the Stillson wrench. An hour later the head was working.

Brenda was asleep. Since there were no blankets she had stretched out in her clothes on a berth and closed her eyes. Marty looked at her for a long moment, clamped his jaws hard, and turned down the cabin lamp. It was a long time before he went to sleep on the berth across the cabin.

Morning brought no change in the weather. Cold rain still threatened from the low clouds tumbling before the same heavy wind. But it was sheltered in the harbor and a small boy rowed out to Plugalong just as they finished breakfast. "You the folks with a dead engine?" he shrilled from alongside.

When they said they were, he said, "Well, Pop says tell you to keep your shirts on. He'll be along soon's he does a small piece on Ollie Jenkins' tractor."

Marty kept his shirt on and his eyes off Brenda as much as possible until ten o'clock. Then he said, "If we start now we might be able to make it under sail before dark."

"I think it's beginning to rain," Brenda said.

It was. It was beginning to rain as though it had never rained before and would never have a chance again. The deluge lasted until noon, blotting out the shore at times and making a start for Charity Cove out of the question. When it stopped as abruptly as it had begun, a rowboat came out toward them. It was Mr. Otis.

He raised the engine hatch and looked down at the engine. He tried the controls, grunted, and pressed the starter button. Nothing happened. He knelt and reached his hand down to the carburetor and told Marty to press the starter button. The engine stuttered, roared, and settled down to a steady clatter, as though it had needed only the touch of the master's hand.

Marty looked at Brenda and said, "If you say, 'I told you it was just some little thing,' I will beat you to death."

Mr. Otis looked at Marty pityingly. "It's all it was, though. Didn't have full choke control. Need it when the engine's cold and wet. Next time just put your hand over the intake a couple of seconds. Unless, of course, you get the choke pull fastened better first. Be all right now soon's she warms up."

Under power alone, Plugalong moved heavily but steadily straight into the wind on the shortest course home. At the tiller Marty sat easing her over the rollers. The engine ran steadily. Toward the middle of the afternoon the clouds began to break and the wind fell to a breeze. The rollers became long swells. Then the sky cleared and the warm September sun moved westward and down toward the entrance of Charity Cove some six miles away.

Brenda's spirits dropped as the afternoon became pleasant and the sun began to set and Plugalong chugged steadily toward home. All that had happened wasn't going to be enough. Marty was escaping her. She'd almost had him—almost but not quite. His convictions remained unshaken no matter how willing the rest of him was. That he was willing was obvious from the way he carefully avoided looking at her and studiously kept anything personal out of the conversation. Once her hand had touched his and he had jumped as though he'd been burned. But as long as he believed in his damn' allegory about boats he wouldn't let go of himself. And now, at the crucial moment, Plugalong and the weather and everything was failing her. Marty was going to get ashore before she could make her point—and she would never get him off guard again.

If only, she thought fervently, the engine would run out of gas, or something. She closed her eyes and she could almost hear it cough uncertainly a few times and then die. Suddenly she opened her eyes wide. That hadn't been imagination. The engine had died.

The expression of a man who sees the breaking point close ahead came over Marty's features. He said nothing but left the tiller and unscrewed the gas-tank cap. The tank was empty.

Brenda looked away so Marty would not see the look of supreme satisfaction in her eyes. She said, "There's a breeze. We can sail home."

Marty was silent for a moment. "In any other boat," he said finally in a strained voice, "we might just be able to make it before the breeze dies for the night. But not in this bewitched thing, even if the breeze was fair, which it isn't instead of head on, which it is."

Nevertheless, he scrambled to get the sails up. There was still that slim chance of making it to Charity Cove.

It was the last thing Plugalong seemed to want to do. Marty fretted and fumed at the tiller, trying to point the sloop well up into the breeze to make some progress toward Charity Cove. But when he did, her sails began to flutter and she lost way. When he trimmed them flatter, they stopped fluttering but she lost even more way. The best Plugalong would do was little better than a close reach and then her progress toward Charity Cove was offset by an outgoing tide. They sailed slowly back and forth and made no more than a mile toward their destination when the breeze died entirely and Plugalong rolled lazily with slatting sails on the glassy swell.

Marty looked at the sun setting behind the distant hills on the mainland. He looked in all directions across the calm water. There wasn't a boat to be seen and it would be dark soon. A look of resignation and defeat came over his face.

"I give up," he said. "The only thing this cursed craft hasn't done is open her seams and sink—and she may do that any minute."

Brenda looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, smiled a satisfied little smile, and sat down beside him on the locker seat.

"Poor Marty," she murmured.

"Poor *me?* I don't own this scow-bottomed—"

"You think I made a bad buy?"

Marty closed his eyes. "Oh, Lord!"

"What kind of a boat do you think I should have bought?"

Marty opened his eyes. He waved his arms, and didn't seem to notice that Brenda immediately slipped under one to snuggle close beneath his shoulder. "What kind?" he bellowed. "The kind you know will do the sort of sailing you know you like to do!"

Brenda looked up at him. "But how do I know I'll always want to do that sort of sailing?" she murmured.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake! Hasn't this tub convinced you? I'll see what I can do about getting rid of her for you this winter and finding one you want."

"You know what I want?"

"I ought to. She'll be what I'd pick for myself."

Brenda nodded. Then once more she murmured, "Poor Marty."

HE WAS suddenly aware that her arm had crept around him and that once more she was very close. All the pleasant tinglings he had felt last night swirled around in him again. He sat very still and very rigid and he said, very carefully, "What's this 'poor Marty' stuff?"

She lifted her face and it was again very close to his and she said softly, "Next summer I will be sailing the boat you would have picked for yourself if you weren't afraid to own one. What you should really remember about boats and girls, is that when you don't have one of your own you're exposed to potluck—which is sometimes good but mostly not just what you want, and sometimes quite as bad as Plugalong."

The sound of a powerboat came across the water.

"That will be Father coming to tow us in," Brenda said without turning her face away from Marty.

Marty didn't move. He didn't say anything for a long moment, either. He just looked down into Brenda's face—and Brenda knew that she was watching a down-East man going through the rare and painful process of changing his mind.

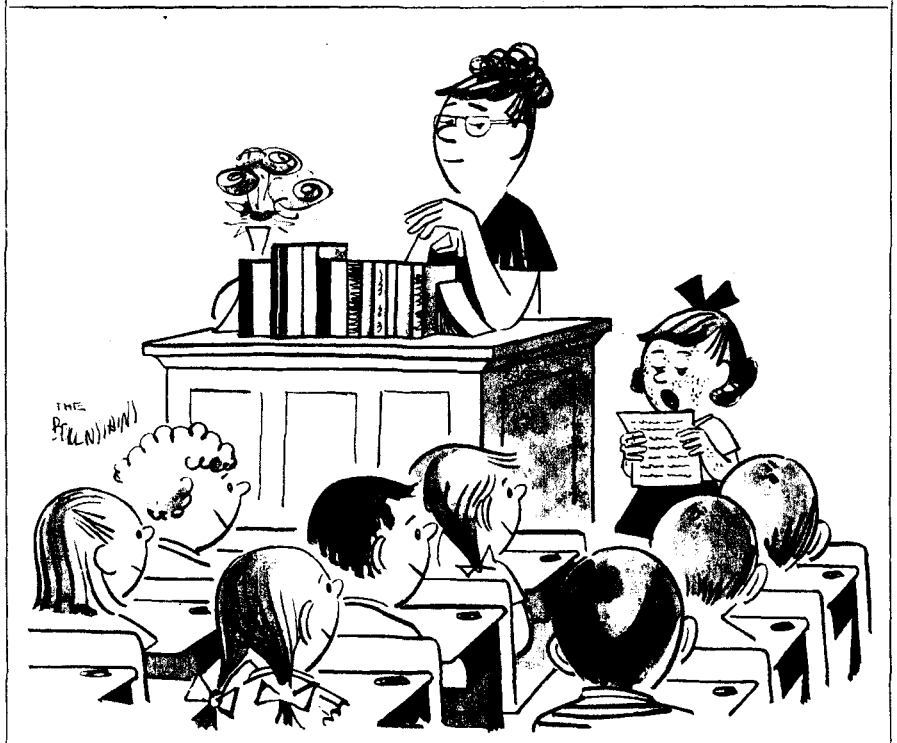
It was a moment for a girl to hold her breath reverently. Brenda did, until Marty blinked and said, looking at her holding her breath, "We'll take a loss on Plugalong but I'll make up the difference on the one we want. And you'd better stay to help me find her."

Brenda sighed. From a down-Easter that was a truly passionate speech. "It's a deal!" she said enthusiastically. "Let's seal it!"

On the approaching yacht-club tender, Brenda's father watched through binoculars. He stared fascinated as they sealed the deal, then sealed it again and resealed it with every indication of going on indefinitely.

"Hey!" Brenda's father cried to the boatman, "turn up that engine! We've got to get them in before—before it gets dark!" THE END

SISTER



"How I Spent My Vacation: One day, Alfred Grant and I were hunting for toads in the vacant lot in back of Stan's gas station. I saw one hop into some weeds. Alfred said, 'You better not go in there, that's Poison Ivy!' I said, 'That's not Poison Ivy, that's just a lot of big old weeds . . .'"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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MOST NEW INVENTIONS by the oil scientists begin in the research laboratories. Distillation apparatus such as this is often used. U.S. oil companies employ more than 15,000 men and women research workers, spend more than 100 million dollars a year in their constant race to get to the public first with new and better oil products. One result of this intensive research work—by every standard of performance—2 gallons of gasoline now do the work 3 gallons did in 1925, though today's gasoline is priced about the same—only taxes are higher.

8,179 New Oil Inventions Patented By Scientists In Five Years

Official U.S. Patent Office records show that in the last five years 8,179 new inventions dealt with some phase or another of making improved gasolines and heating oils, lubricants that further reduce engine wear, plastics that out-last many metals and a wide range of new synthetics that are proving valuable to all industry.

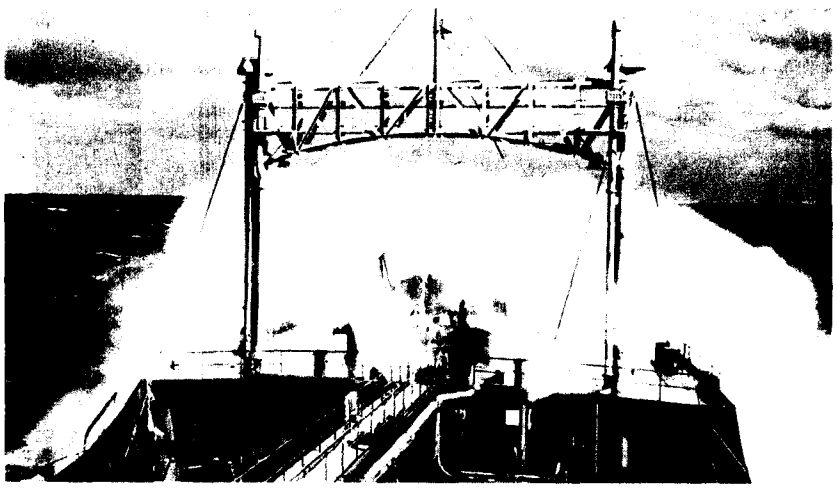
These government records indicate that America's privately-managed oil companies compete vigorously with each other to be the first to develop processes to provide the public with the finest oil products at the world's lowest prices.

The price of gasoline, for example, is about the same now as it was 25 years ago—only taxes are higher. Yet the *quality* is so much better that 2 gallons now do the work 3 gallons used to do.

This has come about because free men, over the years, have constantly tried to outdo their competitors. *The benefits of this competition go to you and the nation.*

Oil Industry Information Committee, AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE, 50 West 50th St., New York 20, N. Y.

IMPROVED DRILLING methods and production machinery—now make it possible to sink wells almost 4 miles deep. Hundreds of new production ideas and inventions over the years help explain today's record oil output—25% greater than during the peak of World War II.



NEW DEVELOPMENTS have stepped up tanker speeds 20% in the last decade—and a new tanker can haul 50% more oil. With increased efficiencies like these, transport companies now move oil so economically it costs *less* to ship a gallon of gasoline from Texas to New England than to mail a penny postcard.

YEARS OF LABORATORY RESEARCH and many thousands of miles of road testing have gone into the development of today's great motor oils. These oils are now so tough that under normal driving conditions in a modern car they stand up under combustion temperatures of 3000° Fahrenheit—give greater protection and longer life to engines than ever before.

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See What the Boys in the Back Yard Will Have

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

cheese dressing. With the lamb, he recommends the wine of your choice. Just before the lamb is served, he slices a couple of loaves of French bread lengthwise, places them, cut side down, over the coals to toast. When the loaves are brown, they are brushed with melted butter.

At serving time, he carves the meat ceremoniously, places a generous piece on each heated plate, along with lashings of mashed potatoes and peas. The beets, in his considered opinion, should be served separately in individual dishes. The hot bread, cut into sizable chunks, is wrapped in a napkin, sent to the table in wicker baskets. Salad? This is the responsibility of the wife —she fetches it to the table, ladles it out. Coffee is ready at the end of the meal, and there's plenty of it for all. Likewise there's a huge basket of fruit. He will defy you to find fault with this meal. It should be eaten under a congenial sky, of course, with the birds providing a musical accompaniment to the clatter of knives and forks, the flow of cheerful conversation.

That's just a sample of what the guy can do.

The outdoor chef never has difficulty in attracting guests for the barbecued ribs he prepares. They are better than good. Besides, they generate an aroma that really must be smelled to be fully appreciated. A hungry person can eat almost any given quantity of them. I know —I have!

He brews his sauce the day before, permits it to age and mellow before it is used. To make the sauce, he uses ½ cup cider vinegar, ½ cup catsup, ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper, 1 lemon, sliced and peeled, 10 drops tabasco sauce, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon steak sauce, 1½ cloves mashed garlic.

These ingredients are blended and placed in a pot to come to a boil. They simmer 15 or 20 minutes. Our outdoor chef then lets the sauce cool, and places it in the refrigerator. Before it is used, however, he warms the sauce on the rim of the barbecue, over low heat.

The pork ribs should be about seven inches long, fairly fat, cut into serving pieces. Placed over the open fire, they are brushed frequently with the barbecue sauce as they broil. When served, the ribs are delicately crusted, most of the fat has gone into the fire, the meat is tender, flavorsome, spiced to a turn. Eat with the fingers, the host will advise.

Eager for Bids to Barbecues

With the barbecued ribs, there is a huge skillet of delicious hashed-brown potatoes, crusty, well seasoned. On the side are a big bowl of crisp coleslaw in a tart dressing, a lot of toasted, split rolls, and glasses of cold ale. Coffee and a cheese tray for dessert. Understand why these barbecue parties are so welcome and why invitations are always accepted?

With meat prices in the upper brackets, the outdoor cook doesn't spurn hamburger. To a pound of the meat, he adds two tablespoons of onion juice, two tablespoons of heavy cream. He forms the hamburger into small patties, about three inches in diameter, about half an inch thick, just right to fit on half of a toasted and buttered English muffin. The patties are kept at outdoor temperature and should be made at least an hour before cooking time. Broil on a wire grill, almost with the speed of light, the man says, and plan on at least four to a person. This is essentially a snack dish. With it he serves red-ripe sliced tomatoes, brushed with a heavy French dressing, sprinkled with chopped parsley. Coffee and good talk complete a memorable meal.

Also, the host makes available various types of mustard, plenty of catsup and chili sauce, an array of bread-and-butter pickles.

Once in a while, when the family budget permits, the outdoor cook comes up with a major miracle. He starts out with a three-inch-thick steak, one large enough to satisfy the appetites of his guests. He has a big bowl of coarse salt. He dampens the salt slightly, covers the steak with it to a thickness of at least half an inch. Then the steak is wrapped in wet newspapers. Makes an ungainly bundle, but the purpose of the newspapers is to bind the salt until it melts and merges into a perfect airproof covering. The bundle is placed over a bed of coals, turned constantly. Cooking time: usually 25 to 35 minutes. Now the charred Thing comes to the serving table.

The host who knows his business has already melted a pound of butter in a large shallow pan, added salt and pepper to it, along with one tablespoon of steak sauce.

"What would go well with potato chips?"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

The audience is agog. That is putting it mildly. The host picks up a hammer, raps the bundle sharply several times; the rocklike shell splits, and there reposes a beautifully cooked fillet of beef. With two forks, he lifts it free of the shell, dunks it into the butter and rolls it around a few times. Then, with a sharp knife, he cuts thin slices down the three-inch area and they fall, juicy, delicately red, into the butter sauce.

He forks a thick slice of Italian bread, dips it lightly into the sauce, tops it with slices of tender meat, places it on a plate. It is grabbed and presently there is the sound of contented eating, the murmur of unrestrained approval as people come back for more and more. With it, there is nothing more appropriate than a salad of sliced cucumbers, garden onions and sliced radishes in sour cream. A friend in the Catskills first introduced me to steak done in this manner. I suspect the quantities I put away are now almost a legend in that sector.

However, the meat cooked and eaten in the garden, or on the terrace, need not be premium. I know a barbecue addict who serves a succulent dish of grilled smoked sausages that have been parboiled just a few minutes before they go to the fire. With the lightly charred sausages oozing good juices, he serves kitchen-prepared hashed-in-cream potatoes, a platter of onion rings, fried to golden crispness, a salad of cauliflower, tomatoes and chicory in an herbed French dressing, and toasted chunks of whole-wheat bread.

With a bottle of inexpensive red wine, this is a feast. Coffee and fruit to follow.

A friend who is a doctor takes special pride in his recipe for lamb kidneys. He cleans them meticulously, slices them thin, dredges the slices in seasoned flour. He fries bacon, removes it from the pan, sears the kidneys on both sides for two minutes. They are then removed to a hot platter. Into the frying pan, over the fire, goes one-half pint of sour cream, one teaspoon steak sauce, a pinch of savory, thyme and tarragon, one-quarter teaspoon of prepared mustard and the crumbled slices of bacon. When the mixture bubbles, it is poured over the kidneys. And good it is, too, especially when served with an avocado salad in French dressing, and toasted and buttered English muffins.

For dessert: fruit and a cheese tray, with toasted crackers.

The creamed steak compounded by the editor of a business magazine has commanded almost as much favorable attention as his stirring editorials. Both the steak and the editorials have undeniable merit, but I would rather eat the first than read the latter. You'll soon see why.

He uses for this superlative dish 2 pounds round steak, ½ cup butter (maybe more!), ½ cup water, ½ pound unpeeled, sliced mushrooms, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 sliced onions, ½ cup sour cream. Salt, pepper, paprika and flour.

He sautés the onions and mushrooms in butter, and he's a trifle lavish about butter, too, in spite of all he writes about economy in government. The meat is cut into serving portions, dusted with salt, pepper, flour and paprika. It is then browned in butter, the other ingredients are added, the skillet covered, placed over a low heat on the grill. It simmers until the meat is tender, usually nearly an hour. The meat should be so tender that it easily breaks under a gentle touch of a fork. It has flavor and succulence; each bite calls for an encore.

To flank the cream steak, the good editor prescribes baked potatoes. He prepares them by wrapping greased potatoes in foil and burying them in the coals to attain a memorable mealiness. The potatoes are unwrapped and pinched until the skin breaks, and a gob of butter is placed in each. Also, there should be fried ripe tomatoes or lightly boiled string beans, a salad of lettuce and onion rings in French dressing, and hot corn bread, done in the kitchen oven. If in season, my friend provides ripe strawberries, heavily sugared, in rum. Wine is a welcome addition to the dinner. Plenty of coffee at the end.

Late in September, when there is a delicate and bracing nip in the air, a relative in New Jersey, who knows his outdoor cookery, often serves split pea soup to a group of friends. No ordinary soup this!

He soaks one quart of peas overnight in a gallon of water. In the morning, the peas are drained, the damaged ones discarded. Another gallon of water goes in a huge iron pot; the peas are added, together with a ham hock, a ham bone, or one pound of salt pork, cut into one-inch squares. Also two stalks of celery, three sliced onions, one tablespoon of chopped parsley, a liberal pinch of thyme and tarragon. He places the pot on the back of the grill, under relatively low heat, just enough to simmer. Two to four hours, that's the time, depending on the heat.

When the peas are tender, my kinfolk strains the soup, mashes the peas with a spoon which he frequently rubs with a split clove of garlic. If salt pork was used, it is removed, wiped dry, quickly browned in a skillet. The strained soup is implemented by half a pint of red wine and is brought to a crisp boil. Salt and pepper are added. In each bowl is placed a layer of mashed peas and a piece of meat, then the bowls are filled with steaming thick soup.

It is gloriously rich, filling, but you call for more and more. With it, my relative serves wedges of toasted Italian bread, buttered and crisp, a salad of red cabbage, slivers of cucumber, onion rings and sliced radishes in a tart mayonnaise. For dessert (and this is special, done in the kitchen): warm mince pie, with a generous slice of New York dairy cheese, elderly and robust.

Two Ways of Roasting Chicken

A friend in Harrisburg, who prides himself rightfully on being a more than middlin' good outdoor cook, roasts chickens on an outdoor spit, dresses them with a delicate barbecue sauce. (The same effect can be obtained with quarters of chicken roasted on a grill, if the fire is kept low and the grill is up away from the fire.) The result is a noble and inspiring bird.

The birds are wiped with a damp cloth, rubbed with butter and seasoned flour, placed on the spit, a manually operated affair over a relatively low heat. As the chicken starts to brown delicately, it is brushed every minute or so with the barbecue sauce. This he compounds by simmering diced mushrooms in white wine. To the mixture, there is added one teaspoon of onion juice, salt and pepper. The result is a bland, comfortable barbecue sauce; its flavor permeates the roasting chicken. Off the spit, the chickens are delightfully tender; the pieces almost fall on the platter at the very approach of the knife.

With the roasted fowl, there are mashed potatoes; spinach, lightly boiled, dressed in butter and lemon juice; a garden salad in French dressing, and some toasted and buttered fingers of pumpernickel. For dessert? Coffee, good and strong. With the meal, wine in generous glasses.

The outdoor cook can produce a good meal from all manner of things. It's cooking by ear, so to speak. No fussing with gadgets. Just the cook, the fire, the food —and the people waiting to gobble it up. He can and will make a production of preparing a corned-beef hash, and every bite of it will be good. He can do some interesting things with fish, either boiling it, or cooking it in a frying pan. You haven't seen anything until you witness what the show-off does when it comes to broiling lobsters! He can take a couple of slices of country-cured ham and a bowl of pancake batter and come up with a meal that is out of this world—he knows that pancakes and grilled ham make a popular garden supper.

Hats off to the outdoor cook. He may never produce dishes as deftly as the chef of your favorite restaurant, but he can and does brew, broil or boil some memorable dishes on his outdoor grill. And, like most amateurs, he knows a lot of tricks. He understands the value of adding a teaspoon of herbed vinegar to potatoes as they are being mashed; he knows what a tablespoon of tart jelly and a drop of tabasco sauce will do to make a gravy really succulent.

He probably does things in his outdoor cookery that make his wife wince, for these are things she would never do in the kitchen. If she is wise, she learns and doesn't scoff. Maybe the guy has something when he adds a little sweet cream to a French dressing that is too tart. And there may be something to the way he pan-broils, with a lavish layer of salt in a smoking-hot skillet. For, when she tastes the meat, it is tender, the juices are sealed in, and it's not oversalted.

From his trial by fire, the male emerges filled with honor and splattered with grease. He is happy, the guests are pleased.

A happy note on which to finish. Who cares who washes the dishes? THE END

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Coney Island— Which Way's the Ocean?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

violations, tenant-landlord squabbles and neighborhood feuds.

Between 13,000 and 18,000 cases, depending on the weather, humidity and other unpredictable factors, pass through the court every year. Most of them are summer complaints of various kinds. Lawyers are comparatively rare before its bench, and most of its litigants do their own arguing. They are usually well versed in the three R's—retort, rhetoric and rationalization—and generally try to make regular federal cases out of trivialities. Occasionally, friends and relatives come before the bar to toss in a few opinions. It is all very informal, since no one is sworn in unless a trial pops up, which is seldom. And some of the customers, making their bow before the bench, figure that something fancy is expected, which they deliver.

Candy Store Owner as Lawyer

In this latter category was a Coney Island candy store owner who got out a summons for a lady customer. They had become involved in argument and she had splashed him right in the eyeglasses with a rich chocolate drink called an egg cream.

When his case was called, the complainant cleared his throat and began in a heavy, dignified voice:

"The party of the first part, that's her over there, comes into the store of the party of the second part, that's me, and the party of the first part gives the party of the second part a clop in the eyeglasses with this here egg cream; so . . ."

The judge shook off a numbing fascination, held up his hand, and said: "Please, please. Talk like a candy store owner, not a lawyer."

Because of the nature of its cases, Coney Island Magistrates' Court furnishes a unique insight into the manners, customs and boiling points of the myriads who live, or come to play, in The Poor Man's Riviera. A tolerant, understanding attitude on the part of the regular magistrate is helpful in keeping the little court from turning into a bedlam. But it's hard for a newcomer.

A judge unfamiliar with the Coney Island spirit snapped, after a bunch of neighbor cases one morning: "People come in here just to improve their neighbors' manners. I know my duty when a crime has been committed, but I can't make ladies and gentlemen out of people who aren't."

On the other hand, Magistrate Ramsgate, who has presided in the upstairs courtroom for five summers with only brief breathers, recently summed up his views on handling the resort's cases this way:

"When you come to the Island, you're in a different world. Values change. You have to bear that in mind when you're judging people here."

Captain Edward F. Fagan, who has been in charge of the station house on the lower floor of the Little Brown Jug since last March, agrees with Magistrate Ramsgate. Captain Fagan, who is forty-three years old and looks completely unlike a policeman, made a brilliant record as head of the New York City Police Laboratory before he went to the Island.

"I wanted to study people instead of clues," he says, "and this is the place for it."

Recently he went walking, in sport shirt and slacks, along Coney Island's Bowery, a miniature carnival midway which is barred to vehicles. One of the Guess Boys, a phony crew who offer to guess your weight, name, occupation, age or anything else as long as you pay them in advance, tapped the captain on the arm.

"How about it, Mac?" the Guess Boy smirked. "I can guess your job."

"Listen, you mug," Captain Fagan said. "If you could guess my job, you wouldn't have stopped me."

Captain Fagan has a squad of 12 patrolmen in plain clothes, led by Sergeant Charles De Leo, plus a force of five policewomen, to hand out summonses for beach and boardwalk violations. These are called police summonses, and like the court summonses obtained by warlike residents of the Island and two other Brooklyn precincts, are returnable in Coney Island Court.

In the seething beach crowds not penetrated by the handful of summons men, 92 lifeguards, eight guard lieutenants and six chiefs keep order as best they can, under the supervision of Charles Haverty of the Park Department. Their first duty is to keep their eyes on the water, which has its own complement of screwballs. But their whistles tweet-tweet almost constantly to warn the more flagrant rule breakers around them in the sand.

The vast majority of police summonses are issued on the beach, which is not so surprising if you've ever seen Coney Island on a broiling Sunday in August.

Chief lifeguard Marty Alma, in charge of three of the busiest of the 22 bays, or beach divisions, says the crowds are sometimes so dense that nappers in the middle of the sand get up dazedly and ask, "Which way's the ocean?"

The way to get living space on the Coney Island Beach, experts say, is to get there early, pick out a spot, and grab it with a hook slide. You can't go in standing up, because if you do, that's all the space you'll get, and it won't be the nine square feet you're entitled to. Every kid at Coney knows you take up more room lying down than standing up.

Family groups have a big edge in the competition for *Lebensraum* because everyone in the family sprawls out as soon as the old man gives the signal to hit the sand. Besides, each member carries something—a blanket, bags of food, folding chairs—with which to establish a land claim. Loners who don't know the ropes often find themselves standing for hours in the blazing sun, hemmed in by happy, chomping families reclining at their banquets like ancient Romans. The loners can't even sit down.

Whispering to the Wrong Girl

Fights have been started because a lovesick swain thought he was whispering endearingly into the ear of his girl, only to discover he was talking into the ear of the girl next to her, and her boy friend don't like it. That's how closely the sand sardines are packed.

Peppered throughout the more well-behaved members of the throng are such prime regulation-busters as ballplayers, and the muscleheads who build human pyramids and go, "Hup!" before sailing through the air. Then there are the lover boys whose idea of courtship is to keep tossing their beloveds into the heavily populated surf. And the comics who think it's fun to bury strangers' clothes in the sand.

Add to these the canasta and klabash addicts with double orders of middle-age spread; the amateur musicians, including the players of bongo drums, castanets, guitars, tambourines; the adagio and tarantella dancers, and the wrestlers who often wind up mashing the hard-boiled eggs of an inoffensive family picnic group.

The lifeguard sits amidst this scene of chaos and tries to preserve some semblance of order. It isn't easy.

Some of the problems are recurrent ones, like the dunkers and the pants-losers. The dunkers are a group of well-upholstered old ladies who take their dips daily between 8:00 and 9 A.M. Their name comes from the peculiar nature of their water exercises: They stand in water a couple of feet deep, hold hands, and bend in unison at the knees until they're in a half-sitting position;

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then up again, down again. They do this with great dignity in slow rhythm. Only the lower rear portions of their voluminous bathing suits ever get wet.

Chief Alma, a handsome twenty-eight-year-old wintertime trumpet player and band leader, rates the dunkers among his favorite beach people. They need his assistance only occasionally, when a heavy wave knocks one of them off her feet. Unable to rise, she waits patiently until the lifeguard helps her up (the guards call these "bathtub cases," because that's about how deep the water is), then gratefully resumes her dunking with the other girls.

Lost-Pants Problem Is Solved

The pants-losers are a mystery to the lifeguards, who don't understand how they do it. Alma encountered his first case of this sort a few years ago; he heard a man calling for help from the water about 250 feet out, and swam out to see what the trouble was.

"I lost my pants, that's what's the trouble," the man said crossly. "How'm I gonna get in without no pants?"

Alma swam back in and returned with an extra pair of trunks for this victim of a cruel, watery fate. Ever since, Alma has worn a spare—and twice more he has been called on to save face for a pants-loser. Other lifeguards have had the same experience, but none can explain why.

That isn't the only puzzle that confronts the guards. Alma reports, for example, that some of his constituents seem constitutionally incapable of calling a lifeguard a lifeguard. They call him "Mr. Life Preserver," "Mr. Life Snatcher," "Mr. Life Grabber," or "Mr. Life Snapper."

All the Coney Island lifeguards are familiar with an old gent known as Doc, who wears a straw hat and a towel draped across his skinny shoulders. In the belt of his bathing suit, like bullets in a cartridge belt, he carries a supply of paper-wrapped candies. It is his pleasure to seek out as many lifeguards as are on duty and present a candy to each one. He then bows, tips his skimmer, and scuttles off.

Besides these regulars, other singular individuals show up from time to time. Looking around one day, Alma saw sand flying furiously out of a hole in the beach. He looked down into it and spied a little man digging diligently. The pit was deeper than the man was. "What do you think you're doing down there?" Alma shouted into the hole, shipping a mouthful of sand.

"I'm trying to strike water," was the muffled reply.

Alma reached down and yanked out the well-digger. "Over there," he said, pointing to the ocean.

Well-diggers and candy-givers are a relief from the real pests, like the ballplayers. About one third of the 1,000 summonses Sergeant De Leo and his men issued last June went to these sand-lot athletes.

One defendant in Coney Island Magistrates' Court on a ballplaying rap said: "I was only getting a little extracise. I didn't hurt nobody."

"No," the court agreed, "but the next time, you're liable to step on some poor old lady's nose."

"It sometimes seems," says Mario Bigongiari, court interpreter and cashier, "that there are more ballplayers on our beach than there are in all organized baseball."

Besides being warned about ballplaying, bathers are cautioned not to go strolling along the boardwalk in a bathing suit. This heinous infraction usually brings the "guilty-with-an-explanation" defense when the rule breakers are brought to court.

One defendant offered Magistrate Ramsgate this explanation: "It was this way, Your Honor. I lost my little boy. He has bright red hair. I couldn't see him while I was on the beach, so I figure I'll go up on the boardwalk and look down from there. His hair is so red, I couldn't miss him."

The judge respected the novelty of this excuse and suspended sentence.

Naturally, if appearing on the boardwalk in a swim suit is an offense, appearing under it without one is worse, and bathers who undress under that promenade rate high among the recipients of summonses.

One day recently, one of Captain Fagan's men came upon a woman changing from street clothes to a bathing suit under the boardwalk. To his blushing embarrassment, he spotted her when she had on neither. He gave her a summons and she snapped: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for looking."

But the cops' most persistent annoyers are the illegal peddlers who sneakily infest every part of the 110 acres of beach.

"The ice-cream peddlers do all right," Sergeant De Leo says. "They pay 35 cents a dozen for their junk and sell it for 15 cents each. They make as high as $50 a day—if we don't nab them."

A policeman's lot is not a happy one when it comes to catching the illegal vendors, whether they sell ice cream or knishes, which are square, weighty pastries filled with potatoes and spices. They are highly fancied by Coney Island sun bathers.

"The trouble is," Sergeant De Leo explains, "that the peddlers usually wear bathing suits and go barefooted. We wear shoes and street clothes. We start chasing the bums and they outrun us. Meanwhile, the crowd on the beach is pulling for the peddlers. They holler, 'Why don't you go arrest burglars?' It hurts your morale.

"Then, if you manage to get close to the peddler, he gives you the works. Throws his carton of ice cream right at your dogs and you trip and fall flat on your face while the crowd cheers."

Peddlers of knishes, when pursued to the water's edge, have been known to put their baskets of goodies on the pilings that stud the water at intervals, and float away on the waves. When the cops depart, they retrieve their knishes, unless the tide got them first. No knish-peddler has ever dared take his wares into the briny with him. "He would sink to the bottom of the sea at once," a cop once explained. "A basketful of knishes could anchor Big Mo."

Sergeant De Leo recently discovered a new type knish-peddler—a knish-bootlegger. "This guy," he declares, "was going around the beach whispering to the people. He had a little pad in his hand and a pencil. He was taking orders for knishes and promising early delivery. He'd bring back a few at a time and slip them to his customers."

Like most of the others who are brought in to face Magistrate Ramsgate, the illegal peddlers are seldom at a loss for an explanation. "Some guy," one said recently, "sold me space on the beach and told me it was okay."

"Congratulations," the judge said dryly. "They're selling the Brooklyn Bridge again, and you've bought it."

Two warrant officers are attached to Coney Island Magistrates' Court to bring in bashful parties who ignore summonses. One is George Dillon, a huge, moonfaced man with a gentle smile. His partner is Charles Barlow, who succeeded Henry Frumkin, Dillon's old partner, when Frumkin retired last June.

Dillon and Frumkin were a most effective team. Once, when they asked an obstinate Coney Islander to please come along like the summons said, the man said no and held on to a picket fence in his yard. "When we got him out of the yard," Dillon recalls modestly, "he was still holding a picket."

The court summons cases in the Little Brown Jug—featuring tenant against landlord and neighbor against neighbor—have a heady seaside flavor all their own. Court attachés agree that no other court in New York can match their savor.

For example, there was the celebrated Ham-and-Cheese Case which recently went before Magistrate Ramsgate. The complainant was a faded, truculent blonde; the defendant, an old lady with birdlike eyes.

"She's my landlady," the complainant said. "She took away the ice cube trays from my refrigerator. I wanna have them back. Make her gimme."

"Sure," the defendant conceded, "I take them away. She ruin them. She make with ham-and-chis'."

"You had no business," the judge reproached the complainant, "keeping ham and cheese in the trays. The smell stays."

"No," the defendant said. "She don't put ham-and-chis' in the trays. She wantsa get the cube out, so she hit them with ham-and chis'."

"Ooh, what a liar," the blonde said. "I never used a hammer and chisel on her old trays in my life."

"All right, ladies," warned Melvin Hawley, the bridgeman. "Do not start a cat fight in this august courtroom." He glared at the ladies with all the sternness of a retired bosun's mate, which he is.

The judge stirred impatiently. "The trays are only 33 cents each," he said to the blonde. "You can buy a couple. Dismissed."

"Another thing," the complainant said. "The handle on my refrigerator is busted. Make her fix it."

The judge sighed. "Will you do something for me?" he asked the landlady. "Fix the handle—for me?"

"Judge," the landlady beamed, "for you I do anything. Where you live? I gonna send a man to fix you door handle."

"Never mind," the court said. "Tell them to go home, Melvin."

Many of the tenant-landlord beefs revolve around the subject of hot water.

"It's only me and my wife," one tenant complained piteously. "We rent a room for the summer from this woman. We want to take a bath, but there's no hot water."

The judge, hep to the ways of summer roomers, asked: "Any friends visiting you?"

"Nobody," said the tenant fervently, "except maybe a cousin, and my wife's brother-in-law stops in, and I think his wife, and my brother's boy, he's just home from the Army. A couple people."

"I counted four," said the court.

"It isn't four people, it's eight," the landlady said, "and they go to the beach; then they come back and they all take a bath."

"Dismissed," was the verdict.

Some complainants are virtual regulars in the Little Brown Jug. They consider it an achievement to have more than one case going at a time.

Recently, a chubby woman sought a summons for a neighbor because she said the latter slapped her daughter. "You look familiar," Magistrate Ramsgate said.

"Sure," the chubby one said happily. "I got another one going here about my landlady, she's a mean one, and how she wouldn't let anybody come to my flat for my daughter's graduation party and so now I got in my house turkey sandwiches up to the ceiling."

"I remember," the judge said. "No summons in the slapping case. One to a customer."

Magistrate Ramsgate presided over a lulu a few years ago. There were two property owners in this case. Call them Lewis and Clark. Clark had erected a clothesline pole that Lewis chopped down, claiming it was on his property. But in doing so, Lewis chopped it so that it fell on his own garage, ruining the roof.

Thereupon, pole-builder Clark got out a summons for Lewis, charging the ruin of his clothes pole, and pole-chopper Lewis got out a summons for Clark, claiming that Clark's pole had ruined his garage roof.

The court suggested they shake hands and forget the whole business. But they would have none of his peacemaking, so he packed them off to Municipal Court, where they sued each other heartily.

For Putting in Her Two Cents

Some of the sensitive ladies of Coney Island take neighbors into court on charges which are nebulous, to say the least. A few weeks ago, a woman had her neighbor up before the court bench for annoying her.

"What does she do?" asked Magistrate Anthony E. Maglio, presiding for the day.

"When I'm talking to a friend," she explained, "she is all the time putting in her two cents."

"Yes, but what does she *do?*"

"She just puts in her two cents," was the dogged reply. "All the time."

Magistrate Maglio, who, like Ramsgate, is a Coney Island student from away back, realized he had reached a dead end.

"Madam," he sternly told the defendant, "you better stop putting in your two cents, or it will run into money. Now both of you go home."

Whenever members of the Coney Island set blow a gasket, the Little Brown Jug seems to be their safety valve. There was the dignified housewife who slapped a summons on her next-door neighbor because, she charged, "he turned the hose on me from top to bottom."

"I should waste water on her with the shortage and all," he sneered. "I am watering my petoonies, and *she* has to come out and stick her nose in."

"This man hit my child alongside the ear with his hedge shears," another woman complained.

"So what?" the defendant countered reasonably. "They wasn't sharp."

There are two schools of thought on what makes Coney Islanders wear out the wooden stairs of the Little Brown Jug in a never-ending quest for "satisfaction." Some court observers blame it on a high percentage of "Full Mooners" among the thousands of summons seekers.

"Court attendants all over know about the Full Mooners," Chief Clerk Fitzgerald says. "They are people who get the urge to take somebody to court whenever there's a full moon. Don't laugh. Full Mooners are a fact."

But Phil Levinson, a court stenographer who frequently works the Coney Island court, entertains a different theory.

"The salt air," he says, "has something to do with it." THE END

COLLIER'S **"I guess the waiter didn't hear me say 'quail.' Oh, well, let's just eat the toast"** MORT WALKER

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The 1951 Model Blonde

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

hips, 34 inches. So sumptuous are Miss Monroe's dimensions that long before most people knew her name, her anonymous body was used to exploit the pictures in which she briefly appeared.

But all that is misleading. Marilyn is a beautiful blonde, but she is not a vacuous one. Her film experience is sharply limited, but her potential as a sensitive actress is not. Unlike many of her assembly-line predecessors, Marilyn has given clear indications that the 1951 model Hollywood blonde is custom-built.

This has been apparent in her movie appearances, brief as they have been. Only once in a producer's blue moon does there appear a blonde who brings to the screen a special indelible vitality, and not simply the empty prettiness that the audience forgets as it leaves the theater. Marilyn Monroe is not a girl anyone quickly forgets. While Hollywood blondes are generally considered the industry's most expendable item, Miss Monroe's value during the past year has risen faster than the cost of living.

Bit Role Attracts Notice

After looking on Marilyn merely as whistle-bait for four years, the film capital became abruptly aware of her last year at the first screening of John Huston's The Asphalt Jungle. Audiences of professional people perked up noticeably when the camera switched to a sofa filled by a recumbent blonde in tight-fitting, one-piece lounging pajamas. When the reclining form stirred enough to walk, talk and even kiss "Uncle Lon," played by Louis Calhern, there were murmurings in the projection room, as the watchers tried to discover the identity of the newcomer; she had not been listed at the beginning of the picture. This same lack was to trouble many another audience. Soon after the picture's release, Marilyn received a fan letter from a Midwest college fraternity.

"A bunch of us fellows went down to see Asphalt Jungle," they wrote. "And when you came on the screen we almost lost our eyeballs. We didn't even know who you were."

People have rapidly been finding out. Even in All About Eve, surrounded by one of the best casts Hollywood has assembled in recent years, Marilyn won more than her share of attention in the small role of the dumb blonde introduced by George Sanders as "a graduate of the Copacabana School of Dramatic Arts." More recently, with ears cocked to the whistles and wolf calls that have greeted Miss Monroe's appearance as the provocative secretary in As Young As You Feel, shrewd exhibitors have begun for the first time to put her name on their theater marquees.

Hollywood's hearing is no less acute. Today, spurred by Marilyn's impact on audiences, Fox press agents are in the midst of the biggest publicity build-up since the Jane Russell campaign. During the past 12 months, the studio's press department has sent out more than 3,000 pictures of Marilyn to newspapers alone. In Germany the editors of Stars and Stripes have selected her "Miss Cheesecake of 1951," and in Korea her pin-ups swiftly were rated as the choicest wallpaper obtainable.

Like a famous predecessor, Jean Harlow, Marilyn's name is rapidly becoming the current Hollywood definition of sex appeal. After reading a Soviet attack on poems which have romantic ardor without social significance, one Hollywood columnist, Jim Henaghan, boldly suggested, "Let's drop a handful of pictures of Marilyn Monroe on them and see what happens."

Even on a sound stage among actors, to whom there is little new under the sun, Marilyn is a disturbing influence. During the filming of Love Nest, scheduled for release in a few weeks, Marilyn caused a small crisis when she appeared in a red and white polka-dot Bikini bathing suit described by one observer as having "hardly enough room for the polka dots." Miraculously gathered by the grapevine, so many studio employees crowded the set that Director Joe Newman, without enough space to move his actors, was forced to bar all visitors.

The following day another scene required Marilyn to enter her apartment and leisurely disrobe for a shower unaware that the hero, Bill Lundigan, was asleep on a couch in the room.

Just as Marilyn had stripped to her flimsy underthings, director Newman bellowed: "Cut!"

Marilyn looked startled. "Did I do something wrong?" she asked innocently.

"No, honey," replied Newman. "You were perfect. But Lundigan was peeking."

Warmed by these spontaneous demonstrations of Miss Monroe's appeal, Fox executives are eagerly searching for new and combustible roles for her. Proceeding cautiously by placing Miss Monroe in smaller roles to gain experience, the studio chiefs are keeping their fingers crossed. They hope they have another Harlow. Even production chief Darryl Zanuck has gone on record: "Miss Monroe is the most exciting new personality in Hollywood in a long time."

Officials at Fox are quick to change the subject, however, when it is mentioned that the studio discovered Miss Monroe five years ago, dropped her contract after one eventful year, and then scrambled to return her to the fold after a rival studio had proved in The Asphalt Jungle that she could do more than adorn backgrounds and pose for cheesecake.

Wrong guesses about Marilyn are nothing new. Her greatest handicap, odd as it seems, is her face and figure, which automatically have typed her as the brainless sort. A few persons who have looked a little closer have seen, behind the panchromatic make-up and the studied, protective starlet mannerisms, a face on which 23 years of living have written several anguished chapters. Sometimes, behind the false eyelashes, comes the look of a lost child.

For most of her life, Marilyn *was* a lost child, with no family of her own—just a long succession of strange households that offered her food and shelter of various sorts, and little else. During the greater part of her childhood she was a public ward; her name then was Norma Jean Baker. She was a thin, sad-faced little girl of five, living with foster parents in an industrial suburb of Los Angeles, when she was first told that her father had been killed in an automobile accident before she was born, and that her mother had become too ill to take care of her.

This first household was a religious, austere one; dancing, smoking, movies and playing cards were considered "works of the devil." Yet a few months later, transferred to the equally modest home of a pair of Hollywood extras, she was taught to play cards and taken to picture shows. Eager to discover her talents, the movie-struck "parents" asked if she could dance. Norma Jean obligingly wiggled through her versions of a Spanish fandango, a hula-hula, and a sailor's hornpipe, all of which looked alike. She was desperately hurt when her new guardians laughed aloud.

Although little Norma Jean tried often and hard to please her assorted parents, she was to meet with many another rebuff. During her nomadic childhood she was to confront the restrictions, prejudices and peculiarities of 12 different families before she was sixteen.

There was the Christmas when Norma Jean was given a part in the class play, only to lose it when her current foster mother, fearing she would forget her lines and embarrass the family, asked the teacher to give it to someone else. Or the Easter when she was on a stage for the first time, as one of 50 black-robed youngsters forming a cross at Hollywood Bowl.

"We all had on white tunics under the black robes," Marilyn recalls, "and at a given signal we were supposed to throw off the robes, changing the cross from black to white. But I got so interested in the people, the orchestra and the hills that I forgot to watch the conductor for the signal. And there I was—the only black mark on a white cross. The family I was living with never forgave me."

She came to expect rebuffs or the indifference of a new guardian, who, on the first day of school, took her to the door and pointed: "Go down two blocks, turn left and keep going till you see the school." She got used to being left in neighborhood movie theaters on endless Saturday afternoons, seeing the movie over and over until long past her bedtime. It required no special clairvoyance on her part to understand that her successive "parents" cared little about her. Once she remembered passing a closed door and hearing a woman say, "I've got to get rid of that quiet little girl, she makes me nervous." As her childish efforts to win love and acceptance were repeatedly rejected, she gradually withdrew into the world of fantasy.

She invented solitary games. Once, as a Christmas present, she asked for a flashlight. With this as a prop, Marilyn for weeks afterward played detective, prowling up and down the nearby streets in full daylight intently jotting down the numbers of license plates. On the way to school she composed lengthy fantasies, and even in the classroom spent much of her time dreaming about an imaginary father who was kind and good and looked like Clark Gable.

Once, when no family could be found to take her, Norma Jean stayed for several months at the Los Angeles Orphans' Home Society, a temporary refuge for children from broken families. She tried to run away, but was caught and taken before the superintendent. She stood there rigid and silent, awaiting her punishment. Instead, the superintendent remarked how pretty Norma Jean looked. Taking out her own powder puff, she gently patted it across the youngster's shiny nose. The little girl looked up, baffled by this unexpected kindness.

"No one ever before had noticed my hair, or my face—or even me—I guess," says Marilyn of the occasion. "For the first time in my life, I felt loved."

She soon moved on to another foster home, however. As she grew older, Norma Jean became tall and gawky, with short strawlike hair, hesitant, sometimes stuttering speech, and a shy, scared manner. One family called her "little mouse," and the only way in which boys noticed her was to sing out "Norma Jean—string bean."

A Home with Motherly Care

At about the time she entered junior high school at the age of twelve, Norma Jean underwent a startling physical change. She began to fill out. The change in the attitude of the boys was no less startling. Their gibes changed to whistles. In the same year she moved to West Los Angeles, where, in the home of a childless widow, Mrs. Ana Lower, Norma Jean found for the first time the warmth and maternal affection she had never had.

When boys would walk Norma Jean home from school, "Aunt Ana" would invite them in for a cold lemonade. When a crush on a neighboring twenty-five-year-old aircraft worker received no response, Aunt Ana compassionately understood. And when they could afford only one change of school clothes, Aunt Ana would wash and iron every day so the girl at least could be clean and fresh.

Norma Jean began to blossom. At school she developed a hero worship for Abraham Lincoln and spent hours at home doing unrequired extra work. She even won a prize for writing a short story, which the teacher said was the best he ever had received from a student. Her work was so good that she skipped a grade, the high seventh.

After two years, Aunt Ana's job began to take her away from home much of the time, and it again became necessary for Norma Jean to move on. Nonetheless, she made frequent trips back to the West Los Angeles home until Aunt Ana's death three years ago. Today, Marilyn still remembers Mrs. Lower with the attachment most children feel for their real mothers.

At sixteen, when her twelfth set of foster parents prepared to send her to another home because of a trip East, Marilyn impetuously married a twenty-three-year-old boy friend in the Merchant Marine. The

KENNESAW

"Bessie has to get mad to pull them out. Say something sneery about her pies"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

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hasty marriage soon broke up, and Marilyn found herself compelled to earn a living.

With no training for any career, she turned to modeling. She stayed at it for a couple of years, and by the summer of 1946, her appearance on several magazine covers had brought talent scouts from both Howard Hughes and Fox studios in her pursuit. Suddenly, things happened fast. Within a matter of days, she had been tested at Fox, been signed to a contract beginning at $125 a week, and had had her name changed to Marilyn Monroe.

From a Cameraman's Angle

"When I first watched her," says Leon Shamroy, the Academy Award-winning cameraman who made the screen test, "I thought: This girl will be another Harlow —and I still do. Her natural beauty plus her inferiority complex gave her a look of mystery."

Marilyn was rushed into a small role in a Technicolor film called Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay, but her part failed to survive the economies of the cutting room. During the next few months, while she gradually lost some of her shyness posing for pin-ups, Marilyn had only one other opportunity to gain an audience. One March day the publicity department set up a shot in which she posed clad in a flesh-colored negligee. Afterward she had to walk a quarter mile back to the wardrobe department to get her clothes, and a strong wind had arisen as she strolled up the company street past the administration building. Word of what was happening passed around like lightning.

"It was like the Lindbergh home-coming," recalls a studio executive. "People were leaning out of every window. And there was Marilyn, naïve and completely unperturbed, smiling and waving up at everybody she knew, didn't know or hoped to know."

Unfortunately, the one executive who missed the display was Zanuck. Soon thereafter, still not having met Miss Monroe and apparently unaware of her charms, he failed to pick up her option at the end of her first year, and Marilyn returned to the limbo of forgotten Hollywood Blondes.

Signed on at Columbia a few months later, she was given a role as a burlesque queen in Ladies of the Chorus, a B picture made in nine days, which few people saw and even fewer remember. Her only other appearance in a six-month stay at Columbia was on the wall of a Western set, as a pin-up serenaded by Gene Autry.

The first time most people in Hollywood recall seeing Marilyn Monroe on the screen was in an eight-word part in the Marx Brothers comedy Love Happy, made for United Artists shortly after she left Columbia. The scene called for Marilyn to walk into an office dressed in a tight-fitting, silver lamé evening gown and anxiously tell private eye Groucho Marx, "I need your help." Groucho was then to set up the gag with an innocent, "What can I do?" Whereupon Marilyn was to hip-wiggle out of the door replying, "Men keep following me."

So effective was Marilyn's brief appearance that she was featured in all the advertisements and was sent on a five-week personal-appearance tour to exploit the picture.

Aside from these short-term chores, Marilyn lived a hand-to-mouth existence. Once, after several good modeling jobs, she bought a small convertible, but lost it quickly to the finance company. At another time, dead broke, she found sanctuary and a helping hand in the home of Lucille Ryman, talent department head at M-G-M. Another friend, and a top Hollywood agent, the late Johnny Hyde, tried to help her career along. But a short stint as a dancing girl in the Fox Western, Ticket to Tomahawk, merely paid off old grocery bills.

It was not until early last year that Marilyn got her first big break, when Miss Ryman recommended her to John Huston for a role in The Asphalt Jungle. Despite his doubts as to her acting ability, Huston promised her a tryout. After working with her coach, Natasha Lytess, for three days, Marilyn returned and read through the scene for the director. Before he could say a word, Marilyn asked: "Please, Mr. Huston, let me do it again? I know I can do better."

When Huston nodded assent, Marilyn got out of the stiff-backed chair, kicked off her high-heeled shoes, and sat cross-legged on the floor, to read the part with childlike ease. Although, Huston later said, he was satisfied the first time, he was convinced after the second reading. She got the part.

Before its public release, Fox director Joe Mankiewicz saw The Asphalt Jungle at a private screening and decided Miss Monroe looked like the type he needed for the dumb blonde in All About Eve. She got the part, of course, and did well with it. That was her second big break, and it led directly to the third, and biggest yet.

After Zanuck saw the first day's rushes on All About Eve, he put in a hasty call for Miss Monroe and her agent. Slightly embarrassed when Marilyn told him she had tried without success to see him while working for Fox three years previously, Zanuck made up for it with a new seven-year contract that started at $500 a week, with options up to $3,500 a week. Marilyn, at long last, had her foot firmly planted on the ladder.

Off the screen, Marilyn Monroe has managed to maintain an almost Garbolike secrecy about her private life. At the studio, she makes friends easily and is well liked, but her only really close personal friends are Natasha Lytess and Lucille Ryman. She is rarely seen at night clubs, and her refusal to follow the approved starlet custom of being seen with as many different men as often as possible has puzzled even the usually clairvoyant columnists. Their bewilderment, in turn, puzzles her. "If there were someone I was really interested in, I'd go out with him all I could. But why go out on dates just to be going out?"

Marilyn doesn't even show up at formal *premières*, normally considered compulsory attendance affairs for starlets. When the publicity department demanded that she make an appearance at the *premiere* of All About Eve, she flatly refused, explaining that she had to study her lines for a screen test the following morning.

But at the studio and in her public appearances Marilyn eagerly fulfills all the requirements expected of a starlet. She is particularly concerned with looking her best, and spends hours at the make-up table in preparation for even commonplace engagements. The people at Fox who are responsible for seeing that she gets to appointments on time are certain that if each day had 30 hours, Marilyn would use them all in getting ready. No matter how much advance notice she is given, she is always late. Her "I'll be just a minute" can range anywhere from 20 minutes to two hours.

Actually this concern stems from her childhood eagerness to please. For in her unguarded moments, Marilyn is still a shy, uncertain girl, who takes solitary pleasure in long early-morning walks up and down the vacant Beverly Hills alleys, clad in old shirts and faded blue jeans. She has an oppressive awareness of the swift passage of time and of her own perishability. She works long hours at home over her lines; beside her is a large wall mirror—waxed so that her own image will not distract her. On the mirror is scrawled the one Latin word she knows—*nunc*—meaning now.

"I'm twenty-three now," said Marilyn recently, in the tone of someone who has discovered she has an incurable ailment. "Soon I'll be twenty-five. Before I know it I'll be twenty-eight."

Marilyn lives in a small Beverly Hills apartment, with few of the fairy princess trappings that she once dreamed about and can now afford. Her wardrobe is modest, and the most notable furnishings are an exercise board, a phonograph with records ranging from Beethoven to Jelly Roll Morton, and a multitude of books.

In the past, it has been standard operating procedure for some press agents to suggest that the harebrained cuties they publicize are really 14-carat intellects who furrow their brows nightly over Albert Schweitzer, Leo Tolstoi and Ralph Waldo Emerson. The astonishing fact is that Marilyn does just that—not because she is an old friend of those writers, but because she would like to be. On a shelf over her bed and in her three-tier bookcase is an impressive array of well-thumbed volumes by such people as Walt Whitman, Arthur Miller, Rainer Maria Rilke, John Milton and Lincoln Steffens (plus Schweitzer, Tolstoi and Emerson).

Without any hullabaloo, Marilyn quietly enrolled last fall at the University of California's night school in downtown Los Angeles for a course in "Backgrounds of Literature." She appeared at the sessions without make-up and in informal jacket and skirt, and it was several weeks before anyone in the course knew that "Miss Monroe" was in the movies. When Marilyn was absent one night, a student brought to class a movie magazine with her picture in it. At first the teacher, Claire Seay, refused to believe it.

"Marilyn was so attentive, so modest and so humble that she could have been some girl who had just come from a convent," Mrs. Seay said later.

Aside from the two-year period when she was with Aunt Ana, Marilyn never paid much attention to her studies. Today she has an insatiable desire to make up for it, to learn new things. At night school she is constantly pestering the student next to her to find out what certain big words mean. Quite often, like other pretty actresses, she finds herself at parties among famous people like William Saroyan, California's Governor Earl Warren or Irving Berlin. When the conversation switches to topics like the use of the veto in the United Nations, Marilyn becomes the most attentive listener. The next day she is likely to go to a bookstore for a volume on the subject.

Drab Childhood Seen as Asset

Marilyn has long since resigned herself to the fact that whenever she tries to explain her genuine interest in new subjects or ideas she runs into a wall of disbelief. This problem is well understood by her coach; Natasha Lytess feels that Marilyn's unhappy childhood may one day help her to become an actress of unexpected depth and capability.

"There's more to Marilyn than meets the eye," says Miss Lytess. "The trouble is that when people look at her they immediately figure her as a typical Hollywood Blonde. It's not their fault, though. Marilyn's soul just doesn't fit her body."

Understandably, after being around Hollywood for five years, Marilyn is impatient to prove herself in something more than supporting parts. At Fox, where they are building her up gradually, she has just completed her biggest role yet, assisting Claudette Colbert and MacDonald Carey in Let's Make It Legal, scheduled for November release. The Monroe glamor gets full display in this film: she appears in two varieties of swimming suits, one brief tennis costume, a sweater-tight golf outfit, two slinky cocktail dresses and one low-cut evening gown.

Other studios, realizing what even one minute of Monroe can do for the box office, have requested her for parts in their forthcoming productions. Most persistent has been RKO, which wanted Marilyn for the lead in High Heels, a story of a dance-hall hostess. But so far 20th Century Fox has refused all loan-out requests.

Meanwhile, like Topsy, who "just growed," Marilyn believes in letting her curiosity lead her. After the innumerable parental restrictions of her childhood she cannot bear the sense of being cramped by authority or set patterns.

Perhaps that explains what she means when she says, "Someday I want to have a house of my own with trees and grass and hedges all around, but never trim them at all—just let them grow any old way they want."

THE END

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If You Don't Get Caught

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

"Just some farmer hauling a cow in a truck."

After that the conversation went dead on us, and she sat stiffly on the edge of my bed, looking uneasy and about to get up and leave me, and I didn't want her to leave me, not yet. I guess she was aware of the fact that she *was* sitting on my bed, for one thing, and that I was not exactly dressed for company, and that the whole thing was pretty unconventional in a way. But on the other hand, if you want to be technical about it, maybe I was dressed properly for entertaining a girl who seemed to be addicted to entering my chambers in the middle of the night without knocking.

AS FOR my feelings, I wasn't used to having gorgeous females in their *robes de nuit*, sitting on the edge of my bed in the middle of the night, talking about farmers and cows. I was fighting a boyish impulse to wrestle.

"I'm doing a little research," she said, nervously.

"Oh, are you?" I said. "What kind of research?"

"I'm checking the sheriff's family tree. I've been reading all about his brother Clarence's murder trial. Clarence must have been quite a boy. I'll bet this county is one of the few that has a murderer's brother for sheriff. Incidentally, one of the men on the paper said he'd swear he saw Clarence in Muskogee recently."

"That's interesting," I said, lying.

"All right," she said. "I'll go and leave you to your dreams."

"Don't go," I said. I didn't grab, or lunge at her or anything. I just put my hand out, and I got a light grip on her upper arm and held her where she was.

"Don't," she said quietly.

"Don't go, Scoop," I said. "Talk to me. I'm lonesome."

"No," she said. "Dillinger—please."

I put my cigarette on the ash tray and got both hands on her and pulled her toward me, not rough or anything, and she resisted for a couple of seconds but her leverage was wrong and she fell over against my chest. I slid my arms around her, and she said, "Stop it!" And then she got my cigarette off the ash tray and shoved it against my bare arm, and I jumped and let her go, and she got up and stood there looking at me and tightening the belt of her bathrobe around her.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I guess that was stupid. Did I burn you very bad?"

"No," I said. "Look, Jerry—I wasn't making passes. I just—"

"I guess you just couldn't help yourself, is that it?"

"That's it," I said. "I wanted to—"

"Well, maybe someday you'll outgrow it," she said. "Maybe you ought to quit reading those French novels, Dillinger."

"Okay," I said. "You've got it all figured out, huh?"

"Most of it," she said. "I'm working on the rest of it." She moved to the door. "Well, see you in jail, Dillinger."

"Turn green, Scoop," I said, and watched her open the door and go out and close the door behind her. I felt real brought down. While I was holding her I'd thought I was in love with her. Maybe it was the moonlight, huh? Why in hell should I be in love with *her?* She was just a girl, just a lovely, warm girl with black hair and gray eyes and a nice pleasant voice you wouldn't ever get tired of hearing. I guess she thought I was trying to use undue influence, or appeal to her baser nature, or some such nonsense. She discredited my motives, anyhow, one way or the other.

I turned out the light and lay back and listened to a dog howling at the moon a long way off. There is an old and foolish superstition that howling dogs presage death. I lay there listening, lonely in the shadowy room, and I strained to hear the dog howl some more. But all I heard was the mockingbird and a hoot owl, the crickets, and a heavier silence than before. . . .

The sun was just beginning to redden the world outside when I woke up the next morning. There wasn't any rush, so I stayed there a while, feeling an odd reluctance to leave the bed—a feeling I'd had many times at the university when I no longer knew why I was going to college or why I should keep up the pretense that I did know. Finally I got up and dressed and shaved and went downstairs. I rang the buzzer and paid Maw Turner, remembering as I did so that I owed Jerry for the doctor bill, thinking I would send her the money since now I didn't want to see her again. I returned the borrowed clothes and thanked Maw Turner, and it struck me that she wasn't at all friendly this morning, but I didn't care.

I went out and put my bag in the car and got in. It was a fine, clear morning, cool in the shade; a fine day to be driving somewhere, the right sort of day to start on a long trip. The town looked very pleasant in the golden morning, a comfortable and tidy small city with plenty of trees and good streets and pleasant homes with gardens and flowers and good people. Even for an old insider like me, it was shocking to realize that the pretty county-seat town in its scenic setting was the base of operations for a corrupt county law. I started the car and drove away from the rooming house.

"Good-by, Jerry," I said out loud, feeling a little maudlin about it. "Good hunting, baby. Happy by-lines. Keep your knife sharp, baby."

WHEN I got to the café, Buck was there, drinking coffee. He hadn't eaten yet, and we both ordered hot cakes with bacon and eggs. The doomed man was going to eat a hearty breakfast. I even felt a kind of false heartiness, because I was leaving, and the sooner I parted company with my old, unethical friend Buck Early, the better I was going to like it.

"You're buying," I said. "I'm insolvent."

"The hell with that noise!" he said. He got out his billfold and counted out ten fifty-dollar bills and laid them in front of me. A lovely sight, ten fifties. "Buy your own damn' breakfast," he said.

I pushed nine of the bills back and tapped the other. "Break this and give me a ten. Expense money. The rest I can't use."

"What hit you, Robert?" Buck asked, grinning faintly. "You get a sudden attack of scruples or something?"

"Maybe a little," I admitted. "But mostly let's just say the deal fell through, so nobody gets rich."

ROLLING the bills into a wad, he reached across the table and stuffed them into my shirt pocket. Frankly, I guess I was hoping he'd do something like that.

"Don't be too sure about that, kid," he said. "I got a hunch we're going to find the whisky, because we know who the dead guy is now." I said who is he, and Buck said, "A guy named Urban. Sylvester Urban. Lived up north of Blue Falls somewhere."

Urban, Herbie, Herb—hell, anybody could have misunderstood and thought Shorty yelled "Herb." Maybe he'd said, "Urb." That's close enough for me. I sat there feeling the money burning my ribs. I coveted that money; I cherished it. And it wasn't really blood money. Not *actually*.

"Who identified him?" I asked. It wasn't even *tainted* money.

"Doctor named Eames did the appendectomy on Urban about a month ago. He didn't remember his name, but they had it on record over there."

Doctor Eames was the man who had sewed up my scalp yesterday. That's a kind of irony for you, if you go for irony. The doc who sewed up Sylvester Urban's incision had also sewed up Sylvester's jackhandle incision on me.

I *earned* this money, I said to myself.

The waitress brought our breakfast and we started eating, and Buck said, around a mouthful of hot cakes, "I've been deducing. I figure the guy intended to show up out there and move the truck last night, since he took the keys with him."

"Yeah," I said. "That's logical."

"Wish I'd thought of it yesterday evening," Buck said. "Might of caught him out there." He pointed his fork at me. "Looks like he's still in these parts, maybe up around Blue Falls somewhere. But if he did come back, and found the truck gone, he might have spooked to hell and gone. So maybe we find our stuff and maybe we don't. Floyd and I will go up there to Urban's farm and see what we can scare up."

I nodded and ate my breakfast. I wasn't interested in Buck's damned whisky any more. I was going to drive over to Norman, pick up my few worldly possessions, and head for Mexico for a long vacation. That's what I had to do. And now that I had to do it, I could think of any number of valid reasons for *not* dropping out of school when I was so close to getting my sheepskin. A degree never hurt anybody. By doubling up through the summer semester a little I could graduate in August, and now that Jerry made a long trip across a national boundary essential to my well-being, I kind of hated *not* to get my degree.

"Come to think of it," Buck said, "there must be a third guy mixed up in the deal, Robert. Somebody'd have to drive Shorty back out there after the truck. That reminds me—would you be willing to do one more little thing for me, pal?"

Hell, no, I wouldn't. I said, "Well, it depends, Buck."

"I'd like to get that truck back to Missouri right away. I'm paying rent by the day on it, and it makes me uneasy having it around. It'd only take you five or six hours to drive it there and get back, Robert. I know you're probably anxious to get back to school."

"Oh, hell, yes!" I said. "I can hardly wait." I thought: Well, that isn't asking so much. And I'd feel easier about the five hundred dollars if I did this for Buck. I'd almost feel I'd really earned it. I said, "Okay, I'll do it for you, Buck. Maybe I won't feel like I'm robbing you so bad."

"Knock it off," Buck said. "You did what I hired you to do, and it wasn't your fault if things got out of hand. Hell, now that it's all over, I may as well tell you that you were taking a chance, with those Tax Unit boys giving the proceedings the fishy eye."

"Now he tells me," I said. He was doing fine. He made it easier and easier for me to accept the money. "What's the deal with the truck?"

"Well, Tony would have drove it back, but it looks like he'll have to stick around here now. And it wouldn't look nice if he was seen returning it, either. He'll go out to the place with you and paint over the signs on the trailer, and then he can drive your car back in here to the courthouse and leave it. You come back on the bus and pick up your car, and that's that."

The money warmed my ribs, and I had a related thought. "What about my billfold?" I said, and Buck said, "It's in the glove compartment of your car. What about my billfold?" I gave him the billfold belonging to the original Edgar Jones, and finished my coffee. Buck said, "Look me up when you get back from Missouri, Robert me boy. Maybe I'll be back in business by then. If I am I'll slip you a couple of fifths of good stuff."

"Splendid," I said. I lighted a cigarette. "Well, Buck . . ." I got up.

"Take it easy," he said. "You'll find Tony at the courthouse, I guess. If Floyd's there, don't pick on him. I'll need him in good condition if we find what we're looking for up at Blue Falls."

I forced a grin I didn't feel. "Good luck," I said. I guessed Floyd would probably be a good man to have along on a deal like that, if he was on your side. But somehow I couldn't imagine him being on my side in a brawl. "I'll see you," I said.

"Hey, you so-and-so, you didn't pay for your breakfast," Buck said.

"Slipped my mind," I said, and kept going.

TONY had the gas engine going on the air compressor and was spraying dark blue paint on the trailer. I leaned against the barn outside, looking at the view. In the morning sun the valley was full of mist and purple shadows and green trees. A cool breeze rustled the leaves on the oaks and black gums and elms around the house,

"I wouldn't worry. I bet in two-three years you'll be able to take dictation and type just *dandy!*"

COLLIER'S — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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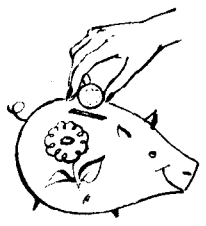

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and the sky was clear and cloudless and clean blue overhead, and I had half a thousand dollars in my pocket and an ache in my heart—or was that indigestion? The world was too quiet, too serene, and I was restless. I wished Grady was there to talk to, but he and his squad of hounds were off in the woods. Tony, on better acquaintance, had proved to be an untalkative guy.

I looked inside. "How's it going?" I asked him.

"Fair," he said.

"Anything I can do to help?"

He scratched his ear. "You could clean out the trailer, mebby."

I said I'd clean out the trailer, then, and Tony found me an old broom, and I opened the doors and climbed into the trailer and started cleaning her out. Gobs and smears and flakes and chunks of the yellow clay were all over everything, where the men had transferred the load in the rain. The wrapping paper we had put on the floor was scuffed and ripped, and I started at the front of the trailer and began sweeping everything ahead of me toward the doors. I shoved it all out, the papers and splinters and clay, and then I swept the trailer out once more, raising a lot of dust.

I WAS satisfied with the job, so I got out and closed the doors and started picking up the paper. Among the trash mixed in with it were a couple of empty pint bottles. They must have made quite a party out of transferring the load to the farm truck. Maybe that's what got Urban shot, I thought. Maybe Shorty got crocked and used him for target practice.

I tossed the empties aside and looked at the mess on the dirt floor of the barn, and I saw a flicker of green. When I kicked the scabs of clay and the trash away, there was a small green bottle—half full of little white pills. Floyd's ulcer medicine. Instantly, seeing the bottle, I got a funny feeling, a damned funny feeling. A sort of shivery, crazy, unreasonable idea hit me. What was Floyd's bottle of pills doing there? I remembered how he'd hunted for them and hadn't found them in the office yesterday after our brawl—which was after the hijacking and after the whisky had been unloaded from the trailer and reloaded onto the farm truck.

I tried to be logical about it. Okay, I was prejudiced, willing to believe the worst of Floyd. But on the other hand, someone who knew about the rigged-up sale had to tip off the hijackers, and Buck had said at breakfast that there must have been a third man involved. Another cold thought ran its fingers along my spine—Floyd had been out "driving" with his wife last night; he could have gone out to move the truck.

Hell, no. It was too easy. I was too willing to pin it on Floyd. Maybe I was even a little punchy from the clobbering Urban had handed me; maybe I wasn't right in the head. Floyd was Buck's partner; how could he be in with the other crowd too? Well, I was still working for Buck and here was something that was maybe nothing, maybe quite a big thing. Buck ought to be allowed to make up his own mind about it. I walked around the trailer.

"I've got to go in town and see Buck," I said.

"Okay," Tony said.

I got in my car and drove to town.

Nobody was in the sheriff's office but the courthouse janitor, leaning on a broom. He was old and dirty and unshaven.

"Where is everybody?" I asked. "Where's Buck Early?"

"At the inquest, I reckon," he said. I said where was the inquest, and he said the funeral home, and I said which one, and he said the one over on the highway, and I said, "Look, if he comes in, tell him not to leave town until he sees me. Got it? The name is Nolan."

"I'll tell 'im you said that," the janitor murmured.

When I got to the funeral home, I didn't check the cars parked along the street. Why should I? I was in a hurry. I was in a dither, in fact. I didn't see the maroon convertible parked a hundred feet away behind another car. It wouldn't have stopped me if I had seen it. I was halfway up the walk when the door of the funeral home opened and Jerry Evans came out.

She looked a little green. She'd just interviewed a corpse, no doubt. I wasn't glad to see her, but I wasn't especially annoyed about it, either. She had a knack of always showing up wherever I was.

"What are you doing here?" she asked me.

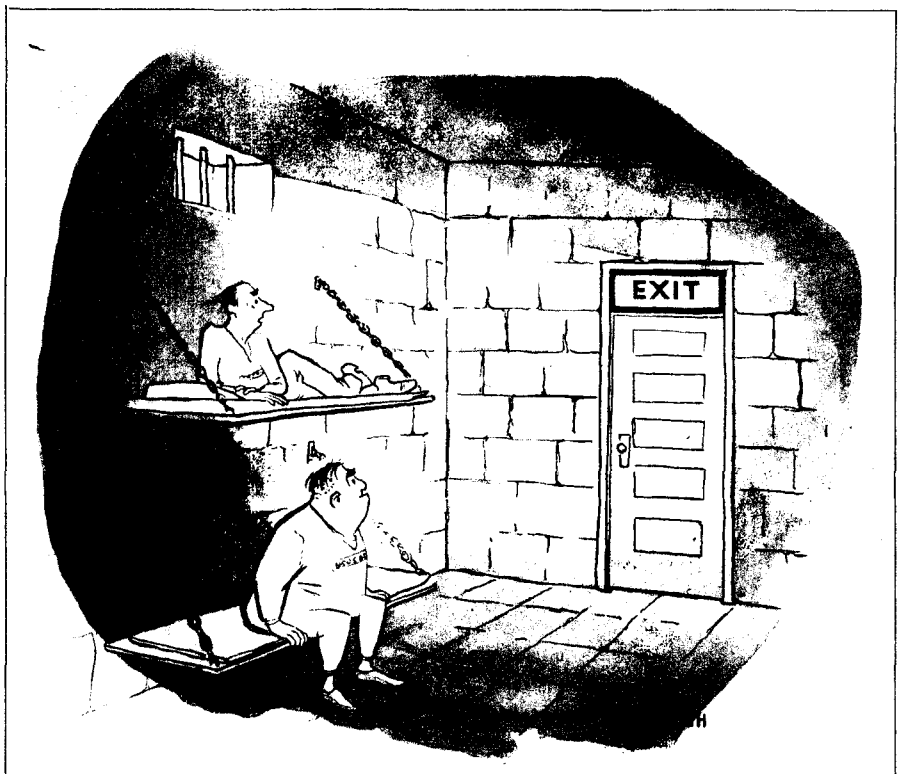
"I'm a morbid thrill seeker," I said. "I heard there was a very sensational corpse in there. Do you suppose they'd let me go stare at it?"

"You're not here for kicks," she said. "Why *are* you here?"

I shrugged. Okay. Be honest with the girl. "I'm looking for the sheriff," I said. "I was told he might be here."

"Going to confess and give yourself up?"

"No," I said. "I'm going to get real crusty because they haven't recovered my load of whisky. I'm all worked up about how an honest whisky buyer ain't safe in this crime-ridden county."



COLLIER'S "Well, it mightn't hurt to try . . ." GEORGE BOOTH

"Good Lord!" she said, astonished. "You've got a nerve."

"I've got several nerves," I told her. "All icy."

I wanted to terminate our chance meeting; I wanted to find Buck and give him a hot clue. Jerry was looking past me at my car, the one she had got out of to walk home from one cold December night. Okay, let her look, let her reminisce and feel her vindictiveness. She stopped looking at the car and looked at me. It was a rather odd look she gave me.

"He looks different," she said.

"What?" I said, looking over my shoulder. Nobody out there. Did she mean the car? The car was just the same as always.

"I mean, shaved and everything," she said.

"Who, me?" I said.

"Urban," she said. "Sylvester Urban. The man with the cow."

I wasn't supposed to know anything about any Sylvester Urban, and I tried to look ignorant, which usually isn't difficult, but her eyes grew slightly mocking. "The man with the cow?" I said. "You mean—"

"I mean," she said, "Want to know something else, Dillinger?"

"Not especially," I said. I knew plenty. Just step aside, baby. Just let me find Buck.

"I checked the morgue—you know what a morgue is, in newspaper parlance, Dillinger." I knew that much. "About the sheriff's brother Clarence and his trial for murder," Jerry went on. "The chief witness for the defense was a man named Sylvester Urban. Isn't that unusual?"

"It's a small world," I croaked, feeling the chill spreading from my brain down my backbone. Last night Floyd had denied knowing the corpse. He *must* have known the corpse.

"The killing took place at a country dance up near Blue Falls."

"Blue Falls," I said. "My, my. That's terribly interesting, Evans." I started around her. I had to see Buck; it was suddenly urgent as hell. "Excuse me, Jerry," I said.

"No use going in there, Dillinger," Jerry said. "The sheriff and his deputy have already gone. The inquest is finished. S. Urban, the erstwhile rear guard, was slain at the hands of persons unknown."

Buck was already gone. My hands felt cold suddenly, cold and damp. I had a nasty feeling that I wouldn't catch Buck in time. I turned away from Jerry and ran to my car and got in. On the way to the courthouse I ran two red lights, but to a guy like me running red lights is nothing. But it wasn't any use, because Buck and Floyd had not gone back to the courthouse.

I got out of there, feeling stunned, feeling that I had failed to avert a tragedy. I asked a passing pedestrian about Blue Falls, and he told me how to get there, and I crawled into my car. Tony, I thought. He could help, but it was too far out of the way, going out to Buck's place after him. Boy, I could use some help. I started the car and drove over to the highway and headed north. I figured a stranger in those parts could spend a month driving around Blue Falls without ever bumping into Floyd and Buck. Especially Buck. Then I recalled that Buck had said they were going up to Sylvester Urban's farm. All I had to do was ask for directions to the farm. That's all. After I got to the farm, that would be something else again.

BLUE FALLS proved to be a store and filling station, a rural school, a small church, and half a dozen scattered small houses. The man at the store didn't know how to get to Sylvester Urban's farm. I asked him if he had a gun I could buy. He didn't. I went outside and stared at Squaw River, just across the gravel highway. I was stymied.

"Try one of them houses," the storekeeper said. "They might know."

He wasn't as thick-witted as I'd thought; not as thick-witted as me, anyhow. I tried the first house. The woman didn't know anything about anything. At the second house an old man said 'twas a smart piece on north and back west a while, but he weren't plumb positive about it. I tried the next house. A young girl, eighteen maybe, came to the door.

"It's north on the highway," she said. "There's a road goes off kinda catty-corner west, and then there's another gravel road goes back sorta southwest. Look for the mailbox and go up the holler."

"Thanks," I said. "Could you sell or loan me a gun?"

She looked at me for a second and slammed the door in my face, so I got back in my car and drove north. I guess they thought I was nuts. I guess I *was* nuts, or I'd never have been in the predicament I was in. I found the catty-corner road and after a while the sorta southwest one and then I found a mailbox with *S. Urban* scrawled on it, and I turned up the holler. I never looked back. Maybe I should have looked back, but I didn't. I would have given a quart of good rich blood for a gun, or even a good slingshot. I was badly unarmed and getting more unnerved by the second. *Get out of this, fool,* I told myself. Buck had chosen his road to travel, and I couldn't travel it with him. If his street had a dead end, it wasn't my fault or my responsibility.

But I kept going up the ruts in the hollow, up onto the plateau into thick oak timber. It was cool and shadowy in the morning, and I saw squirrels in the trees and a large owl gliding between the huge oak boles. My God, it was beautiful out there in the woods, and awful.

AFTER a while I saw the house ahead. I pulled into the brush and got out of my car. I wanted a cigarette badly. I wanted to lie down on wet grass and smoke a leisurely cigarette. But I couldn't. I was a fool, and fools don't do what they want to do. I opened the trunk of my car and got the lug wrench, one of those four-legged deals, the nearest thing to a weapon I could find, outside of rocks. After I'd closed the trunk I remembered that Urban had ridden in there last night, and I felt sick about it as I struck off through the trees along the road. I examined the lug wrench, and there wasn't any blood on it. Not yet, anyhow. I tried to be optimistic, but the only good feature to the whole lousy thing was that I was wearing the new sneakers I'd bought. I was equipped for a fairly fast getaway.

There were no cars parked near the house, and when I sneaked up on it like an Indian and peered in windows, I discovered that there were no people inside it. They didn't get here yet, I thought. But they must be there somewhere. Down the slope the road kept going past the house to a barn, partly visible through the trees. Check the barn, I thought. And then, a few yards along the lane, I froze entirely. Floyd's car was down there, parked by the barn. And I believed, then, that all that unearthly quiet meant I was too late to help Buck. I almost bolted then. I wanted to put miles between my tender hide and Floyd's guns. But I made myself keep going, because maybe Buck was still all right, maybe I could help him some way.

There was an old log shed halfway down the lane, and when I passed it I swung out through the trees and brush, so jumpy I was ready to leap at any sudden noise. Off in the timber a couple of squirrels chattered, and there were several hens clucking and scratching under the bushes, and somewhere the preoccupied grunting of pigs.

But over all the incidental noises was the heavy pall of silence, a kind of crouching hush, with all the audible noises sounding whispery and furtive. Away off toward the river, crows were cawing, and closer by were woodpeckers, a jay bird, sparrows chirping. But no man-made sounds, except the dew-wet cuffs of my pants swishing, my hoarse breathing, my thumping heart. And I had a very creepy feeling that they were watching me, just waiting for me to get in range.

The barn was big, and the rear wall was

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formed by a rock ledge ten or twelve feet high, so that the ground floor was on one level and the back of the hayloft on another level. I guessed this had once been a quarry, and when the barn had been built they had taken advantage of the rock wall; a narrow and steep wagon road had been cut in the face of the ledge, off to my left, leading up to the loft level. I moved from tree to tree until I got to the wagon road, and then I sprinted up it and went cautiously along the edge of the quarry wall until I was behind the barn. I stopped there, trying to listen, but all I could hear was the pounding of my heart.

THE loft door was fastened with rusty baling wire, and I got it unfastened and eased it open, afraid it would squeak, but it didn't and I stepped inside the dim, musty barn loft and listened again, and this time I heard voices. They were almost directly under me, and my scalp began to crawl. The voices stopped immediately and I felt sure they must have heard me, and I froze with my silly lug wrench at the ready. Nothing happened.

The floor extended from front to back over about three fourths of the loft area, dropping away along the left wall. Below I could see the dirt floor covered with dried, pulverized manure and wisps of hay, and up by the front wall there were three or four ten-gallon milk cans. At the front there was another loft door, open, and all along the right side the dry, sweet-smelling hay was piled loosely. I listened hard, straining, but there was no more conversation below, and I wondered if they were listening down there, too, straining taut nerves the way I was. Then abruptly the voices started again under me, and I was paralyzed.

"He's comin' to," Floyd said. Floyd Talmadge, the sheriff.

"Bust 'im another'n," said Shorty, the nervous gunman. "Hell, we mi's well finish the job now, Floyd."

"No," Floyd said. "Leave 'im be, damn you."

"Why not? We gotta git rid of 'im."

"Maybe we don't," Floyd said hoarsely. "I don't like that kind of stuff. What would I tell 'em in town?"

"Jist tell 'em he disappeared."

"They know he come out here with me, you crazy fool!"

There was a tight silence, and a groan. The groan must be Buck, I figured. I could hear someone breathing hoarsely down there, and I thought if I could hear that, then surely they must be able to hear the tom-tom in my chest. Thud, thud, thud!

"I never figured on no damn' killin'," Floyd muttered. He sounded reproachful and unhappy. Maybe even regretful. I'll never know.

"You chicken?" Shorty asked scornfully. "You scairt?"

"No, I ain't chicken! But I ain't no drunk, kill-crazy nut like you, neither. You never had to shoot Urban. I figure you *wanted* to."

"I lost my head," Shorty said. "He got me sore. He started it."

"Like hell! You was mean drunk, that's all. Just like you was drunk that other time. And like you're drunk now, damn you!"

"Watch out, now!" Shorty said dangerously.

They shut up again, and I looked around the loft. The floor was bare and clean where I was, but there were drifts of hay to my right, around a square opening in the floor about eight feet away. I thought: *If I had a gun . . .*

"Urb wouldn't help with the whisky," Shorty muttered. "Said the doc tol' 'im not to do no liftin' or he'd hurt hisself where he was operated on. Liar! He was jist lazy, that's all. And he never ought to cussed me out when I was drinkin', damn him!"

"Well, it was murder, anyhow," Floyd whined.

"Yeah? Maybe you'd like to arrest me, huh? I don't hear you moanin' about not havin' to cut Urb in on the money now."

"Aw, shut up, Clarence!" Floyd snarled.

Clarence? I thought. Then: *Clarence!* Floyd's convict brother, who was supposed to be in Texas. Clarence Talmadge, sent up for manslaughter, and now he had another notch to file on his pistol. Down below, Floyd was talking again, but not to his brother now.

"How you feel, big shot?" he said nastily.

"Go to hell!" Buck's voice said weakly.

"I'm runnin' things now," Floyd crowed. "How do you like them sour apples, Bucky boy? You ain't the head stud around here no more."

"Floyd, you're a double-crossing, filthy—" *Whap!* Buck stopped.

"Damn it, Clarence, leave 'im alone!" Floyd yelled. "Git clean away from him!" Then quieter: "Let 'im talk. Talk's all he *kin* do now. When time comes to bruise 'im, I'll do it. I owe 'im some bruisin'."

That was a tough couple of boys down there. Floyd, who had tried to knife me and then had tried to shoot me, and his kid brother who had tried to pistol-whip me and had fired at me at least once. Maybe next time they'd both be successful. And what could I do? I was alone, armed with only a lug wrench.

I just stood there, my eyes going around the loft, looking for some weapon, some plan of action. The best I could hope for was that I might scare them away from Buck, give him a chance to run for it. Supposing I gave a couple of wild Comanche yells—maybe they'd get so disorganized that Buck could make a break. And meanwhile Nolan would be burning up the brush getting back to his car. Maybe just realizing that somebody knew about them would make them let Buck go.

Yeah. Sure. But maybe all I'd accomplish would be to get myself a helping of whatever they had in mind for Buck. The best idea I had was to go back to town for help. Only that would most likely be too late to keep Buck alive. So I kept looking around wildly for something, anything, and there was nothing in the loft but Nolan and his ridiculous lug wrench, and a lot of dry hay. And then, bang! I got the idea. Set the hay on fire. Burn the damned barn down. Scare them to hell and gone—and get to hell and gone myself, meanwhile.

Down below, Buck said, "What do you figure to do with me, Floyd?"

After a pause, Floyd muttered, "I ain't decided yit."

"There ain't but one thing we kin do!" Clarence snarled. Clarence the corpse maker. Hair-trigger Clarence Talmadge.

"No!" Floyd said. "You crazy fool, we cain't do that, I told you!"

"I say kill 'im and leave 'im in the brush," Clarence shouted, his voice growing a little shrill. "Nobody'd ever find 'im."

"They found Urban!" Floyd shouted.

"Well, they wouldn't of if you'da got that truck outa there," Clarence said viciously. "You the one messed it up, not me."

Buck said, "Let's you and him fight."

Whap, whap, whap! This time it was Floyd, repaying Buck for the slapping he'd got yesterday. "I'll tell you one thing I aim to do," Floyd said huskily. "I aim to beat hell outa you before I leave this barn, Bucky boy. I may even beat you to death, at that."

"You better get at it," Buck said. "Urban's folks will be here."

"Urban ain't got no folks around here," Clarence said softly.

I had my lighter in my hand. *Throw the lug wrench against the far wall. Light the hay. And then run like the devil, boy.*

And then, through the far loft door, I saw that dumb Jerry Evans, tippytoeing along the lane by the old log shed. That's all we needed. Now she could interview the survivors. That crazy, lamebrain girl! She must have seen Floyd's car by the barn then; she darted behind the log shed, out of sight. But right away her empty little inquisitive head came around the corner again, cautiously. She looked scared but determined. *Run!* I wanted to yell. *Run for your life, you dizzy little—*

She came around the shed again, advancing stealthily, like Deerslayer—and I threw the lug wrench. It cleared the edge of the loft floor and smashed into the milk cans down below, making one hell of a lot of racket, making me feel all gone inside and wishing I hadn't done it as I crouched over a pile of hay with my lighter.

DOWN below was dead silence, complete, aching silence. Then Buck yelled, "Help! Back here!" There was a brief scuffle and a thud, and Floyd said, low and fast, "Open your yap again and I'll fill your teeth with lead, Buck!" Then, shakily: "Clarence, go see what that was."

"Prob'ly a damn' pig," Clarence said loudly—too loudly, as if he wanted the pig to hear him and relax and get careless.

I couldn't relax. My lighter wouldn't work. I kept clicking it, my hand shaking, and I thought Floyd must hear all that clicking up there. He'd be poking his head through that trap door in a second now; he'd fix me. They're as scared as I am, I thought. Sure, only they had guns. I was about ready to give up and start running when the lighter suddenly lighted, and I touched it to the dry hay and the hay caught and flared up, burning fast.

"What's that?" Floyd asked.

I showed him by shoving the pile of hay down through the square opening in the floor. Fiery shreds were strewn across the floor, igniting more hay, and it was going to get hot in there fast. And then I saw that dumb Jerry Evans coming on toward the barn, in spite of the fair warning I'd given her, and I guess I went completely nuts. Suddenly and idiotically I was yelling at the top of my voice, a kind of hysteria taking over. I don't know what all I yelled. Drop those guns! We've got you covered! This is your FBI! Stuff like that.

Floyd was yelling, too—howling at Clarence in a more or less terrified fashion.

"Shoot if they try to escape, men!" I yelled, stomping the floor, kicking the wall, watching the flames chew into the hay.

And then something slammed into the wall back of me and a shot roared in the loft, and yonder was Clarence, head and shoulders and gun above the edge of the loft floor, shooting at me. I didn't even think about the door behind me and all that country out there to run in. I hit the floor, sliding, and then I was

ANNA LAKISHIK

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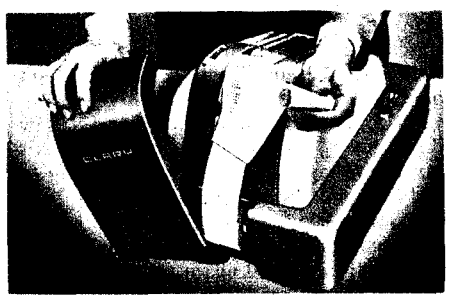

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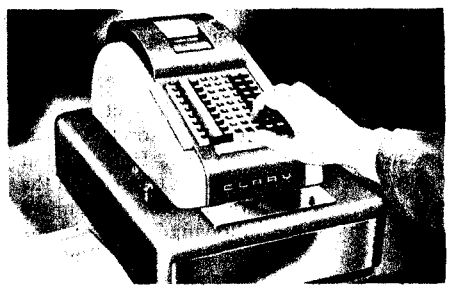

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plummeting down through the square opening in the floor, concerned only with getting away from those bullets Clarence was throwing at me.

I don't know what Floyd was doing there—maybe he was trying to stomp out the burning hay, maybe he had started to climb the ladder to the loft to get me. I'll never know. But he was there under the trap door and I fell on top of him and we both crashed to the dirt floor of the barn. The fall knocked the wind from my lungs and I rolled convulsively away from the pile of burning hay, but I couldn't get up. I was lying in manure, only part of which was dry, and I was gasping and fighting to get air into my lungs, and thinking it hadn't been any use, any of it.

But when Floyd fell he lost his gun, and now Buck had the gun. All at once air rushed into my lungs, painfully, and I got my hands and knees under me, starting to get up out of the manure, hearing Floyd yelping for Clarence. And Buck shouted, "Stay down, kid!"

There was a manger, a feedbox, a stall partition. I crawled in there, seeing Buck with the gun and hearing Clarence's boots thudding on the ground, coming around the partition that ran down the middle of the barn. I guess he thought he could head me off if I tried to escape. Floyd lunged at Buck, and Buck hit him once with the gun and grabbed him as he sagged, and then they began shooting, Buck and Clarence, with Buck holding Floyd in front of him for a shield and firing deliberately, his face hard and his Indian eyes flashing. Floyd was not unconscious; he was very much conscious and terrified.

"Don't, Clarence!" he begged. "Don't *shoot*!"

But Clarence shot anyhow, and I saw Floyd get it, his face going slack and his lean frame sagging and Buck continuing to hold him and shoot around him. The look of terror in Floyd's eyes changed to a kind of glazed surprise and sadness, and Buck let him fall and fired again, coolly, without any visible signs of fear.

WITH part of my mind I was aware that the flames had caught on the barn wall now and were rushing up toward the opening, eating the ladder as they went, the square hole in the loft forming a flue that sucked the flames hungrily up to join the crackling fire in the hayloft. And then abruptly the fight was finished. No more shooting, and Buck still on his feet, breathing deeply and wiping his forehead, the gun hanging slack at his side. He looked at the column of flames roaring up through the trap door, and the grayish cloud of smoke mushrooming and billowing out under the loft floor above us, and he looked at me calmly and said, "Let's get out of here."

I got up and looked around the stall partition and saw Clarence lying face down on the barn floor, his legs moving a little and one arm making fluttery sweeping motions in the dried manure.

"You all right, Robert?" Buck asked me.

"I'm all right," I said. Just filthy and all drained and empty and weak, and vaguely relieved to be still among the living.

"Let's blow the joint," Buck said. He bent down and got Floyd under the arms and began dragging him toward the front of the barn. "Check him," he said, nodding at Clarence. "If he isn't dead, leave him in here to get dead." Then he shook his head. "No, bring him out, kid."

I turned Clarence over, and he didn't care whether he stayed or went. He had a hole in his head. I grabbed him by one arm and dragged him out of the barn and away from it and put him on the ground beside his brother, who seemed to be dead too. Buck was standing there, wiping blood off the side of his face—I didn't know then, and don't know now, whether a bullet nicked him or whether the blood was from being slugged—and staring unhappily at the barn. The hay was going fast, and Buck kept watching the barn sadly, like a man watching his house burn and knowing it wasn't insured.

After a while he said absently, "Much obliged, Robert."

I remembered Jerry then and said, "Hold it, Buck." I went around the shed and Jerry was cringing against the wall, white-faced and scared, her hands pressed against the rough logs and her eyes enormous. They hadn't told her in journalism school that she would have days like this. At the moment I had no feeling for her. I had no feeling for anything else, either, at the moment. I was stunned, sleepwalking.

"All right," I said dully. "It's all over now, Scoop."

SHE came sliding along the wall and grabbed me and hung on, her whole body shaking. "I was scared," she said.

"Who wasn't?" I said. "Get away from me, I'm all dirty." I guess, really, I meant it two different ways. I felt dirty inside, as well as filthy outside. I put my hands on her shoulders and moved her away from me. "Come on, reporter," I said, feeling that anger toward her again. "Come get your big story, Scoop."

She shrank against the wall and shook her head. "I can't."

"The hell you can't!" I said. "That's what you came out here for, isn't it?" I got her by the arm and marched her around the shed and down the lane to where Buck was still watching the barn burn. "Here's the local press." I said. "Here's Fearless Evans of the fourth estate, Mr. Early. She wants to interview the deceased."

You could see it kind of floored him; he looked a little helpless at first, but I figured he'd snap out of it. Jerry wouldn't look at what was on the ground; she stared at the barn and said in a strangled voice, "I came out here to interview the family of that man, Sylvester Urban."

"He didn't have a family," I said. She had been following me; she had elected herself Nolan's Nemesis, and she'd shadowed me out there trying to get more evidence, more material for her article. I guess she had it now, all right. She ought to have plenty now.

Finally, reluctantly, with all the color drained out of her face, she glanced at what was on the ground. She caught her breath and turned away and said in a squeaky voice, "Are they—are they . . .?"

"Yes," Buck said. "They're dead."

"What happened?" she squeaked.

"We had a little trouble," Buck said, studying her, rubbing his jaw, figuring things out for himself. "The sheriff and I came out here to look around. Wasn't anybody at the house, so we came down here to the barn, and Clarence ambushed us." He jabbed a thumb at the smaller body. "Clarence Talmadge, Floyd's brother. You knew about him."

"Yes," Jerry said, nodding, staring intently at the flames.

"He got the jump on us," Buck said. "He was crazy drunk and he was going to kill us, he said. He bragged how he'd killed Urban. He was crazy mean, and he set the barn on fire and said he was going to let us burn with it. So we jumped him. He shot Floyd, and I got Floyd's gun and shot him." Buck was watching her like a hawk, checking to see if she was going to buy his story.

"What about—him?" she asked, meaning me.

"Jones?" Buck said. "He just got here. He was looking for Floyd, he says. Anyhow, he helped me get them out of the barn. I wish you'd leave his name out of it, Miss Evans. It would kind of embarrass him and other people. Using it wouldn't serve any purpose."

"You going to leave that car where it is?" Jerry asked suddenly.

"Holy catfish!" Buck yelped. "Floyd's car." He bolted toward the barn, going after the car, and I looked at Jerry. I thought it would be a good idea if I tried to con her a little more.

"Look," I said. "Don't say anything to this guy about the stolen whisky, will you? I mean, me being a phony. I hate jails."

Her glance slid along the ground to the bodies and she shivered, and then she turned and started walking back up the lane, and Buck called after her, "You going to call to town, Miss Evans?" She said she was—they would want to get a photographer out here right away. "How about calling the office?" Buck shouted. "Tell whoever is there to get in touch with the coroner and county attorney and the undertaker, will you?" Jerry said she would, and then she looked at me without any particular expression. She said quietly, "I'll be busy a couple of hours, maybe longer. Afterward I want to see you. Where will you be?"

"What do you want to see me about?" I said warily.

"I'm not quite sure yet, Dillinger, but I want to see you."

I shrugged. "There's a café near the courthouse."

She nodded. "You better be there," she said flatly. And she turned and went on up the lane, walking fast.

Buck parked the car in the lane and got out. "Let's move those guys up here," he said. "They'll cook in that heat." It was a nauseating thought. We moved the bodies out of the searing heat of the barnyard and laid them out in the shed, and then we sat on the front bumper of Floyd's car and watched the barn finish burning. After a while Buck found a cigar and bit off the end of it and looked at me.

"Got a match, kid?" he said. And then he started to laugh. It was pretty horrible, the way he laughed. Tears ran down his face and he held his stomach and gasped. "Oh, God," he said. "Three guys died for that whisky, Robert. At best it was worth about thirty-five thousand dollars. Three guys' lives ought to be worth more than that, even guys like Floyd and his kid brother." I didn't say anything, I was noncommitttal, and after a couple of seconds he said, "And then you come along and set the hay on fire and *whoosh!* There goes thirty-five thousand dollars, and three guys died for nothing. Just nothing, Robert."

I had forgotten all about the whisky. It had lost its importance a long time ago, for me. I said, "You mean it's in there?"

Buck nodded sadly. "That's what I mean, Robert."

IT STARTED going around in my mind then, like a tune you can't get rid of. Three guys died for nothing. Four guys wanted something for nothing, and three of them got death for nothing, and Buck's careful planning and manipulating and political skulduggery added up to zero minus all the money he'd invested. Nobody gained by any of it except the county—oh, yes, and a down-at-the-heels GI student named Robert Nolan.

I got the billfold out and extracted my ten fifty-dollar bills and tossed them in Buck's lap.

"No," he said. "No, Robert. I didn't mean—"

"Shut up," I said. "That's Confederate money. It's no good where I'm going. I'll sell it to you for a good crisp ten-dollar bill."

"Hell, no, Robert," he said. "It's yours. You keep it."

"Look," I said, beginning to feel angry again. "Maybe I'm trying to salvage a little of my pride, Buck."

"Oh, I see," he said. He looked at me for quite a while. And then he found two five-dollar bills and gave them to me and put the fifties in his pocket. "I guess Floyd's wife will be able to use it," he said. "Damn him! Why did he have to turn rat like that?"

"I guess he wanted a bigger cut of the easy money," I said.

"Yeah, I guess," Buck said bitterly. "The dirty rat."

"What are you going to do now?" I

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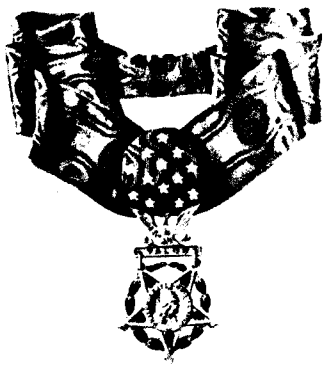

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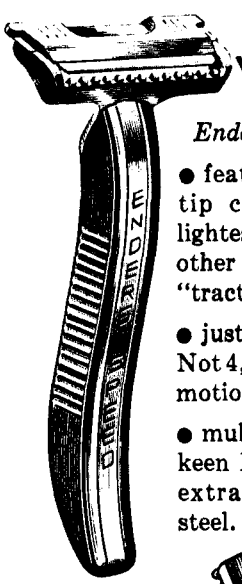

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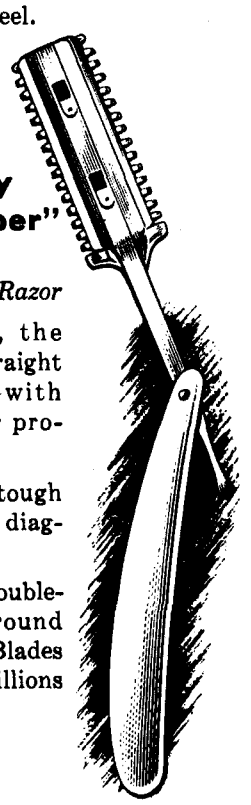

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asked him, and he looked at me and shrugged and said, "Settle down and be a plain, ordinary deputy sheriff, I guess. At any rate, I'm through with bootlegging, that's for sure."

"I thought maybe you'd resign," I said. I don't know when the idea occurred to me, but it was there now. I knew I had to say it, at least. "I thought that would be the decent thing to do, Buck," I said.

He looked at me and then he looked down at the ground, chewing his unlighted cigar. He had his hands clasped together, and now he unclasped them and looked at them for a while, and then he stared back at the barn, which was a roaring inferno now, the flames and smoke rising straight up into the breezeless morning air. I imagined I could hear the bottles of whisky in there exploding.

"Oh, I'm young yet," Buck said at last, quietly. "And I'm alive. I guess you're right, kid. I started the ball rolling, didn't I? Sure, I'll resign, Robert. Maybe I can start new somewhere. I think I'd like to begin all over again somewhere."

That was what I *didn't* feel like doing, but apparently had to do. I got up off the bumper and looked at the sparks and bits of ash rising high above the barn and the mushroom of smoke, feeling the scorching heat of the thirty-five-thousand-dollar fire I'd started. The United Drys would love me if they knew I'd burned up all that whisky.

"Sorry I got you into this lousy mess, Robert," Buck said.

"You didn't," I said. "I had the option of refusing. Maybe I needed something like this to straighten out my thinking, Buck." I wasn't quite clear about what I meant, but I knew I wasn't the same guy I had been three short days before. I was a changed man, as they say. But I still didn't know whether it was a change for the better or worse. I said, "Good-by, Buck." Good-by, pal. I won't be seeing you again, ever.

"Good-by, Robert," Buck said gravely.

I guess we both knew we'd never see each other again—not purposely, at least. Our friendship was a thing of the past, and we were both too young to live in the past. As I walked toward the house there was a rumbling crash behind me, and I knew the barn had collapsed and that Buck would be standing there, forlorn and lonely by the shed, watching it.

I didn't look back. Let him stay there alone with his dead ex-partner and his dead ex-partner's equally dead brother. The whole thing made me feel very sad, and my billfold felt very, very empty, and I walked fast in the cool morning shadows, hearing the crows far yonder by the river, hearing the jay birds and woodpeckers in the sweet morning, and all at once it came to me that I was incredibly lucky just to be alive and to have all the years ahead of me yet to be wise in, and maybe if I kept on being lucky, to find some sort of happiness in.

I WAITED more than four hours in the café drinking coffee and chain-smoking. I had cleaned up and changed clothes in the washroom of a filling station while the guy serviced my car, and then I had eaten a hamburger, and I was drinking my tenth or eleventh cup of foul coffee when the taxicab stopped in front and Jerry got out. I sat in the booth and watched her come in and look around and see me; it seemed to me that when she found me there her face showed relief for a fleeting moment, and then she came along the row of booths and slid in across from me and said, "Order me some coffee, please."

I wanted to say something sarcastic about having had to wait so long, but I didn't. I paid for her coffee and she put sugar in it and began stirring it, and I couldn't tell anything from her expression. She was more dressed up than I'd ever seen her, and she looked lovely in a drawn, weary sort of way. The girl I left behind me, I thought with a quick and transient ache.

"Look," she said abruptly. "Let's get something straight. I'm no dumb broad, and I don't like being thought a dumb broad. I don't know all the angles on this business, but I've managed to figure out some of it. Buck Early, for instance. I told you Maw Turner was one of the major listening posts in the town's gossip grapevine, and one of the first things she asked me when I took a room there was whether I knew Buck over at O.U. when he was in the law school there. And I think you knew him even before that, Robert—say in the Coast Guard. And Buck was a bootlegger before he became a deputy sheriff. It very nearly adds up to something, doesn't it?"

"Does it?" I said, feeling my scalp crawl a little.

"I think it does," she said. "Especially since you apparently drove your own car over here. The truck must have been here when you came. That adds up, too."

"A brain," I said sarcastically. "You're a real sharp tomato." She had it figured close enough so that now she could go gunning for Buck, too. And I'd waited four hours for this—to hear her gloat. "Yes, sir, you're a regular Dick Tracy," I said.

SHE was looking at her cup of coffee, stirring it, and suddenly she quit stirring and put her hands over her face and began to cry, quietly. Not noisy, not breaking up or being unpleasant or anything, just crying, quietly. And just as suddenly I wasn't mad at her any more; I wasn't sore. If she ran me clear out of the States, okay. But it wouldn't change how I felt about her. Nothing would change that, except time.

"Don't," I said. "Please don't, baby."

All I could see was her mouth, and her chin and the tip of her small nose, and the little rivulets of tears running slowly down the backs of her hands. She didn't cry long. She wiped her eyes and began to fumble with her purse, and I slid out of the booth and went in on the other side and gave her my handkerchief, and wanted to pat her on the head or wipe her little nose for her or something.

"I'm all mixed up," she sniffled, dabbing at her eyes.

"Everybody is mixed up," I said. "The whole world, baby."

"Look," she said. "Don't answer this if you don't want to, but—Robert, you didn't—those men—you weren't the—?"

I didn't wait for it. I knew what she wanted to ask, so I gave her the answer. "No, baby. I didn't kill any of those men. I didn't shoot any guns. I was always the target."

"I knew that," she said. "But I had to be sure."

"Be sure," I said. "Be positive, baby." She nodded, and I said, "Look, about Buck. Lay off Buck, will you, please? Don't throw him any curves. He's going to resign. And you'd have to hurt innocent people—like Floyd's wife." Floyd's wife was not innocent, the way I figured, but she made a good talking point. "How about it?" I asked Jerry.

"I'm leaving Derrick," she said unsteadily. "I quit my job."

That had to have time to sink in, to penetrate. I waited.

"I discovered I couldn't give the paper the kind of loyalty it is entitled to," she said. "So after I turned in my story on the fire and the shooting, I quit. You can stop worrying, I won't be writing that other story, Robert."

I stopped worrying, and it was like a hundred-pound weight had been removed from my shoulders. Mexico? Who wanted to go to Mexico? I wanted to go back to the safe boredom of school and get my degree and be a newspaper type. That's what I knew I wanted, now. And if I ever felt real indignant about the crummy kind of nonfunctioning prohibition we had to tolerate in Oklahoma, I could always write an editorial. No more of this direct action for me.

Jerry was stirring her coffee again. "Maw Turner saw me coming out of your room last night," she said tiredly. "She suggested I find other accommodations, and since I knew she'd have my reputation in shreds by sundown tonight, I decided to leave Derrick for good." She shrugged. "But that wouldn't have mattered so much. Only I just wouldn't have wanted to stay here, anyhow."

"Because you couldn't pass the loyalty test?"

"Partly that," she said. "Maybe because I couldn't decide who I was supposed to be loyal to, from a moral point of view." I was going to get in there fast with some words, but I couldn't think of any words. I felt tongue-tied. She went on: "Did you make a lot of money?"

"A very substantial sum," I said. "I was loaded. But I gave it all back. I found out I didn't want it after all. Or need it. For Pete's sake, stop stirring that coffee, will you?"

She put the spoon down and looked at me, her lashes still wet. "What are you going to do now, Robert?"

"Well, I guess I'll finish school," I said. "I have suddenly come up with a new personal evaluation of the common, or garden variety, sheepskin. I'd rather write the news than make it."

"Oh, I'm glad," she said. "I'm so glad you feel that way." She seemed a little embarrassed by her enthusiasm, and she fell silent, and we sat there for a while in a kind of pregnant silence, and I thought: A guy has to have blind faith in tomorrow, in the future, that's all. A guy has to go ahead and make long-term plans and trust in them, that's how simple it is. If you didn't believe in the existence of a tomorrow, you weren't going to get much kick out of today.

"I sold my car," Jerry said. "I mean, the equity. To one of the compositors at the paper." She looked at her watch. "I guess I'd better go and see about buying a bus ticket."

"Don't bother," I said. "I'll drive you anywhere you want to go, Jerry. Anywhere but Mexico. Just name it."

"Well," she said, blushing prettily, "I thought I'd go back to Norman and get *my* degree, too. I think a degree is pretty important."

WELL, I had to have a cigarette, then. Something to do with my hands so I could keep them off of her. I didn't want to scare her into buying that bus ticket. It was a long trip when you were alone. And then I remembered something.

"What about your fiancé?" I said. "That car was practically a gift from him. What will he think about you selling it?" I had forgotten all about that absent fiancé. Remembering him made me feel unhappy.

"There never was a fiancé," Jerry said, grinning self-consciously. "I just made him up, on the spur of the moment. He was just a boy on the paper. I don't even write to him. And I did buy his equity in the car. I don't know why I said all that stuff."

I stopped feeling unhappy about the fiancé. "Where's your luggage?" I asked her, and she said it was at the newspaper office, and I said let's go get it. We went out and got in my car and drove down to the newspaper office and she got her luggage and I put it in back with my bag. Then I turned the car around and drove back down the street and turned at the corner by the courthouse.

A man was going up the steps. He looked dejected, a little forlorn. And a lot like Buck Early. A guy I used to know. I felt sorry for him. I didn't feel sorry for me—not any more I didn't. It was a long way to Norman, a four-hour drive, at least. We could do a lot of talking in four hours. We could straighten out a lot of things in four hours.

"Did you get your suit from the cleaners?" Jerry asked me.

"Yes," I said. "Stop nagging. You sound like a wife."

She grinned at me. "Is that bad, Dillinger?"

"No, Scoop," I said. "That ain't bad at all."

And we let it go at that, for the time being. Temporarily. There wasn't any hurry. We had all the time in the world. THE END

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Pro Football's "Best Basketball Team"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

from the spectators' viewpoint—our receivers were running with the ball. That's why I say, the more we pass, the more we run."

By all statistical standards, Stydahar's controversial pass-and-run strategy made the Rams the most powerful offensive team in pro football history. Over the 1950 season, the Rams made 278 first downs, gained a total of 5,420 yards, tallied 64 touchdowns, and ran up 466 points, each figure representing a new National League record. "Seems to me," Stydahar commented recently, "those statistics indicate the best way to make yardage is to maneuver your runners out in the open where they can run—then throw that football to them."

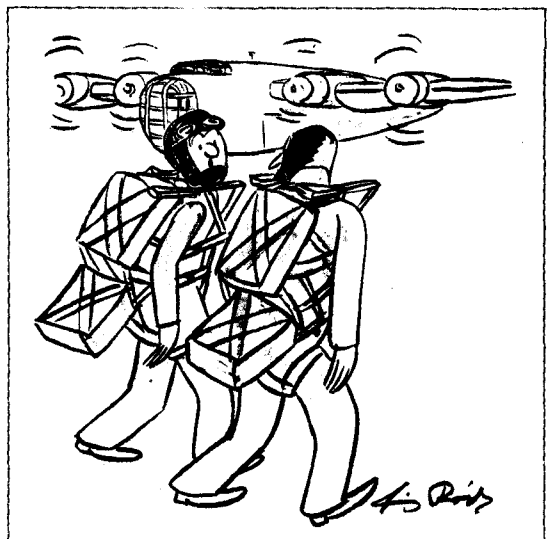
Such talk, coming from Stydahar, must surprise old pro fans who can recall the seven gridiron seasons, between 1936 and 1942, when Joe played left tackle for the Chicago Bears in such violent fashion that he was picked on the National League's all-star team five times. Jumbo Joe, as he was somewhat unaffectionately known in those days, stood six feet four inches and weighed 255 pounds and seven ounces—the extra seven ounces representing the chaw of cut plug tobacco which bulged his right cheek.

Shortly after Jumbo joined the Bears from the University of West Virginia, Coach George Halas was asked to characterize his prize rookie at a press conference.

"Joe's a nice, quiet boy," Halas assured the reporters. "Wouldn't hurt an elephant."

As a player, Stydahar held ball carriers in low esteem, and he was notoriously allergic to passers. Something about the sight of a quarterback poised to throw a football seemed to infuriate Jumbo. Once, playing against the Green Bay Packers, he tackled Arnie Herber so forcefully on an attempted pass that Herber had to be carried away for repairs.

Oddly enough, none of the Packers observed who had tackled Herber. It was one of those plays—deep in Chicago territory—when everybody was concentrating on watching the potential touchdown receiver.



"My wife can't understand why I want to walk around the house in shorts"

COLLIER'S — IRVING ROIR

However, Stydahar reasoned that the Packers might take retaliatory measures once they huddled to reconstruct the crime, so he decided to remove himself from their list of suspects. Walking past Clark Hinkle, the Green Bay fullback, Joe remarked sympathetically: "Wasn't that a shame what Johnsos did to Herber?"

With this condolence, Stydahar marked his pal Luke Johnsos, the Bears' left end, for Packer vengeance. During the remainder of the game, it was a shame what the Packers did to Johnsos.

Several weeks later, Halas removed the convalescing Johnsos from the active players' list and named Luke to the Bears' coaching staff.

"Don't thank me, Luke," Stydahar declared magnanimously when the promotion was announced. "What kind of a world would this be if a man couldn't do an occasional favor for his friends?"

In 1947, after completing a wartime hitch in the Navy, Stydahar followed his pal Johnsos into the anonymous ranks of the assistant coaches, joining the Rams' staff. For three years thereafter, Jumbo instructed large young men in the noble art of prostrating opposing passers.

Considering the rather rudimentary and muscular chores Stydahar specialized in both as a player and assistant coach, there wasn't much reason for anybody to suspect that Jumbo had a smart football head on his size 44 shoulders—prior to the 1950 season, that is. Then, several amazing things happened. Clark Shaughnessy, the Rams' veteran head coach, was fired in a front-office squabble, and Dan Reeves, the Rams' owner-general manager, named Stydahar to succeed Shaughnessy.

Stydahar had been on the job approximately three minutes when the deposed Shaughnessy delivered a remarkably candid estimate of Jumbo's prospects for success. "When Stydahar gets through coaching the Rams," he said, "I can take any high-school team in the country and beat them."

Shaughnessy's blast set off a barrage of newspaper comment scarcely calculated to make Stydahar overconfident. Recalling Shaughnessy's long and eventful coaching career, which included Stanford's 1940 Rose Bowl victory, sports columnist Maxwell Stiles of the Los Angeles Mirror remarked: "The Rams have traded a genius for a man without previous coaching experience . . ."

Columnist Braven Dyer of the Los Angeles Times covered the situation succinctly by tapping out six words of advice to Stydahar: "Have your hat handy, old man."

There were sound reasons for Dyer's speculation that Stydahar might not last long. Reeves had just got rid of three head coaches—Adam Walsh, Bob Snyder and Shaughnessy—in four years. Apparently Reeves, a former chain-grocery magnate, believed in hiring and firing coaches in wholesale quantities.

Moreover, Stydahar was inheriting a demoralized team. The '49 Rams had started brilliantly with six straight victories, then fallen into a dismal slump, winning only two of their last seven games. The front office blamed Shaughnessy for the slump. There were stories that Clark, a moody perfectionist, confused the squad by giving out too many plays, then compounded the confusion by constantly changing his intricate offensive maneuvers.

Faced with a difficult reorganizing job, new head coach Stydahar got under way by hiring two old pros as assistants. Hamp Pool, an ex-Bear teammate, took over as backfield coach, and Mel Hein, an all-pro center eight times with the New York Giants, became line coach.

"We'll keep the offense simple," Stydahar told Pool. "We can start out with our old Bear plays and signals—then add stuff as we need it. Nothing wrong with those old Bear plays—we won three world championships with them."

But even with simpler plays, the Rams appeared badly confused in their early exhibition games last September. They blew their home opener to the Washington Redskins, eked out an unimpressive victory over the Chicago Cardinals, and then absorbed a horrendous 49-14 whipping from the Eagles.

En route by chartered plane from Los Angeles to San Antonio, Texas, where the Rams were scheduled to meet the Baltimore Colts in another exhibition, reporter Bob Oates of the Los Angeles Examiner cornered Stydahar for an interview. "Joe," Oates asked, "what makes those Eagles so tough?"

"Take a look at their linemen sometime," Stydahar suggested. "You'll see a lot of air where their teeth ought to be.

"Know what happened to their teeth? They got knocked out.

"Know why their teeth got knocked out? Because they dive in there with their chins up to make those tackles. They don't care what happens to their teeth. But my guys"—Stydahar broke off for a moment—"say, you know what's wrong with this ball club? If we had dental inspection for the whole squad, you wouldn't find a false tooth from one end of the line to the other."

One hour before the Rams engaged the Colts, Stydahar assembled his players for a talk on oral hygiene, football style. He spoke glowingly of the remarkable skill of dental surgeons, described in detail the various types of partial plates and removable bridges which can be provided on short notice, and reminded the players that there was no charge for dental mishaps incurred in the line of duty.

"The club always takes care of the bills," he explained. By way of emphasis, he extracted from his own mouth a sparkling denture containing five front uppers which his former employers, the Chicago Bears, had provided gratis. And for almost 30 minutes, Stydahar, who was working on his customary king-size tobacco chaw, stomped the dressing room, waving his denture for emphasis and exhorting his players to get in there with their chins up, regardless of the dental consequences.

"Coach sure was mad," Vitamin Smith commented recently. "That was the juiciest pep talk I ever listened to."

Whatever was wrong with the Rams, Stydahar's dental discourse cured it in a hurry. With Waterfield and Van Brocklin pinpointing touchdown passes, they overwhelmed Baltimore, 70 to 14. Exhibition games don't count in the league standing, but that was a mighty important victory for the Rams, nonetheless. Out of it came the idea which made them the passingest team of all time.

After reviewing the game movies with Pool and Hein, Stydahar observed: "What impresses me is that we got a left end—Fears—who runs as good as our halfbacks, and we've got two halfbacks—Glenn Davis and Smith—who catch passes almost as good as Fears."

Pool nodded. "With Fears in there, we've really got three halfbacks."

"Uh-huh," Stydahar agreed, "and our passing attack might be even more effective if we could get a fourth halfback into that line-up. Elroy Hirsch catches passes pretty good. If we could move him up from halfback to right end opposite Fears, we'd *have* four halfbacks. How about it?"

"Hirsch blocks pretty good," Hein said. "He could play end."

"Then let's do it," Stydahar decided. "With four halfbacks in there, plus a fullback like Dick Hoerner who catches pretty good, too, we ought to give somebody a fit before the season's over."

Moving Hirsch was a gamble. It meant the Rams would have to rely almost completely on passes for victory, and this put Van Brocklin and Waterfield squarely on the spot. Any time they failed to produce, the Rams' offense would virtually disappear. However, in retrospect, Stydahar does not think it was too big a gamble. "After all," he says, "I was the only coach in the

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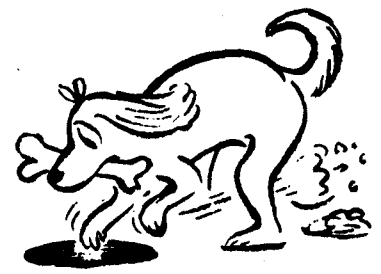
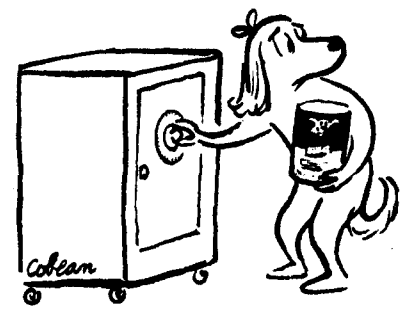


"I BURY MY BONES,



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league with *two* great T-formation quarterbacks. I could use them interchangeably. If one had an off day, the other could take up the slack. Every passer has a couple of off days every season. You expect that. But it wasn't likely Waterfield and Van Brocklin would have their off days simultaneously."

As things turned out, they didn't. Over the season, their offensive accomplishments dovetailed amazingly. Waterfield, the veteran, completed 122 of 213 attempted passes for a total gain of 1,540 yards and 11 touchdowns. Van Brocklin, the youngster, completed 127 of 233 attempts for 2,061 yards and 18 touchdowns.

Probably the most striking example of how Waterfield backstopped Van Brocklin, and vice versa, occurred in the Rams' two victories over San Francisco. On October 1st, Waterfield started at quarterback against the '49ers and was kayoed on the first play by a hard tackle. Van Brocklin replaced him, fired a 48-yard pass to Fears on the second play, and pitched a 35-14 victory.

Conversely, on November 5th, Van Brocklin started against the '49ers but couldn't locate his receivers; so, Waterfield came to the rescue, completing 10 of 15 passes for 138 yards as the Rams eked out a win, 28 to 21.

Fears, the Rams' primary target, grabbed 84 passes last season, breaking his own record of 77, established in 1949. Davis and Hirsch each grabbed 42 tosses. Hoerner collected 26—mostly on devastating screen passes—and Smith picked off 16. Whenever Fears or Hirsch needed a breather, Stydahar inserted Bob Boyd, the :09.5 sprinter who captured the NCAA 100-yard dash title in 1950. Boyd caught only nine passes, but four of them went for touchdowns.

After Stydahar's stimulating San Antonio address, only two teams—the Eagles and the Bears—were able to stifle the Rams' aerial offensive for a complete regular-season game. "Both times," Stydahar recalls, "we were outguessed and outplayed in the line. They didn't really stop our passing. It would be more accurate to say that they kept our passes from getting started.

First Strides Are Crucial

"For an end like Fears," Stydahar pointed out, "the most important action on a pass play takes place during his first three or four strides away from the line of scrimmage. He's got to fight free from the other team's line-backers, who push him, spin him, hold him—anything to delay him for one or two seconds. If they succeed, the play's a flop."

"How come?" a reporter asked.

"Well," Stydahar explained, "Fears has a definite route to follow on each pass. So do our other receivers. For example, the play may call for Fears to go down the middle 20 yards, then break out to the left side line. Meanwhile, our other receivers are running their definite routes which—correlated with Fears's maneuvers—form a pass pattern. The object of that pattern is to decoy the defense out of position and create an opening for one of the receivers."

"So," the reporter said, "if one of the receivers is delayed somewhere along the route, the whole pass pattern is thrown off schedule and there's no opening."

"That's right," Stydahar said. "And when you consider that Fears might be following any one of maybe 50 different routes, and the defense may be using any one of a dozen different ways to stop him, the whole business gets mighty complicated. But the percentage favors the receiver. He's got the initiative and should be able to get loose from the defenders most of the time."

Stydahar is a firm believer in percentages—and hard work. Last November, taking advantage of an open date on the Rams' schedule, he flew to Chicago to scout the Bears, who were winding up their regular season against the Detroit Lions. As the game progressed, Stydahar dictated a description of each play to a tape-recording machine; then, he flew back to Los Angeles, spent all night Sunday transcribing and consolidating his notes, and had a mimeographed report on key Bear personnel ready for distribution at a squad meeting Monday noon. When he finally went home to bed at eleven o'clock Monday night, he had gone without sleep for 43 hours.

The long trip paid off with one valuable item of information—a flaw Stydahar noted in the Bear pass defense. "Some of the Bear defensive backs seemed to be trying to guess with the Detroit passer," Stydahar recalls. "That is, the Bears would cover all receivers until the passer cocked his arm to throw—then the Bears would leave the decoy receivers and gang up on the passer's real target. The system worked against Detroit, but we thought our passers could sabotage it by always faking at least once to a decoy before taking aim on the real receiver. They practiced the double-fake routine all week and when we played them on Sunday, it worked. In a couple of tight spots, our faking caught the Bears ganging the decoy while our real receiver was wide open."

During the game, in which the Rams battled the Bears for the Western Division title, Fears (who had been held scoreless by the Bears in two previous games) took advantage of that tape-recorded flaw to grab three touchdown passes as Los Angeles triumphed, 24 to 14.

A week later, battling Cleveland for the National League championship, the Rams led, 28 to 27, with only about 20 seconds left to play. Then, the Browns' Lou Groza kicked a field goal. Final score: Browns, 30; Rams, 28.

After the game, several well-meaning Los Angeles fans tried to ease Stydahar's disappointment by pointing out that the Rams (who had drilled in sunny 80-degree weather for two weeks) were handicapped by their abrupt shift to the slush and freezing temperatures in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium. Characteristically, Stydahar disowned the convenient weather alibi.

"Look," he said, "we had a 28-20 lead in the fourth quarter and we tried to sit on it. We quit passing and tried a safe running game. That was our mistake—reverting to defensive football. The Browns kept pitching—don't forget, it was passes that set up their last two scoring drives—and they beat us.

"You know what we should have done?" Stydahar added belligerently. "When we got that eight-point lead, we should have tried to pass for another touchdown and really clinched it. The mud didn't stop our passes when we were running up the 28 points. Matter of fact, you ought to pass even better on a muddy field, because your receivers have the initiative—they can pick the spots with the best footing, make their fakes and leave the defensive backs skidding around in a puddle.

"Yeah, you can forget the weather," Joe concluded. "The Browns beat us and we helped them a little, because for the first time this year we stopped throwing that football."

One thing's sure, the Rams will never come any closer to the NFL title until they win it. That should be this fall, according to most of the experts, who predict that Stydahar's young squad will improve tremendously as the '51 season progresses, whereas Cleveland's veteran team is expected to drop off its '50 pace.

Stydahar is guardedly optimistic. "We'll be sronger," he admits. "But we surprised some folks last year. They'll be watching for us this time."

Which is true enough. It isn't likely anybody will underestimate Stydahar from here on in, although a few people have been known to make that mistake in the past. There was the fellow, for example, who lured Stydahar out of Shinnston, West Virginia, in 1932, with the promise that Joe would be the most generously endowed member of the University of Pittsburgh's freshman squad. However, Joe quickly discovered that he was being endowed for only nine months per year, whereas several of his Pitt contemporaries were on a 10-month contract. So, Joe packed up and went home to Shinnston, eventually matriculated at West Virginia, and made All-East tackle three years in a row.

The Bears almost underestimated Stydahar, too. Halas admired Joe's size and speed, but couldn't quite reconcile himself to Jumbo's stomach, which was known as Old Faithful because it always erupted one hour before kickoff.

"You could set your watch by it," an old Bear testified recently. "Joe was never around for Halas' pregame talks. If something really important came up, one of the assistants would run down to the washroom and tell Joe about it. That was some stomach—never really quieted down until Joe made a couple of tough tackles."

Once, by dint of withholding Stydahar's tobacco rations and dosing him with hot tea, Coach George Halas succeeded in nursing Jumbo's delicate tummy past the kickoff without incident. Then, unfortunately, just as Stydahar bent over in the huddle for the Bears' first running play, Old Faithful reacted in characteristic fashion.

"That sort of took the edge off our attack," Stydahar remembers. "Matter of fact, Halas had to send in the second team for a while. Maybe we didn't realize it at the time, but that was the start of the two platoon idea."

What made Stydahar an all-pro lineman was his amazing defensive ability to make tackles all over the field at critical moments. Sometimes, it seemed as though he knew where the play was going even before it started. While the other team huddled, Jumbo would crawl along the scrimmage line on his hands and knees, apparently sizing up the opposing players from all angles. Nobody suspected that he was trying to get an unobstructed view of the quarterback's face, because Jumbo never bothered to tell anybody that he could read lips.

Neither Stydahar nor his nervous stomach has changed much since his playing days. Last year he was able to deliver only one pregame address. That, of course, was the declamation on false dentures prior to the exhibition game with Baltimore, when he was so worked up that he forgot all about being nervous.

Why He Can't Give Pep Talks

"I have tried every remedy the doctors suggest," Joe says, "but I still get that certain feeling. Not eating before a game makes it worse. Ammonia in water doesn't help. Tried those airsickness pills the air lines hand out—no results. So last year, about an hour before the kickoff, when Old Faithful started churning, I'd just say, 'See you on the field,' to the players and walk out of the dressing room."

Traditionally the last 60 minutes before the kickoff are reserved by all paid-up members of the Coaches Union for passing inspirational miracles, but Stydahar has to forgo dressing-room histrionics.

"It's just as well," he declares. "If you get your team ready during the week—mentally and physically—they will just naturally want to play football on Sunday. At least, nothing you are going to tell them between one and two o'clock on Sunday afternoon is going to change their mental outlook much."

Once the game starts, Stydahar believes a coach's job is to keep calm and make decisions. Only once last year did his temper get out of control on the bench. The outburst occurred when the Rams needed a yard for a touchdown, and a rookie fullback who had been side-lined by a pulled leg muscle begged: "Put me in, Coach—I'll get that yard."

"That leg okay?"

"Sure."

"Okay—go get it."

The rookie lost two yards and came back to the bench limping, with a torn leg muscle which subsequently kept him out of action for four weeks.

"What's the idea," Stydahar demanded, "telling me the leg was okay?"

"Coach," the rookie explained, "I haven't had a chance to play much and I was afraid you were going to release me. I wanted to make the team."

"Listen," Stydahar said—and the rookie listened to quite a few words which he may never have heard before, "you made the team, but one more fool trick like this and you're through."

Later Stydahar brought up the incident at a squad meeting. "In this league," he said, " we take courage for granted, so forget that die-for-dear-old-Rutgers stuff. The next hero who tries to conceal an injury and hurts our chances for the championship by making the injury worse is going to get an awful jolt in his pocketbook."

"Most seasons," Stydahar contends, "at least half a dozen pro teams start out with sufficient player strength to win the championship. Then," he says, "the lucky team—the outfit that gets the breaks and avoids crippling injuries to key men—will win. Next to concealing injuries, the worst offense one of our players can commit is to relax in a game when we get ahead. That's when you really get hurt—when you let down."

After walloping Baltimore 70 to 14, Stydahar attempted to console his coaching rival Clem Crowe. "Gosh, Clem," he said, "I didn't want to run up the score, but if we had let down, some of my boys might have got hurt."

"That," Crowe commented tartly, "would have been just too bad." THE END

"Hello, J.B. . . . I'll be a little late again . . . Car broke down on Meadows Road. I'm at a garage having it fixed now!"

COLLIER'S — JACK TYRRELL

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Killer in the Valley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Silvern leaned on the fence and took out his pipe. "Thought I might have a try at it," he said.

"Somebody better do something," Jackson said grimly, "or we'll all go broke."

"Whoever kills him will get the biggest tom this country ever saw," McDonald said.

Silvern squinted up at the night sky with the big fir trees black against it. His mouth turned down at the corners. "Ain't no tom," he said finally. "It's a barren old female, and whoever gets her will earn his bounty."

McDonald looked skeptical. "What makes you so sure it's a female?"

Silvern bit down on his pipe. "Cats are like people. You get to know 'em—by their actions."

"Have you seen her?" I asked.

"No, but I've run her now and again for two years. She used to hang out on the Telsick. Then she crossed and slaughtered on the Northside a while. I knew soon's you mentioned her kill it was the same one."

"How come you ain't killed her?" McDonald demanded.

Silvern smiled wryly. "She likes to run dogs till their feet fall off."

He turned suddenly and looked up the road. Boone sat beside him, watching. "What is it?" Silvern whispered.

BOONE looked bored and lay down again as an old sheep rancher from upriver appeared. He ignored the rest of us when he saw Silvern. "Man, I'm glad to see you. That big cat just got two of my sheep. I tried to get by him to go for my rifle but he just stood there, lashing his tail, daring me. Biggest cougar I ever saw."

He went on, telling his tale, but Silvern wasn't listening. He and Boone were heading up the road. I wanted to go, but I couldn't ask. Silvern was a funny cuss. He was always friendly, and if you ran across him in the hills he always asked you to his camp, but I always felt like an outsider. He and the hills and his dog had something the ordinary person just couldn't reach. Most people called him queer.

He didn't come back that night, or the next. On the third day he came in just after dark. He didn't say much, just fed Boone, patted and talked to Smoky for a minute, then crawled into his bunk. I would have bet he hadn't slept those three days and when I looked at Boone I was sure. Boone's big feet were raw and his ribs hung out. When he finished eating he just flopped and shut his eyes.

Smoky came over and licked daintily at his pan. She gave Boone a look that said "hog" and came over to me. I sat down and she put her nose on my knee and looked up solemnly. I spoke and she got up, walked around me, and came back to thump her tail against my legs. I could hardly wait until snow flew and I could run her on cat.

McDonald and Jackson came by next evening to hear the story. Silvern was sitting in front of the fire, resting his chin in his hands and staring quietly at the flames.

"You didn't get her, I take it," McDonald said.

Silvern shook his head slowly.

"How far'd you run her?" Jackson asked.

Silvern looked up, his eyes bright. "If I tell the truth you won't believe it," he said. He tamped tobacco into his pipe, and nobody said a word. Finally he went on: "We run her up into the crags, then back up into the Crow. We wound up there yesterday when Boone's feet got so sore he couldn't run no more."

"Sure your dog didn't get off onto the trail of another one somewhere along the line?" McDonald asked.

Silvern puffed on his pipe and looked hard at McDonald. "Your dog might make that mistake, but Boone wouldn't," he said.

He wouldn't talk any more then, just sat staring into the fire. His dark eyes were bright with the fire's glow, and every once in a while he'd cock an eyebrow like he was asking himself a question.

Three days later Jackson found another of his calves dead in the field next to the river. The cougar had ripped it apart, eaten some of the loin and left the rest. You knew by her kills she wasn't hungry. She never bothered to cover one up and she never came back to one.

"Just kills for the fun of it," Silvern said disgustedly when he looked it over. He sat down, drawing little circles in a patch of sand, while I held the dogs back. Finally he looked up at me with those black, piercing eyes. "Do you want to risk Smoky on the trail of the Old Lady?" he asked slowly.

"You would if she was yours, wouldn't you?" I said.

His answer was short: "What one man does ain't necessarily what the next one will."

I tried to hold my voice steady when I said, "Guess a man's got to figure his dog's expendable if he's gonna run cougar."

Silvern nodded. "But you could run a lot of cougar before you'd find one to expend dogs on as fast as the Old Lady. She nearly got Boone last time, missed him by the thickness of her whiskers."

I looked up in surprise. He hadn't said anything before about being that close to the cat.

"Do you think you could run three days and nights—without stopping?" he asked.

"I could try," I answered. To hunt with Silvern was a favor few men enjoyed.

He looked up to where the rain clouds were piling up. "There's just one way I know to corner that she-devil, if the weather holds and the dogs don't get their feet too cut up . . ."

We went back to the house and got flashlights, our guns, and a little grub. It looked like darn' little to me but Silvern said, "We'll eat cougar meat."

He strapped on his old thirty-thirty Winchester and I stuck my forty-five Colt in my holster, and we were off.

I was glad to see Smoky work. She and Boone rooted out through the pasture, picking up the trail on the far side of the river and heading up the ridge.

THE dogs worked together in perfect agreement, Boone's big bold form in front and Smoky's just smaller one behind him. Her high-pitched wail carried with his booming trail call down through the timber. We climbed steadily up through thick rhododendron and salal until the brush thinned out and the rocks on top of the mountain came in view. I soon found I had calluses in the wrong places. I'd been riding too much.

"Think the dogs will lose the trail in the rocks?" I asked when we stopped for a breather.

Silvern shook his head. "Not here. Watch old Boone pick it up through the rocks. He's got sense enough to know cats jump thirty feet at a time and he figures where they jump to."

We watched the big dog work slowly along, nosing over the smooth rocks, woofing when he found the scent. Smoky looked confused, but she hunted hard at Silvern's command. He looked real pleased at the way she behaved. Boone took the trail on the far side of the ridge and we plunged back into thick brush. And this was just the beginning.

It was late evening when Silvern called a halt. We caught up with Boone and Smoky in the rocks again. They were nosing around, but they had lost the trail. A light rain was falling—the kind that falls along the coast and seems to hang in the air and keep everything saturated.

"She's up to her old tricks," Silvern said. "From now on we go by guess and

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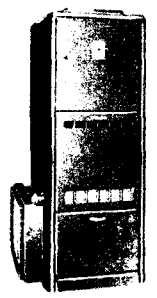

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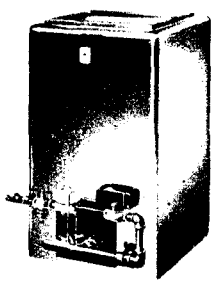

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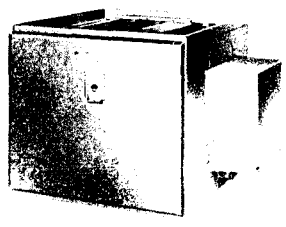

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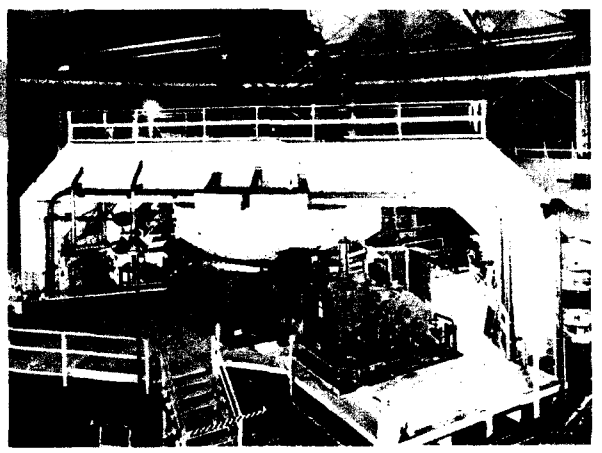

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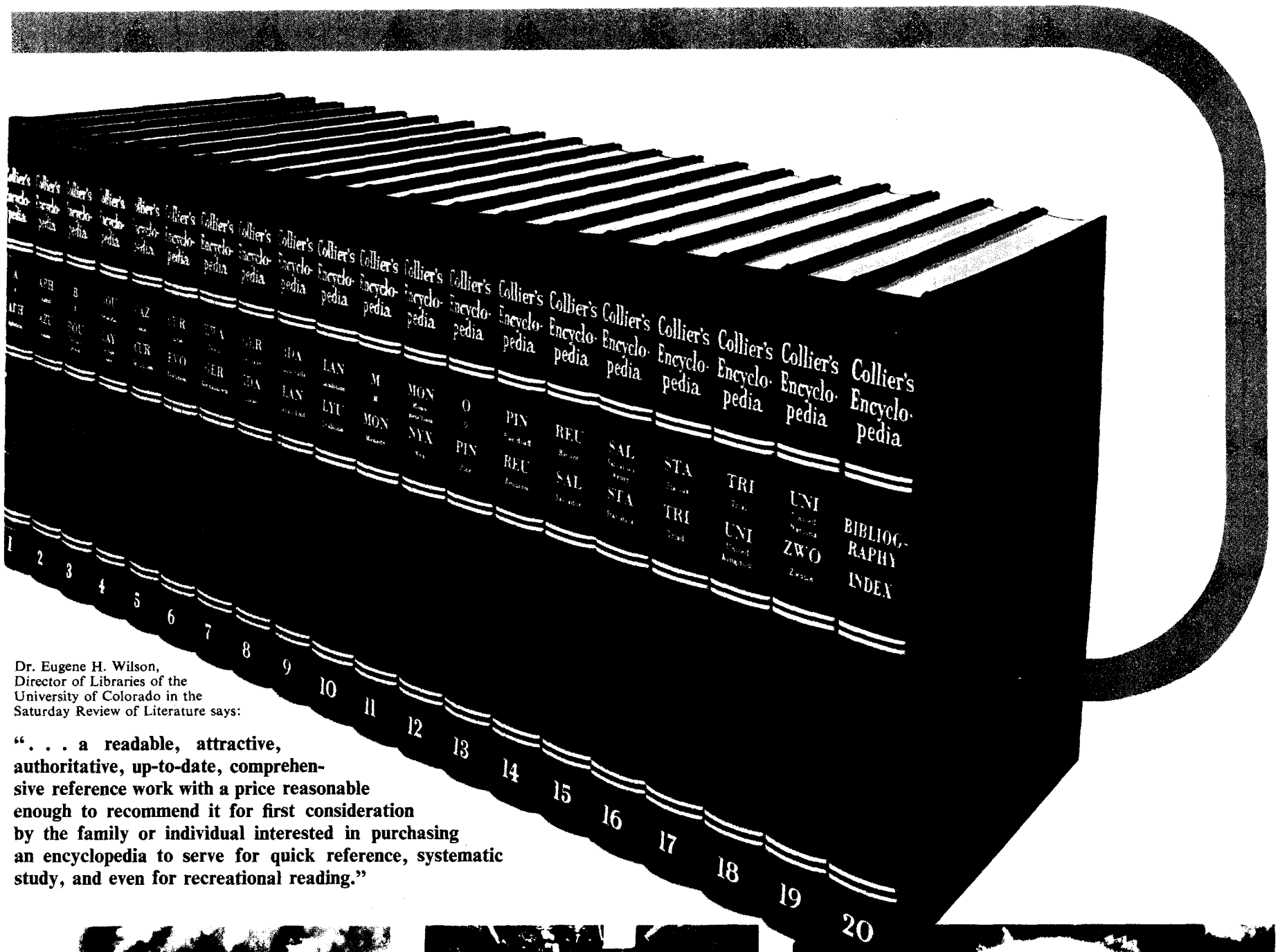

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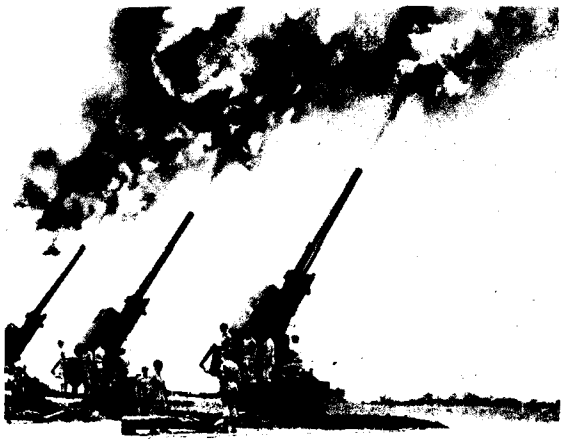

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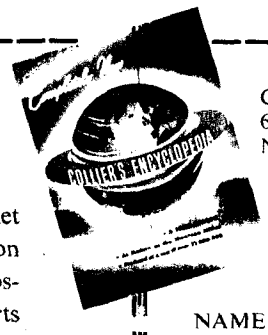

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b'gosh. We'll find a dry spot and spend the night here."

"Won't she be miles away by morning?"

"My guess is she'll figure she's lost the dogs and hole up here on the ridge for the night. That's where we'll fool her. If the weather holds we'll pick up the trail somewhere along the top in the morning."

We found a sheltered place under an overhanging bluff. Out of the rain-soaked hills Silvern grubbed pitchy roots that burned bright and hot the long wet night. I slept, but Silvern sat watching the fire and puffing his pipe, moving only occasionally to throw on more wood or reach over and stroke Boone. Smoky slept beside me the whole night, whimpering in her sleep. Once I opened my eyes and saw Silvern grinning at me. "How much you want for your hound?" he asked.

"Nine hundred ninety-nine dollars," I mumbled, then went back to sleep with my hand on her head. But most of the time when I woke up, Silvern was staring into the fire, his face still and somber.

In the morning the clouds thinned out. We climbed back up the steep rock-slope and turned the dogs loose. They worked the crest of the ridge slowly. Fog hung on the crags in big ragged patches. Rolling rock made a hollow sound, and Boone's wild bay, joined a second later by Smoky's, thundered and pealed among the crags as the dogs took the trail again.

We caught a glimpse of Boone up in the fog, fighting his way over a big rockslide, slipping back, then lunging ahead. Smoky followed easily, scrambling eagerly after the big dog.

"Now, if the weather will hold, Boone might be able to hang on her tail," Silvern said.

ALL morning we crawled over the side of the mountain, hanging on narrow ledges, working up painfully, boosting the dogs along, only to have the trail go down again over the sheer, slippery pinnacles. The cougar jumped from ledge to ledge, and sometimes Boone took long minutes to find where she'd landed. Smoky began to catch on. She darted here and there, once in a while picking up the track before Boone did and bellowing her discovery to us. She was even better than we'd thought. I felt proud just watching her.

All that day Silvern stayed close to the dogs, urging them on, his eyes glittering with excitement. He moved gracefully over the rocks, never giving a thought to their treachery, leaving me behind to catch up when I could. For long minutes he'd forget I was trailing along behind and he seemed surprised when he looked back and saw me still coming. My feet were raw and I ached all over, but I wasn't going to quit.

After a while Boone began to walk tender-footed over the sharp rocks, and finally Silvern called him up and looked at his feet. "That's her tactics," he said as he turned the old dog loose, "padding over the rocks till a dog's feet are cut to ribbons."

He called Smoky up and looked at her paws, but they weren't bad. "She didn't spend all last week pounding through this junk," Silvern said.

"Think we'll get her this time?" I asked.

"We might," Silvern said, "but if she trees, watch yourself. So far as she's concerned, we're just more meat on the table."

We went on and Boone's feet got worse, until each step left a trail of blood. We came out on a big slide that fell off into a deep canyon. We could tell we were getting close. The dogs bellowed like mad and took off down the slide. Silvern pointed to the fine shale at our feet, then down the hill. The tracks told the tale. The big cat had hesitated at the top of the slide, pawing deep furrows in the rocks, then had gone down the hill with big jumps.

Silvern moved easily, his body moving with the shifting, rolling mass underfoot. I was suddenly dizzy and half sick. My chest heaved and pounded and I fought for breath. We'd run through the crags so long I began to think the whole world was on edge. The cat wasn't anything real any more—more like something I was pursuing in a dream—but I ran on, if only because I'm hardheaded.

Old Boone was limping painfully and Smoky was taking the lead when the shadows started to close in on the valleys. We were near the top, climbing a slope, when we heard Smoky's long, somber wail. Silvern stopped short and we listened as it rolled and echoed across the canyons.

"She's treed!" Silvern breathed, then sprinted up the hill, leaving me behind.

He was sizing things up when I came along.

Smoky leaped about like a ballet dancer, but Boone was tired. He shook himself and howled to heaven, then sat down and waited. The cougar wasn't in sight but we knew she was in the rocks, trapped by the sheer walls of the top of the mountain. Silvern checked his gun and motioned to me to do the same. He spoke softly to the dogs and moved up into the shadows. "Be ready now," he whispered.

He moved away, and I huddled against a rock and shivered as the mountain wind cut through me. There was an ominous silence, with nothing but the swish of the wind through the crags. Then there was an angry snarl and a shuffling noise. I heard Silvern's warning but not in time. I caught a flash of the tawny form, the gleam of white teeth and the ugly head with ears laid back. I brought up my Colt, but the cat was already on me and I felt myself going down and the sharp claws ripping up my shoulder.

My wind was gone and I lay on my back, fighting for breath, watching the big cat crouching against the rock, spitting and snarling as Smoky darted at her flanks. Silvern took aim, but the dogs dancing around kept getting in the way. I saw the big cat hunch down, tensing for the spring. Then Boone went for her throat and the two went winding down the hill in a ball, Smoky hot after them. Silvern streaked after them, and as I staggered to my feet I heard the sharp report of his thirty-thirty.

When I got there Silvern was standing over Boone. The old dog lay with his sides ripped open, his insides scattered over the rocks. I looked up at Silvern. No expression crossed his face, but his eyes got hard like granite and his shoulders slumped. I looked back at Boone, but I almost got sick and turned away.

Smoky's yowls cut the air and Silvern wheeled and bolted after her. He ran grimly, urging the pup on, staying right with her. Somehow I made myself go on, swallowing the lump in my throat and wiping the blood off my shoulder as I ran.

Near the top of the mountain, in a little thicket of scrub pine, Smoky bayed "tree" and we went in. The dusk was closing in, and Silvern flashed his light across the hill, quickly at first, then slowly, covering the trees one by one. I caught my breath as the light picked up the glowing, ice-green eyes.

"Catch up the pup," Silvern ordered.

I held Smoky while he moved in. The eyes in the tree weaved threateningly, but Silvern never hesitated. A faint whine came from the cat—a warning—and I heard her clawing at the bark of the pine. The eyes wavered, disappeared for a second, then glowed brightly as Silvern moved up under the tree. Then his gun cracked and Smoky struggled for freedom.

"Let her go," Silvern said wearily. "It's her first cougar."

It was mine too, and I looked the cat over carefully from the strong, white teeth to the thick, powerful tail.

"Never had kits, like I thought," Silvern said. "Fatter'n a hog and meaner'n a hungry wolf."

"Bet she's a record," I said.

"She's a record, all right," Silvern said. "She got the best dog in the state."

He patted and praised Smoky for a minute; then we went down to one of his camps and slept until dawn.

WHEN I woke up, Silvern was coming up the hill with water for coffee. We ate in silence. I felt bad about Boone, but there are some things that can't be said. Silvern knew, though.

"We agreed, son," he said, "a man's got to figure his dog's expendable in this business. Boone had a lot of cougar to his credit. He can't complain."

"Suppose not," I said.

With breakfast over, I got up to go. I still had winter camps to stock and it was miles to home. Silvern looked at my scratched shoulder. "Sure you can make it?" he asked.

"Sure."

"Call your dog," he said.

I called her and we started out, but after a few steps she stopped. She looked back at Silvern, sitting alone by the fire, puffing on his pipe. Then she looked up at me, whined softly, and ran back and sat down by Silvern, the white tip of her tail beating against his legs. She was smarter than I thought.

"Reckon if she was mine, I wouldn't have to call her," I said slowly, then turned and went down the trail. A good dog needs a good master, and they were two of a kind.

THE END

VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S "Next!" VIRGIL PARTCH

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Terror in Tennessee

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

curiously hardened and cynical about the corruption, and they take sides in the partisan struggle as though nothing more violent than an afternoon cribbage game were involved. (And, indeed, there are good, decent citizens on both sides.)

Even completely neutral persons like blind Bill Chancey have developed extraordinary stoicism about their tribulations, and when we spoke to Chancey about the dynamiting of his property, he merely shrugged and said, "It's politics."

Such an attitude is not surprising when you consider the background and history of Polk County.

The county (pop. 15,473) is a small but powerful political entity occupying the extreme southeast corner of Tennessee, with its southern boundary resting on Georgia and its eastern edge on the North Carolina border. The county is split up into rich valley farm land around Benton, the county seat, and a big copper mining and smelting center perched in a basin atop the Frog Mountains (the southern end of the Smokies).

The basin is so frightfully eroded by sulphuric acid fumes from the smelters that it looks like a landscape on the moon; but some of the county's most prosperous citizens live here, in three good-sized towns —Copperhill, Turtletown and Ducktown, which was named after an Indian chief named Duck. The mountain people live normal modern American lives, but they still use Elizabethan words like "holped" for "helped" and "poke" for "bag."

From its very beginnings in the early 1800s, the county was torn by strife. During the Civil War, the mountain people violently opposed slavery, while the wealthy farmers in the Ocoee and Hiwassee River valleys sided just as fanatically with the South. (There are very few Negroes in the county now.) The mountaineers became Republicans and the farmers remained Democrats, and their voting strength continued about equal, with first one side and then the other winning—until 1930, when Burch Biggs got elected sheriff and revised the normal two-party order of things.

Kefauver Relationship Denied

Biggs is a towering, pleasant, ruddy-faced man (now seventy-six years old), who claims to be a fourth cousin of Senator Kefauver in that his grandmother and Kefauver's grandmother were sisters—a relationship which Kefauver has denied. When Biggs entered the sheriff's race in 1930, the Republicans were in control and his manner of winning still is in dispute.

His opponents claim, for example, that at the polling place in Conasauga, a town in the south end of the county, the vote counters were invited to have dinner at the nearby house of a Biggs supporter. They accepted, according to this story, and brought the ballot box with them. When they arrived, the woman of the house was busily sewing a quilt. It is alleged that she had a duplicate ballot box, stuffed with Biggs votes, hidden under the quilt, and that she deliberately seated all the Republicans facing *away* from her at the table, with the Biggs men facing toward her. Then, while the Republicans were engrossed in their food, she is supposed to have slipped the genuine ballot box under the quilt and substituted the identical stuffed box for it.

There never was an official investigation of this report, but Biggs won the election (with a resounding victory in the Conasauga precinct) and a new era began for Polk County.

For one thing, Biggs demonstrated how one can get rich despite a modest $5,000-a-year sheriff's salary. When he took office in 1930, he was heavily in debt, and his 275-acre farm, which was assessed at $10,000, was encumbered with two mortgages totaling $13,200.

Public records show that one of the mortgages, in the amount of $7,200, was paid off in full on March 3, 1932—*just 18 months after he took office in September, 1930*. Today, Biggs owns 841 acres of the finest farm land in the county plus three other lots, all virtually debt-free, assessed at $27,700 and stocked with expensive white-faced cattle. He owns a big, handsome house in town directly behind the courthouse in Benton. Other Benton residents must dig costly wells for their water supply, but Biggs's house still has a pipe line directly to the well which the taxpayers purchased to supply the courthouse and the jail.

There are many indications as to how Biggs and some of his family amassed their wealth. He was in office for four and a half two-year terms and both his sons, Broughton Euclid Biggs and Burch Glenn (Beefy) Biggs, also enjoyed a combined total of four and a half terms as sheriff—at the end of which time the newly elected Good Government League summoned a Chattanooga accountant named O. T. Draewell to make an official audit of the county's books. Mr. Draewell came up with some extremely interesting items.

He discovered, for instance, that even though Polk County's jails had a total capacity of 40 prisoners and seldom held more than 12, Beefy Biggs had billed the county for feeding 58 prisoners every single day of the 20 months he had then been in office—for an estimated total overcharge of $13,322. In a 12-month spot sampling, his father was caught in $2,371.10 in similar overcharges.

Again, during a 10-month sample period, Draewell found that Beefy Biggs had charged prison board bills or duplicate turnkey fees for 265 persons who, the records indicated, had never been committed to jail by the justices of the peace; he had charged turnkey fees for 12 people listed as having been arrested on dates when they already had been in jail for some time; and he had charged board for 240 people who had already been released from prison—for a total of $4,414.60 in fake fees just for this period of less than a year.

It was also discovered that hundreds of fictitious names had been carried on the jail board lists—that a "Mae West," for example, was arrested for public drunkenness on December 20, 1946, and a "Roy Rogers" for the same offense on December 21st, the next day.

In addition to this, fantastic fees were charged for transporting prisoners from Ducktown to Benton. The legal rate is 10 cents a mile for the 29-mile distance, or $2.90, plus a $2 guard fee. However, a typical entry on January 22, 1946, in records examined by Draewell, reveals that two prisoners were transported from Ducktown to Benton for the net sum of $48.

But this, apparently, was only one minor aspect to the extracurricular money-making that went on within the Biggs machine. In 1936, a road contractor named D. W. McFadden was killed by a Biggs deputy sheriff named Emmett Gaddis on the lonely road that winds through the Cherokee National Forest from Benton to the Copper Basin. McFadden had a contract to build and repair a section of highway through the county, and Dyke Higgins, his best friend, insists that McFadden's murder was tied up with the fact that Gaddis had demanded $500 a month in protection money from him.

Today, Sheriff Edwards, openly admitting that he made his living manufacturing illegal whisky some 18 years ago, swears that he paid $100-a-month protection money at that time to a Biggs henchman named George Williams.

The sheriff also affirms that soon after he was elected, he was approached by a man from Chattanooga who claimed that he was backed by a "Chattanooga amusement company."

Looking for the same favors enjoyed by Banjo Presswood under the previous regime, this man offered to pay Edwards $12,000 for the privilege of operating his slot machines in the county during the sheriff's first two-year term. Edwards says, "He even said he would put in a batch of old worn-out machines at first, so I could raid them and smash them up and make myself look good. And after that he would put in his first-class slots, which I was to leave alone." Edwards refused this offer.

Utilizing Convict Labor

The grafts, under Biggs, encompassed all the dodges employed by big-city bosses, plus a few Tennessee innovations—such as the use of convict labor on the Biggs private farm. In order to keep their machine in office for the continued enjoyment of these benefits, the Biggs people do not seem to have paid much attention to the sanctity of the ballot box.

At Turtletown, in 1946, for example, the election books reveal that exactly 280 persons showed up to vote in two separate elections held in that year. All 280 people voted *in exactly the same order* in both elections—a coincidence that is beyond the realm of mathematical probability.

By the same token, two Biggs candidates won by identical votes of 510 to 0 at Turtletown in 1940; and in the Delano precinct, all Biggs candidates received 224 votes each, and all their opponents got exactly five votes.

Such "coincidences" occurred in almost every election, along with well-supported accusations that Biggs election officials carried off the ballot boxes to tally the votes in the privacy of the county jail—excluding Republican officials at gun point. There were also many incidents like the case reported by Mrs. Pearl Verner, who walked into a polling place and was told, "Here's a ballot that's already marked. It's the only one we have. Take this or nothing."

To all this, Biggs says, "I never stole a vote in my life, and I never told anyone to steal one."

Notwithstanding, it wasn't long before the Republican party (which had been strong enough to win most of the county offices in 1928, the last pre-Biggs election year) virtually ceased to exist because of the futility of putting up candidates, and Polk County became a one-party area. This projected Biggs into a position of great power in state politics. Even though his county was small, he controlled a whole block of other counties in east Tennessee. He always could deliver Polk, McMinn and Monroe (Kefauver's home county), and he had a series of working arrangements with other political bosses as far north as Knoxville. It got so that a note from Biggs virtually assured a worker of a job in a privately owned mill just a few miles from Chattanooga.

Eventually, Biggs formed an axis with Boss Ed Crump of Memphis, and between them they crushed out the more liberal Democratic elements of middle Tennessee to cement their rule of the state. They jointly agreed upon Prentice Cooper to be governor in 1939; and they usually joined forces in the legislature. They teamed up, for example, to kill a constantly recurring

Harold Twitty, who joined Collier's staff writer Bill Davidson in rounding up the story of Terror in Tennessee, is a thirty-five-year-old newspaperman who served as a Marine Corps combat correspondent during World War II and is now a reporter for the Chattanooga Times. Polk County has been a part of his news beat as a member of that newspaper's staff

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anti-poll-tax measure that wasn't passed in its final form until this year. As an indication of his power, Biggs, in order to obtain a better lobbying position in the legislature, got himself appointed to several terms as sergeant at arms of the state Senate.

After 18 years of this, Polk County was ripe for an outfit with such a high-flown name as the Good Government League.

The GGL, as it is called locally, was formed in 1946, after the GI Non-Partisan League—a group of war veterans in nearby McMinn County—fought a pitched battle with guns and rifles to wrest control from the political machine run by Paul Cantrell. The coup succeeded, and the two-party system was re-established in that county.

Inspired by this "Battle of Athens" (the name of McMinn's county seat), ex-GIs in Polk County met to plan their own anti-Biggs organization. The first leaders were Dr. John H. Lillard, a scrappy young former Army doctor, and A. R. (Buck) Arp, a Republican. Soon after the group was founded, however, Arp called in copper company paymaster R. E. Barclay and County Judge Vance Davis—both distinctly non-GI types.

At this, Dr. Lillard angrily resigned. Almost immediately, control of the organization passed into the hands of the two older men and the GGL lost its GI character.

Davis remained in the background and Barclay became the vocal leader of the group. Barclay is a strange man of about fifty-five, self-educated and clean-cut, and looking like the businessman he is. He is an amateur historian on the side and an active member of such organizations as the East Tennessee Historical Society and the Chattanooga Area Historical Society. Barclay still is bitter over the fact that a Baptist preacher beat him by 154 votes when he ran for the office of county trustee in 1930; and he still talks about his father, Gus Barclay, a Copperhill city policeman who was killed in 1913 in a street duel that could have come out of a Western movie.

Manslaughter in the Street

The elder Barclay arrested a former sheriff named George Hood for public drunkenness, whereupon Hood declared that if Barclay ever spoke to him again, he'd kill him. A few days later, Gus Barclay met Hood in the street and simply said, "Hello, George." At this, Hood said, "I told you not to speak to me!" and he whipped out a gun and fired. This started a Western-style gun battle, and both men fell wounded in the street. Hood then crawled over to where Barclay lay and clubbed him to death with the butt of his gun.

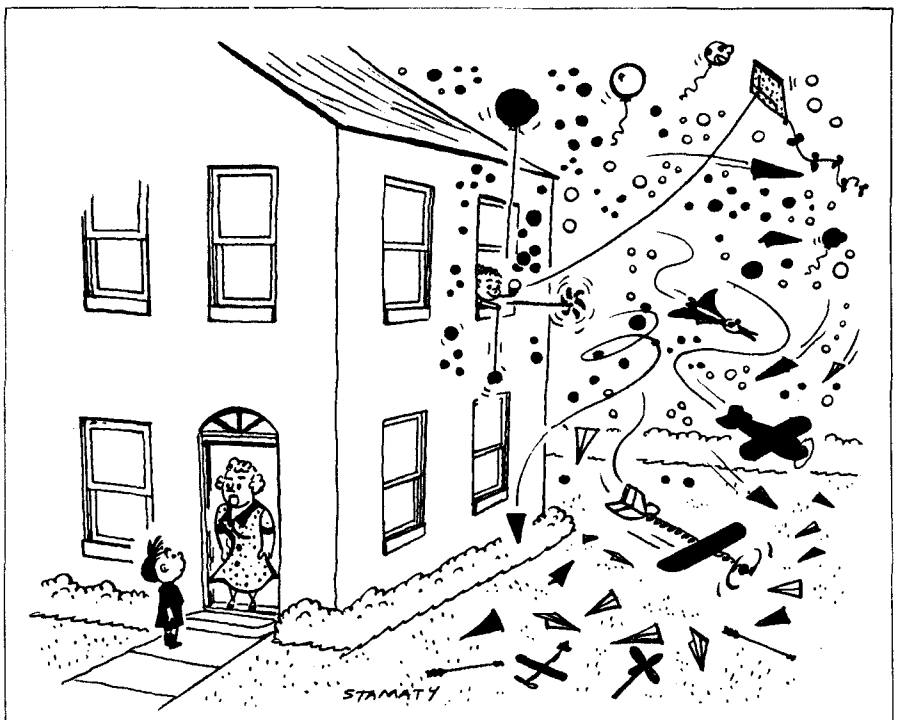
All this understandably contributed to the younger Barclay's bitterness—but the rancor did not extend to Sheriff Biggs, whom he supported enthusiastically for many years. With the GGL, however, he turned out to be just as enthusiastic an *anti*-Biggs man. He wrote newspaper columns and made speeches, comparing the McMinn revolt with the Declaration of Independence, and warning that it would "be repeated many times and in many communities over the next few years."

He whipped the people up with such phrasings as "The only place they don't want the American flag is in Russia and Polk County" and "Polk County is on the march, and if the county is goaded to the point where the march breaks into a storm, then I'll second Mr. Shakespeare when he said, 'And damn'd be he who first cries, "Hold, enough!" ' "

Despite these mixed figures, the GGL candidate for the state legislature, Frank D. Lowery, won a surprise victory over Biggs candidate W. C. Rose in 1946. With this toe hold, the GGL moved in. Lowery introduced so-called "private bills" in the legislature, eliminating or by-passing all of the county offices held by Biggs men and installing a new commission form of government, headed by Barclay. Then the GGL people acted to consolidate their gains in the 1948 elections.

They did quite a consolidation job. At the polling place in Turtletown, two young war veterans named Donald Land and Edwin Shearer (Biggs supporters) wandered into a pine grove nearby, for reasons known only to themselves. A few seconds later, the grove was swept with gunfire and the two young men were killed by a swarm of GGL men armed with rifles on the hill above them. Barclay, who was not present at the time, claims that Land and Shearer fired first.

But that was not the end of that day's violence. At Ducktown, while the ballots were being counted late at night, someone suddenly cut the light cord outside the election house, and a torrent of gunfire hit this area, too. In the excitement, another Biggs supporter, Ernest Loudermilk, was killed, and the ballot box was taken away overnight by the GGL "for safekeeping." When the ballot box was returned in the morning, it was discovered that the Good Government League had won overwhelmingly. It was also discovered that four other Polk County citizens had been wounded in the affray.



COLLIER'S "Jimmy must play in his room today" STANLEY STAMATY

All this so shocked the rest of Tennessee that the then governor, Jim McCord, sent the National Guard and the State Highway Patrol to Polk County and, for several days, soldiers with sub-machine guns stood guard in the streets, with all civilians confined to their homes. The moment the soldiers left, however, the dynamitings began. All of the dynamitings except one were directed against neutrals or Biggs supporters, and not one of these was solved by Sheriff Edwards and his GGL staff—again, with the single exception.

This exception was the dynamiting of the home of GGL Deputy Sheriff Louis Wright, in which Wright and his wife and eleven-year-old daughter, lying in bed at two fifty on the Sunday morning of March 27, 1949, miraculously escaped as one side of their house sailed over their heads. Eighty-three sticks of dynamite had been stuffed into fruit juice cans (one was found intact), and the homemade bombs had been hurled, in Chicago gangster fashion, from a sedan seen speeding past the house.

In this case, Sheriff Edwards' police work was exemplary. He and Wright tracked down a 1936 sedan that had been abandoned in McCaysville, Georgia, and they found that it belonged to two young Biggs supporters named Jewell Simonds and James Walden, Jr. Simonds and Walden rapidly implicated three other Biggs men, and the group was tried, convicted and sentenced to serve prison terms ranging from three to 10 years.

By 1950, according to John Standridge, editor of the weekly Polk County News, many lifelong Democrats were terrified to vote because of telephoned threats of retaliatory dynamitings; and the GGL won an easy victory in the summer primary elections. The same group seemed to have won just as easily in the November general election—when suddenly the roof fell in.

Involved in the balloting were two outsiders—Harry T. Burn, of Sweetwater, who was running for re-election as state senator for four east Tennessee counties including Polk, and Thomas Lynn Johnston, a Bradley County disabled war veteran who was the Democratic candidate for state representative for a district encompassing Polk and Bradley. Both Burn and Johnston noticed alarming election-night irregularities, and when Johnston was defeated by GGL candidate Frank D. Lowery on the basis of the Polk County returns, he filed an election contest petition in the state legislature. The legislature saw enough to arouse its suspicions and appointed a special investigating committee which held a six-day hearing in Benton last January under former Chancellor (judge) W. W. Herron.

The hearing disclosed some finagling that outdid Tammany Hall at its worst. In one day, January 24th, over 100 people testified that they had not voted in the election, though their forged signatures showed up in the election records; and three dead men, Louis Baliles, R. M. Myers and John McGee, were listed as having cast ballots that day. This same pattern continued through every day of the hearings, and it involved practically every precinct in the county. Virgil Hogshead and former Justice of the Peace W. C. Davis testified that they were on Kimsey Mountain on Election Day and never came within 12 miles of the polls, yet they were listed as having voted.

Mrs. Ed Curtis, the wife of a Ducktown mining engineer, testified that she had never voted in her life, yet she, too, was recorded as having cast a ballot. The same was true of Mrs. C. W. Johnson and Mrs. Jack Arp (the name Arp is a common one in Polk County); and Mrs. Henry B. Estabrook testified that her name not only had been forged in the election records, but was misspelled. At Turtletown, 94 names were arbitrarily added to the election books, *all officially established as being in the same handwriting.*

Clerk after clerk testified that results had been changed. Claude Jenkins and James Passmore remembered, for example, that the Benton returns showed 232 for Johnston and 363 for Lowery. One week later, however, these figures had been altered to show 182 for Johnston and 413 for Lowery.

In the midst of all this, Attorney Wayne Parkey, of Knoxville, cross-examined Lowery, who identified himself as a member of the Good Government League, which, he said, was "organized to promote good government." At this, Parkey asked, "Is what happened at Turtletown—adding these 94 names, forging these signatures—is that an example of good government?" To which Lowery replied, "No, that's not good government."

The hearings filled 781 pages of testimony and the state legislature announced its decision on February 8th. The House, by a vote of 68 to 1, threw out all fraudulent ballots—plus the entire Ducktown precinct because "it is impossible to establish . . . how many illegal votes were counted at Ducktown"—and Johnston was declared winner with the minuscule total of 1,888 votes. Republican John V. Arp was second with 1,695 votes, and Lowery slipped to third with 1,515. The official report read:

"The conclusion is inescapable that illegal votes were cast throughout the day. Altered and forged ballot applications were used, names of persons who never came to the polls were written in the scroll books, ballots were dropped in the box in the names of persons who did not vote . . . The committee considers it to be significant that in each instance of irregularity or alteration, the result was in favor of Lowery."

Insists Election Was Fair

In the face of this blast, the GGL candidate merely said, "I was elected fair and square. . . . I bow my head to no political machine." He then returned to Benton and tacked up one of his campaign posters in Sheriff Edwards' office, scrawling across it the words: "WILL BE BACK!"

After this, events moved with bewildering rapidity. Johnston and Senator Burn, furious at the attempted vote steal and goaded by county Democratic leaders, introduced private bills in the legislature, just as Lowery had done. They abolished the GGL-created County Commission and they re-established the authority of the County Court, giving the Democrats a 5 to 4 majority. A meeting of the court was called for March 12th by acting chairman August Lewis, a GGL official who had switched back to the Democrats. When the five Democrats arrived for the meeting, however, a sullen mob of about 200 GGL members had the corridors of the courthouse blocked. The meeting was postponed, and the mob then forced Maurice Shearer, the newly appointed Democratic superintendent of roads, to sign a letter of resignation.

The next day, the GGL held the first of a series of mass meetings, in which Barclay inflamed the crowd with frenzied calls to violence. His speeches were punctuated with wild, hysterical applause from the audience, and the meetings frightened outside newspapermen who were reminded of Hitler and Stalin harangues. Barclay called Johnston and Burn "contemptible liars, termites and maggots," and he urged that Polk County secede from Tennessee. "Americans won their freedom through violence," he screamed, "and the citizens of Polk County will keep their freedom if it takes violence to do it!" He said, "What this United States needs is a GGL," and "What I hope to see is this movement spread all over the country and clean Washington out." Barclay also read a letter from William Sheeley of Toulon, Illinois, which said: "Let me know when you start a march on Washington, D.C., and I and my sons will join you."

After a few sessions like this, Benton nearly witnessed a full-scale massacre when the court attempted to meet again on March 24th. Rifle barrels poked out of the upstairs windows of the courthouse as the Democrats approached the north entrance, and more than likely it was only the presence of newspapermen that prevented the rifles from being fired. The door was blocked by about 50 GGL men headed by a 280-pound night-club owner named Ralph Marchant, who previously had killed another GGL member named Jim Boggs, but had never been brought to trial, on grounds that the killing was "in self-defense."

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Marchant stood with his hand on a pistol in his pocket and flatly stated, "There'll be no meeting of the court today." Then he said tauntingly, "But why don't you gentlemen come on in?"—to which a voice behind him added, "If they do come in, it'll be the last door they ever pass through." At this, the Democrats turned and left. Sheriff Edwards, who was not present during the scene, first insisted that no one in the mob was armed. But a courageous newspaper photographer named Max Keister, on assignment for the Chattanooga Times, got inside the courthouse and photographed GGL men with a veritable arsenal of weapons—whereupon Edwards changed his story.

The following week, Lewis and his attorneys went to Nashville to plead with Governor Gordon Browning to send troops to re-establish law and order. The governor's published answer to this was, "As far as I am concerned, they can settle it among themselves. Unless called upon in a constitutional way to quell a riot or something, I've got no business over there." Next, the Democrats turned to the courts for help, and they got a series of injunctions from circuit court Judge Fred Bibb of Knox County and Chancellor Glenn W. Woodlee of Rhea County, restraining the Good Government League from interfering with further meetings of the county government.

Sheriff Edwards "served" one of these injunctions at a mass meeting of the GGL in Ducktown, prefacing his remarks with a statement that he did not know how to enjoin GGL members. "It's like trying to serve a paper on the wind or a cloud," he said. The GGL men laughed uproariously at this gag, and they proceeded to place themselves in contempt of court by barricading themselves in the courthouse the night before the next scheduled meeting on April 16th. They made a chicken stew to help them pass the night, and they soaped over the windows of the courthouse, leaving clear peepholes so they could see to fire their guns.

The Democrats took one look at this the next morning and didn't even make an attempt to enter.

On May 11th, the violence reached its peak when the assassin in the blackberry bushes killed August Lewis; and the four remaining Democrats, fearful of their lives, did not dare to show up at the GGL-infested courthouse for the two subsequent meetings of the court on May 15th and July 2d. Then finally—despite the murders, dynamitings, vote frauds and defiance of the law—the GGL won out. Governor Browning granted them a majority on the county election commission. This made possible a GGL-controlled election to choose a successor for the late Mr. Lewis, and with the balloting being held in the fear-filled atmosphere of Polk County, it practically assured the GGL of a majority on the county court.

County in a Reign of Terror

The last time we visited Polk County, in July, we found the area to be in a state of anarchy almost unbelievable in modern-day America. Seven prominent Democrats, including newspaper editor John Standridge and State Representative Thomas Lynn Johnston, had been threatened with death, and many wives were suffering nervous collapse.

Standridge was closing all the shutters of his home at night, despite the intense heat; and when he had to visit friends like banker Leach Park, he always telephoned in advance, lest the friend mistake him for an assassin in the darkness and greet him with a blast of shotgun pellets. Everywhere we detected a feeling of hopeless terror, and community leaders like the Reverend Hoyt Huddleston, Baptist minister, and merchant Claude Hicks insisted, "We've got to be neutral. We can't take sides."

In addition to this, all the functions of the county government had broken down. Gaping holes were appearing in the roads because there was no government to pay the road repairmen; and the county's 202 teachers and school employees had not been paid since February. The GGL's superintendent of schools, Isham P. Lyle, had made an attempt to reimburse some of the teachers with notes drawn on local banks, but most of them were living on credit at the local stores (never knowing when the merchants, who were themselves suffering, would have to cut them off).

The principal of the Polk County High School, C. P. Price, told us that he had had to help out with the painting and repair work in his school; and we discovered that, without funds, the County Veterans Service, the County Agricultural Agent, the Home Demonstration Agent, the Tax Assessor and the Sheriff's Patrol were barely limping along.

On the other hand, the GGL's vaunted cleanup of the county did not seem to be exactly complete. Bootleg "moonshine" whisky was harder to find but available from small so-called "pint bootleggers"; and we saw slot machines throughout the area, one of which we played in a Benton café. The machine was labeled "For skill or amusement only," and it did not pay off—but officials readily acknowledged we could have collected our winnings from the proprietor, if we were known to him.

"Hotheaded Boys" Are Blamed

When we went to see GGL leader R. E. Barclay about the situation in the county, he said: "Of course we have a few hotheaded boys in the organization and one of my chief activities is to keep them down, but the people of Polk County have spoken. All we have to do now is eliminate six or seven men and restore the two-party system to the county."

We asked him if he favored the continued use of violence over lawful constitutional methods of change, and he replied, "Through the centuries, the people have had to rebel against the constituted authorities. If there hadn't been any laws broken here, we still would be in the Stone Age."

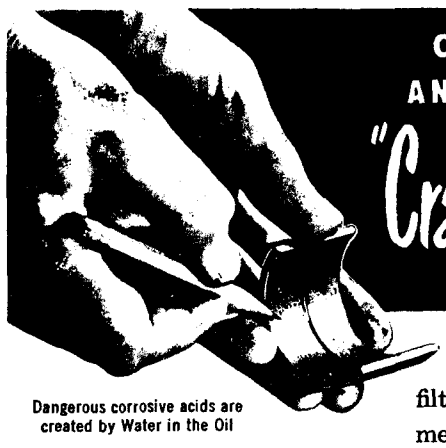
We then asked him if it was true that he had advocated similar seizures of the government on a national scale. He thought this over for a moment and he said, "First let me explain that in my personal politics I am a Democrat. I *do* think that our action here must be duplicated in other parts of the country. I'm not in favor of overthrowing the American government, but I am in favor of overthrowing those officials in the American government who are preventing the American people from enjoying their government. To do this, I'm willing to violate statutes and injunctions—if I think they're wrong and un-American."

As we left Barclay's plush office in the modern new mining company headquarters building, we noticed that his car sported the colonel's insignia of a personal aide-de-camp to Governor Browning.

The governor says he cannot act to halt the violence in Polk County until the sheriff has called for help—which, of course, has not been done.

Apparently, however, Browning's inaction will come back to haunt him, for his opponents already are making plans to use the Polk County situation as the principal campaign issue against him. They are circulating a 1950 campaign speech of Browning's, in which he said, "If the time ever comes when I cannot repel flagrant defiance to law and order in my state, I shall resign as its chief executive." And as political writer Fred Travis of the Chattanooga Times Nashville Bureau, pointed out, "Even newspapers which normally have nothing but praise for the Browning administration recently have aimed sharp criticism at the governor for permitting continued anarchy in one of the state's counties."

But Browning is not the only one who has failed to act in the Polk County matter. Republican District Attorney General R. Beecher Witt still has not acted to prosecute anyone in the GGL vote frauds turned up by the legislature last February, claiming he could not get a lead. When we asked



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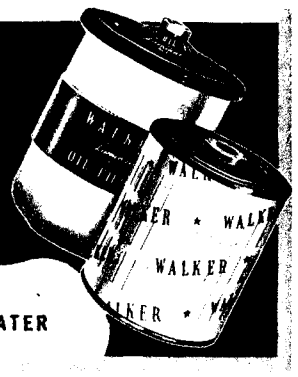

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him, "Don't you think the legislative report would be lead enough?' he replied, "Well, it might be." At that time the report had been available to him for five months.

By the same token, even though Barclay and the GGL were held in contempt of court by Chancellor Woodlee for their defiance of his injunction, no action has been taken to mete out any punishment. The only government agency that has shown any courage thus far is the FBI, which quietly slipped into Polk County early in June for a preliminary inquiry to decide whether or not the U.S. Department of Justice should move in to prosecute the GGL for violating civil rights of the people of the county. At midsummer, the department was still weighing the evidence.

To most neutral observers, such outside intervention looms as the only solution to the Polk County mess. They feel that an impartial external authority must be appointed to supervise Polk County elections, backed by the might of the National Guard and the State Highway Patrol to curb violence, intimidation and fraud. Then, they believe, an outside police power—preferably the newly formed Tennessee Bureau of Investigation—must go into the county to re-establish respect for the law and deter future crimes by arresting and punishing all those guilty of the recent crimes.

These experts point out that of more than 100 killings committed in Polk County in the last 50 years, only a single man was sent to prison and executed—and he merely killed his father, his sister-in-law, another woman and a child, to earn his ticket to the electric chair.

In the meantime, the decent citizens of Polk County continue to suffer. Joe Jerfie, proprietor of the 411 Steak House, says, "Every cent I own is sunk in this restaurant and the mess here is costing me $400 to $500 a month in business. One night, for example, I had a reservation for a party of 11. Only three showed up. The rest were afraid to come." Ed Lowe, who runs the Lake Ocoee Inn, similarly reports that tourist trade has fallen off because his place is so close to the scene of the Polk County murders.

Jerfie, a courageous war veteran who served with the 872d Engineers in the Pacific, says, "I've been trying to sell the place, but I can't get buyers. They come and look and make an offer—and then they say they'd like to wait until the political situation is straightened out. This stinks. I'm getting tired of dodging every time a car passes, and when I leave Polk County, I'm going to wash my hair, my clothes, my car and my shoes, and I never want to see this place again."

Even more vehement was Dr. John H. Lillard, cofounder of the original, well-intentioned GGL. Also a war veteran, and Benton's only full-time practicing physician, the handsome, thirty-nine-year-old doctor, a descendant of pioneer Abe Lillard who settled Polk County in 1830, told us:

"I came back here to practice after I graduated from medical school in 1935 because I was full of ideals. I wanted to serve people in the county. Now I'm leaving. I just don't want to stay here any more. I've been offered a practice in Englewood, Tennessee, and if something doesn't happen to clean up the situation in a few weeks, I'm pulling out with my wife and son. I don't know what in the world they're going to do for a doctor here, but I just can't put up with it any longer."

As the doctor spoke with us, the words poured out of him as if he had been waiting for months to release his pent-up feelings.

"A decent citizen just has no choice here," he said. "Graft and corruption on the one side and political slavery on the other. I guess the second is worse. There's one principle I insist on—a man's right to vote and have it counted. I may hate you and despise you, but you've got as much right to vote as I have; and people just can't vote in this county. I dislike Harry Truman and I voted against him—I'm a Republican—but when he took office, I felt it my duty to abide by his running of the country. He's just as much my President as he is yours—and I didn't resort to ambush and murder and armed mobs to run him out of the White House."

And thus—in the heart of an ordinary citizen—spake one true voice of democracy in Polk County, U.S.A. THE END

Herbert Hoover: "Communism Erupts in Europe"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

But some phases of this attitude had to be resisted.

Within a few hours I found that the greatest famine since the Thirty Years' War did not seem to be of any great immediate concern. Instead, I found myself immediately projected into battles of power politics on three fronts.

First. The British, French and Italian governments were determined to pool all Allied and American economic power for a long period after the peace. Although, with President Wilson's approval, I had cabled them the American rejection of this idea the very first week after the Armistice, they had not yet given up. The general idea was that through their collective power (including that of the United States) over bunker coal, food, shipping and credit, we could jointly force all nations to accept our dictates.

They had it all precisely worked out. The pool was to be managed by the unanimous decisions of a council with four members and a chairman without a vote. The United States, for all its resources, was to be but one of the four—although we were to be given the denatured chairmanship also. They wanted no single American command at the top even of America's own food, credit or ships.

Second. They were determined to reduce the prices of American foodstuffs, or else they would repudiate their buying contracts with us, on the basis of which we were supporting the price guarantees we had given our farmers and Cuba in order to stimulate wartime food production.

Third. They were determined to keep the food blockade not only on Germany and the other enemy states but also on the neutrals and liberated nations, partly to pressure us (by preventing the outlet for our surpluses), partly to use the blockade until enemy countries accepted Allied peace terms.

Lord Reading had been placed in command of the British forces; Clementel, French Minister of Commerce, the French forces; and Crespi, Italian Minister of Provisions and Supplies, the Italian forces. At this first session they displayed a unity that bespoke much prior collaboration.

After the meeting, where I mostly listened, my old friend Lord Eustace Percy of the British Foreign Office came to see me. He told me that Lord Reading and Clementel had authorized him to offer me the chairmanship of the council to control the economic world if I would support its setup. I was to resign my official American positions and to operate the organization from London as a neutral chairman—"It would make you the economic Foch of the world."

The fact was that the British, French and Italians had several and, at times, conflicting objectives in wanting this economic pool. As they themselves were dependent on the United States for food and reconstruction credits, they did not want the President to use these pressures against them in the Peace Conference. They also knew full well the political use to which food and credits could be applied in influencing the conduct of the European nations, and they wanted to share in this power. Finally, they wanted the prestige in those countries of rehabilitation in their joint names.

President's Plan Is Opposed

Through Colonel House a report on the situation was sent to President Wilson. He came back with a simple plan for a single-headed administration of rehabilitation, under which the United States would maintain its identity and control of its own resources, with an Allied advisory committee and co-operation with them. His message produced an explosion.

Lord Reading insisted that the President's plan was no good. I countered by suggesting that we examine what financial support, supplies and shipping each of the four governments would contribute either to relief or to the proposed pool. I added that each might participate in the management in proportion to its contribution.

We went over the same ground each day. My constant question was: What supplies and services would *they* contribute? It was all very wearing. My assurances that the President meant what he said about our purely humanitarian mission did not convince them. These were not motives which had dominated European governments historically. I should have been glad to be loved by the Allies for giving in to their every demand. However, despite our earnest desire to co-operate and co-ordinate with everybody, we got nowhere.

As starvation does not await the outcome of power politics, I decided to attend to the famine and reconstruction and let the power politicians work all by themselves. Having emphasized in a hundred ways our desire to co-operate, we would let it go at that. The American people did not require anybody's permission to undertake this second intervention in Europe.

On December 12th I opened our offices in Paris. My real authority consisted of representing America in this matter. Technically I acted under several authorities. President Wilson had appointed me to do the job. I was United States Food Administrator, chairman of the United States Grain Corporation, the Sugar Equalization Board, and the Belgian Relief Commission. Secretary of the Treasury Carter Glass had agreed to establish individual credits to the liberated countries to enable them to pay me for supplies and transportation. I was also authorized by General Pershing and Admiral Benson to command at any time the services of the American Army and Navy and any of their personnel or surplus supplies.

Altogether it seemed ample authority. It did not occur to the hungry nations to ask whether my activities had been visaed by the Allied governments.

By this single act of launching operations, I did away with the proposals for the pool and Allied control of American resources.

Mr. Wilson arrived in Paris on December 15th. With his approval I drafted a note for the Allied Prime Ministers on his behalf, notifying them that we were in action.

In this note I suggested an advisory council in Paris of representatives of each of the departments concerned from each of the five governments, Belgium now being included. We would thus have their foreign offices, military, shipping, food blockade, supplies and credit departments all represented in one room—if we could find one big enough.

The Allies proposed an elaborate agreement detailing authority and so on which, at President Wilson's instruction, I refused to sign. I proposed that we just co-operate on problems as they arose without any of the protocol or agreements which they constantly pressed for.

The President personally took up the question with Prime Ministers Clemenceau,

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Lloyd George and Orlando. They agreed to the advisory council and also agreed that I should be appointed sole Director of Relief and Rehabilitation, but directly responsible to the "Big Four."

We convened the advisory council and selected a name—the Supreme Council on Relief and Reconstruction.

At its meetings a multitude of functionaries—sometimes 100, each with a portfolio—sat in rows around the walls pushing papers to their numerous superiors at the center table and vigorously taking notes. We Americans carried our documents in our pockets. The many dull and ineffective sessions interfered with the grinding work we had to do. Therefore we arranged shifts among the Americans by which one attended the meeting each day while the others carried on their work.

A New Setup—in Fifty Words

This organization proved so futile a chatterbox that I subsequently went to the Big Four and proposed its abolition, and the substitution of a purely co-ordinating organization of top officials only—men of ministerial stature. On the spot I wrote out a simple resolution of fewer than 50 words setting up the Supreme Economic Council to co-ordinate all economic intergovernmental action during the Armistice—food, shipping, blockade, transportation and finance—without any commitment from anybody.

However, as I reported directly to the Big Four, I used the council only in secondary matters and where we wanted to line up the bureaucrats—if possible.

The suspicion of the Allies of one another was justified. For example, Vance McCormick, chairman of our War Trade Board and now a member of the Supreme Economic Council, on one occasion dropped a bomb in the council by reporting a heavy movement of textiles from France into Germany despite the supposed absolute prohibitions of the blockade. After French denials and demands for proof, he gave the actual number of cars, dates and destinations. The British blew up.

We had another such explosion on my report of the sale—for gold—of some millions of dollars' worth of arms by Italian army officers to the Communist government in Hungary. I was able to state details and even say where the gold was. The Italians on the council, men of high integrity, had the gold seized and turned over to us to buy food.

Thanks to arrangements I had set in motion before leaving Washington, we had more than 100 cargoes arriving or on the seas within 30 days after the Armistice. Admiral Benson agreed that we should ignore the blockade of the liberated countries where we used American flag ships. He told me simply: "Let me know if anybody tries to stop an American ship on these missions."

By careful assignment of these en route cargoes, the liberated countries were able to tide over until the purchase, finance, shipping and internal organization was operating. Because of the blockade, we could do little for the moment in the neutral countries and nothing in the "enemy" countries.

Except for some 20 key men, I had determined to depend on our armed forces in Europe for new personnel. Being made up of every variety of experienced civilian temporarily in uniform, they furnished the greatest recruiting ground on earth. Almost all the men were happy to go with us in order to get out of the deadly routine of French village billets or European ports. General Pershing readily undertook to detail all the personnel we wanted.

One of my earliest appointments was Colonel James Logan, who acted as sort of chief of personnel. In the end we drew about 2,500 officers and men from the Army and Navy.

Pay, titles and definitions of authority were immaterial to our staff, and the opportunity to get the world going again was everything. Those who did not feel this way got short shrift.

Indeed, the thousands of men and women who served with me all through the war and these years were inspired by a crusade to save life and aid mankind groping for freedom. They were young men and women whose futures were before them.

Perhaps their quality is indicated by the positions some attained in afterlife. Four became United States senators; three, governors of their states; three, ambassadors or ministers; one, a congressman; two, Assistant Secretaries of State; six, college or university presidents; seven, heads of great charitable foundations; four, editors of important journals. Six rose to high positions in the Army and Navy, 16 to high positions in the Civil Service, and 31 in time became the heads of important enterprises.

And this is not the full tally, for I cannot recollect them all. There were hundreds of lawyers, writers and engineers who later became outstanding.

In the course of organization, we dispatched American missions to every one of the 18 liberated and enemy countries, and a representative also to the six neutrals. Each mission embraced members who spoke the language of the country. Their job was to set up the machinery of economic rehabilitation. Some were assigned to food problems, some to railways, some to finance and so on.

In a full desire to co-operate, I proposed that the British, French and Italians appoint missions to the countries in which they were particularly interested. Our representatives in these places were always courteous to these missionaries and kept them fully informed. But living was much more pleasant in Paris, and most of these missions faded away from the back countries. Their official consciences were satisfied by occasional visits to our Paris headquarters to ask how things were getting on.

I still glow with the satisfaction of the reception our American staff men received in the countries to which they were sent. It was not just a welcome to Santa Claus, for we required that all who had resources pay for the relief they got.

In each of the liberated and enemy countries new food administrations took control of agriculture, requisitioned all domestic food stocks, added the imports we furnished, and then rationed their people. We set up machinery to see that food reached the people equitably and sufficiently.

Beyond the food problem were problems of currency, finance, railways, coal supplies and renewal of industry. It followed that one of our first necessities was to stiffen or set up economic departments in each of these new governments.

We did not allow the game of power politics to interfere with our work. But it provided a continuous counterpoint. From mid-November, 1918, to mid-March, 1919, I was forced to wage two major battles with the peacemakers.

Lest anyone think the transactions I am about to report are fiction—for such international conduct is difficult to believe—I refer him to the documentation of these matters, which has been published in full. My statements here are far milder, in fact, than appear in the documents.

One battle concerned American food prices: the other, the continuation of the blockade.

I have mentioned the premonitory signs of the Allied desire to break world food prices. They wanted American prices brought down to the levels of the dammed-back supplies in the Indies and the Southern Hemisphere, and they naturally feared the rise of those prices to our levels.

Originally I did not take this talk very seriously, for it would have meant a gigantic breach of good faith, as well as disaster for American farmers.

British Start Food-Price War

But early in December an obviously inspired attack on our food prices appeared in the British press and was promptly echoed in the French.

I answered with a press release, but the censors let very little of it get by.

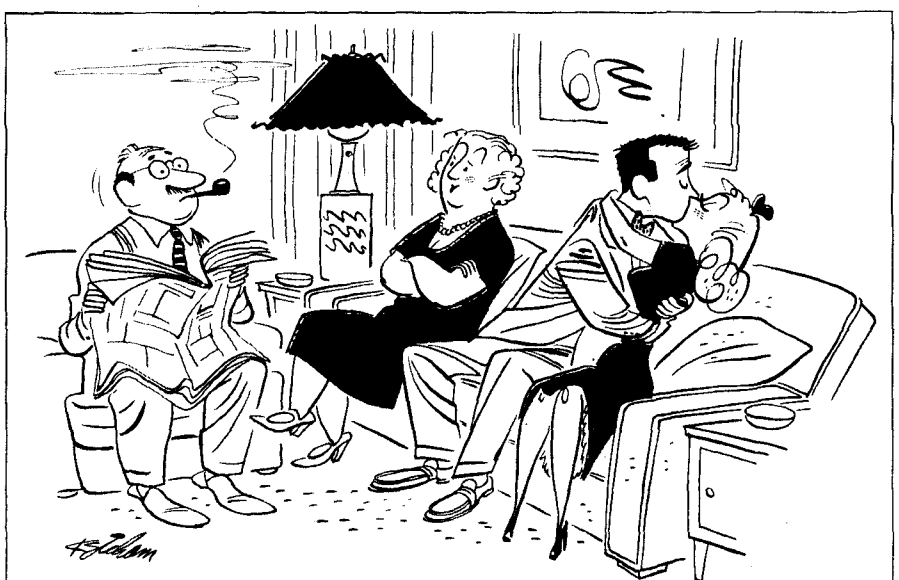
My statement recounted that, in order to provide the breadstuffs and fats sought from us by the Allies to carry them through 1917-1919, we had, with their full approval, guaranteed prices to our farmers on wheat, hogs and some dairy products.

I pointed out that we had not needed to give such guarantees to feed the American people alone, even in wartime, and that the Allies had expressed the greatest gratitude for the American food effort.

Our most dangerous situation now lay in the pork and dairy products, which were perishable, and had to be processed and placed in cold storage. With our increased production, storage in the United States was limited to under 60 days.

In 1918 we had guaranteed our farmers a price of $17.50 per hundred pounds for hogs from that winter and spring farrowing. Their stupendous response began to come to market in September. The guarantee was due to expire in March, 1919. The pigs were coming in numbers never before known. We had 400,000,000 pounds a month of pork products beyond our domestic needs. The only way to dispose of them was a steady movement into Europe.

The moment our storage was filled packers would have to stop buying hogs, and not only would the price of hogs crack, but with them the prices of cattle, animal feeds and every other product. Because of their faith in our guarantees, 10,000 American country banks had made loans to our farmers and merchants to produce and handle these products; they would also crash,



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and the immorality of breaking faith with the farmer was unbearable.

Precisely when the Allies decided to take violent action against us, I do not know. As late as December 15th, the Allied Meats and Fats Executive, the buying agency of the British, French and Italian governments, had confirmed pre-Armistice orders by which they had contracted to take about 240,000,000 pounds of our fats a month for January, February and March, when our guarantees to the American farmer would expire. I was depending on our relief operations to take up the balance of the 400,000,000 pounds a month surplus over our domestic needs.

To get food started into the famine areas, I proposed to the Allied Blockade Council on December 22d that the blockade on food to the neutrals and liberated countries be taken down at once, and that the neutrals be allowed to re-export to Germany and—so that they could get payment for these exports—to import noncompetitive commodities from Germany, mainly dyestuffs and potash, which all the world needed. This proposal was approved the next day, and I proceeded at once to contract for delivery of fats to the neutrals.

However, on December 31st, without my being informed, the blockade agreement was reversed.

Neutrals were notified by the blockade authorities that they could not import the orders which I had accepted. That same day the Fats Executive canceled all their American orders. Nor did the Fats Executive so inform me—I learned of it next day from New York and Chicago. Included in these cancellations were 200,000,000 pounds of bacon, already packed on British order in cures used only by the British.

Allies Move to Break Contract

The Wheat Executive also notified me that they had canceled their written contract with us to take 100,000,000 bushels of wheat from January to March. They contended that morally the contracts were based on continuation of the war, although this was not in the deed. As wheat was not so perishable, our only problem with this grain was to find a place to store our huge surplus.

I was quickly notified from the United States that storage for fats and meat was being crowded, and that the packers must soon stop buying hogs.

I will not cumber this text with the vigorous telegrams, letters and memoranda which passed between myself and the Allied Food officials.

But we were not so helpless as our Allies supposed. I informed the neutrals that the orders they had placed in the United States with my approval would be filled regardless of any blockade measure—thanks to assurances from Admiral Benson and his American Navy that they would not stand for such nonsense.

Knowing the food situation in France and Italy, I could not believe that their Food Administrators could risk an action which might cut off all their supplies and credits from the United States. This quickly proved true. When gently reminded, they repudiated the action of the Fats Executive, early in January placed orders for about 120,000,000 pounds of pork and dairy products a month and also asked that wheat shipments be continued.

To take care of the rest of the stocks affected by the cancellation, we increased Belgian Relief orders by $45,000,000, and I directed the Grain Corporation to buy any surplus fats and wheat and ship them on consignment to me at neutral ports in Europe. Some of these shipments were delivered directly to the liberated countries in defiance of the blockade, as the British did not dare stop American flag ships.

We brought the wheat and fats to Europe as fast as storage in America became overcrowded, and piled them up in Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Antwerp.

Thus we stopped the threatened break in American prices. But during those months I had nightmares about the possible collapse of the American farmer and the country banking system. Not a day went by without urgent and sometimes almost hysterical cables from our Washington offices concerning the tightrope we were walking. To add to our joys, Treasury Secretary Glass got into a panic, wanting to take off the guarantees at once, but Secretary of Agriculture Houston held his hands until the guarantees expired in March.

After they expired, we removed all American trade restraints. By this time the British were out of supplies and had to buy. Competing with other buyers, they forced prices up far above our previous levels. In the meantime we had supplied liberated and neutral countries, and finally, after the blockade relaxed, we shipped the remainder of our stocks in neutral ports to the Germans, who paid in gold. If there is humor in these things, it is that the German population got their fats at lower prices than did the British people.

As to wheat, the British later asked us to restore the 100,000,000-bushel contract because prices in other countries in which they were buying had, because of speculation, risen above our prices. I did so.

My second battle with the Allies concerned the food blockade. They were making much military medicine of the need to maintain the blockade and control of imports and exports as weapons to enforce their peace and economic ideas.

As to the enemy states, this was nonsense; their armies were demobilized and disarmed, while the Allies still had some 10,000,000 men subject to immediate call. As to the liberated countries, the blockade had no purpose except power politics. Nor was there any excuse whatever for continuing the blockade on neutrals.

Collateral to the food blockade was the blockade on other goods, which made it impossible for the blockaded nations to export goods in payment for food. This in turn was creating vast unemployment and economic degeneration—which our organization was supposed to cure.

So far as the neutrals and liberated countries were concerned, the food blockade became a fiction by the end of January, 1919, because of our decision to send food by American flag ships which the British dared not stop. We were also shipping food into Austria through Trieste. So the remaining problem was the blockade on Germany, Turkey, Bulgaria and Hungary. Since these latter three countries had enough domestic supplies to last for some months, the practical issue was Germany alone.

During pre-Armistice negotiations I had proposed that an assurance of food to the enemy be introduced into the Armistice agreement. I had rightly feared that British and French hate fever would continue the blockade. A weak provision had been inserted in the Armistice terms saying that "the Allies contemplated the provisioning of Germany during the Armistice as shall be necessary."

Before leaving the United States, I had stated to the press: ". . . the watertight blockade has got to be abandoned . . . What is desired most now is for Germany to get on some sort of stable basis. . . . Unless anarchy can be put down and stability of government can be obtained in these enemy states, there will be nobody to make peace with and nobody to pay the bill. . . . Famine is the mother of anarchy."

The form in which this statement appeared in the British press after the British censor had done with it is of interest:

"On Saturday, Mr. Hoover sailed for Europe. Before departure he declared it to be unnecessary for the American people to deprive themselves of a single mouthful of food to feed the Germans. He was not worrying about Germany, which could take care of itself, and was not faced with starvation."

The Allies had several objectives in continuing the blockade. One was to inflict more adequate punishment for hideous wrongs done; the common expression was "Germany has not really suffered." Another was to establish the fantastic scheme of postwar control of the economic world; and another, as I have indicated, was to break world prices of food and establish control of prices before Europe's food vacuum was filled. The French did not want Germany or the other enemy states to use any assets to buy food that could otherwise be used for reparations. Both British and French did not want Germany to get into the export business before they had recovered their own markets.

The problem was one of higher statesmanship now struggling against the miasmic atmosphere of Paris. No one justified the war conduct of Germany—least of all myself, who had seen, felt and dealt with the oppression of the Belgians. But if the world were to have peace, it had to choose one of two alternatives—either to destroy the German race or strengthen the democratic forces in Germany in the hope that they might develop a nation of peaceable membership in the family of mankind.

A Note to President Wilson

A few days after President Wilson arrived in Paris on December 15th, I sent him a note outlining the dangerous political situation arising in Germany, and urged immediate action.

Mortality of German children had increased by 30 per cent, of people over seventy by 33 per cent; the entire working population was far below normal weight; crime was rampant and unemployment was enormous.

The liberal young German government was becoming weaker and was in danger on one side from a military revolution, and on the other from the Communists working on the emotions of a hungry people.

On January 1st I sent Mr. Wilson another memorandum, saying:

"In a broad sense, there is no longer any military or naval value attaching to the maintenance of the blockade of food on enemy territory . . . The political values may be entirely destroyed by its present harsh action."

Mr. Wilson endorsed this in his own hand: "To these conclusions I entirely agree. W. W."

Finally the President raised the whole question in a meeting of the Big Four on January 13th. I sat in a small chair behind the President's right shoulder. Vance McCormick, who had, with me, argued up and down and round again in various Allied committees, was behind him to the left. The Allied officials likewise sat behind their Prime Ministers.

To coach our champions we had to poke our heads out from behind. This bobbing of heads conducting a synthetic debate, where our principals did not know the technology nor the vast intrigues behind plain issues, was a little difficult.

The President made a strong presentation and we managed to get a decision endorsing the principle that the Germans were to have food, and that if nothing else could be done they could pay gold and export limited quantities of commodities.

I thought that at least a door in the blockade was open. It wasn't.

The Blockade Council refused to give the necessary orders. The British navy refused to allow ships to go into Germany. The British and French occupation armies refused to allow us to ship supplies from our port stocks across the German frontiers. Every day we were given the runaround from one authority to another on some pretext.

On February 1st, President Wilson agreed to raise the whole question again with the Big Four. He asked for another memorandum to refresh his memory on the arguments. I gave him the following: "Dear Mr. President:

. . . There is no right in the law of God or man that we should longer continue to starve people now that we have a surplus of food. . . . I am confident that no action is possible except of a mandatory character from the top."

The President duly took up the question with the Allied Prime Ministers and they duly agreed to my tentative program, which included 300,000 tons of cereals and 70,000 tons of fat monthly to Germany.

But there was no action, immediate or otherwise.

Then, on March 7th, British Prime Minister Lloyd George asked me to call. With

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him was General Plumer, commander of the British occupation army in Germany. General Plumer was in a state of emotion rare for a Briton. He announced to me in tragic tones that Germany must have food. That was no news to me.

What he went on to say, however, was helpful. He reported that the rank and file of his army were sick and discontented and wanted to go home because they just could not stand the sight of hordes of skinny and bloated children pawing over the offal from the British cantonments. His soldiers were actually depriving themselves to feed those kids. I reinforced his arguments by mentioning the Communist governments now in possession of Munich, Hamburg and Stettin.

After Plumer left, Lloyd George demanded to know why I did not send in food. He said I had been appointed to that job. Thereupon, with some lack of restraint, I turned on a torrent of expressions as to his own British officials and the French that he ought to have remembered until the day he died.

I reviewed their lack of co-operation and their universal sabotage and made it about as clear as words and strong emotion would convey. I reviewed the grasping and trickster attitudes of his British minions as well as of the French officials engaged in obstruction—and I named names.

Lloyd George's tone and attitude changed entirely. He inquired if I would deliver "parts of that speech" to the Big Four. I said I would be delighted, but that it would carry much more weight if it came from him. He took copious notes.

Some days before meeting with Lloyd George, I had redrafted a proposed agreement with the Germans covering all points of food, ships and finance in order to meet as many honest objections as possible. I presented it to Lord Robert Cecil, whom Lloyd George put in complete command of the British economic representatives in Paris, as "the understanding to end all understandings."

The Big Four meeting the next day was a real occasion. The published minutes greatly soften most of the pungency of the language, particularly my own.

Recriminations by M. Klotz

This time the Big Four sat in judgment on higher seats at one end of the room and our battalions sat in scattered national groups. Cecil, at my suggestion, read my proposed agreement and endorsed it. Then the French Minister of Finance, Klotz, charged the British with desertion. The only thing the Germans had with which to buy food promptly was gold. Klotz charged the United States with being food merchants trying to sell our wares for gold, with great emphasis on the word gold. He made an appeal for this gold for France. (Some years later Klotz was sent to jail for swindling.)

The debate reached a point where Lloyd George waded in with an amplification of his notes of the day before. He declared that the Big Four had settled this whole principle two months before, and that he now found that the functionaries of the various governments were not obeying orders.

Lloyd George's additions to my speech to him of the day before were effective. But his performance had a large element of intellectual laxity. His own officials were as responsible as the French, and the French were very sore at his laying all the blame upon them.

At any rate, the Big Four ordered my proposed agreement with the Germans applied forthwith.

To present the formula to the Germans they appointed a delegation to be headed by a British admiral, Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, chosen because the British navy had managed the sea blockade.

The meeting was held at a Brussels hotel. The British, French and Italians sent huge delegations of much pomp and circumstance. I went as head of an American delegation, composed of only Henry M. Robinson, Hugh Gibson and Lewis Strauss. We met the Germans on March 13th and 14th.

Wemyss, a stranger to international negotiations, was a very formal and precise old sailor who considered that he embodied His Majesty the King on this occasion. Henry Robinson for years afterward recounted the admiral's meeting with me in the hotel lobby. He said to me arrogantly, "Young man, I don't see why you Americans want to feed these Germans." My impudent reply was: "Old man, I don't understand why you British want to starve women and children after they are licked." We held no more informal conversations.

Hatred of Germany Flares Up

When the door for food to Germany opened, I promptly found hate so livid on the Allied side and also in some parts of America as to force me to issue a statement justifying my actions. Representing but a summary of the arguments I had been using daily for four months, it said in part:

"WHY ARE WE FEEDING GERMANY? From the point of view of my Western upbringing, I would say at once, because we do not kick a man in the stomach after we have licked him.

"From the point of view of an economist, I would say because there are seventy millions of people who must either produce or die, that their production is essential to the world's future and that they cannot produce unless they are fed . . .

"Let us not befog our minds with the idea that we are feeding Germany out of charity. She is paying for her food . . .

"Taking it by and large, our face is forward, not backward on history. We and our children must live with these seventy million Germans. No matter how deeply we may feel at the present moment, our vision must stretch over the next hundred years and we must write now into history such acts as will stand creditably in the minds of our grandchildren."

We at once started food moving from our great stocks in neutral ports, and ordered several cargoes of food then at sea into German harbors. To the astonishment of the Germans some cargoes arrived before they had sent the gold to pay for them. That America showed even so minor a mark of confidence in their new liberal regime appeared in large type in their press.

But we had lost four months' time, and the problems in Germany had in the meantime multiplied.

The loss to the Allies was incalculable. The Germans never ceased to use the continuation of the food blockade as a propaganda weapon to poison their own people and the world.

The maintenance of the food blockade until March, 1919—four months after the Armistice—was a crime in statesmanship, and a crime against civilization as a whole. No one who reads the documents of the time—the minutes of a hundred tense meetings—will ever charge that crime against America. And yet we in America have had to suffer from the infections of degeneration, revenge and bitterness which for a generation poisoned German life.

Nations can take philosophically the hardships of war. But when they lay down their arms and surrender on assurances that they may have food for their women and children, and then find that this worst instrument of attack on them is maintained—then hate never dies. The mine the peacemakers of the world had planted blew up in their faces in after years.

Putting postwar Europe back on its feet also meant tangling with irate queens, would-be kings, power-mad Communists and assorted other folk. How Mr. Hoover dealt with them all is told in a dramatic chapter next week. Order your Collier's today

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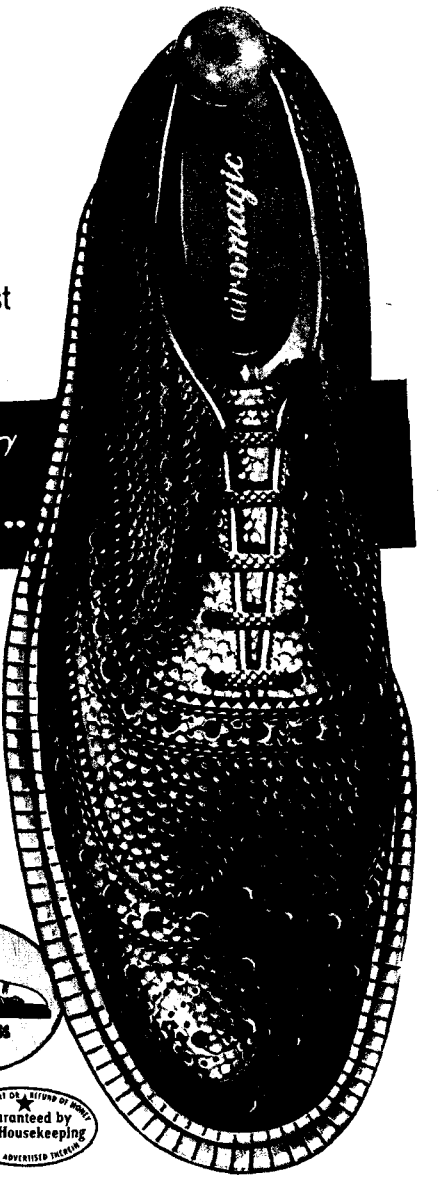

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TRY IT!

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No lather
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The Foster Portfolio

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

are bound in Manila covers. Herbert's was done up in red leatherette.

It arrived at my place on a Saturday afternoon, and I called up Herbert to ask if I could bring it out. I had exciting news for him. My by-eye estimate of the values had been off, and his portfolio, as of that day, was worth close to eight hundred and fifty thousand.

"I've got the analysis and recommendations," I said, "and things look good, Mr. Foster—*very* good. You need a little diversification here and there, and maybe more emphasis on growth, but—"

"Just go ahead and do whatever needs to be done," he said.

"When could we talk about this? It's something we ought to go over together, certainly. Tonight would be fine with me."

"I work tonight."

"Overtime at the wholesale house?"

"Another job—in a restaurant. Work Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights."

I rolled my eyes. The man had maybe seventy-five dollars a day coming in from his securities, and he worked three nights a week to make ends meet! "Monday?"

"Play organ for choir practice at the church."

"Tuesday?"

"Volunteer Fire Department drill."

"Wednesday?"

"Play piano for folk dancing at the church."

"Thursday?"

"Movie night for Alma and me."

"When, then?"

"You go ahead and do whatever needs to be done."

"Don't you want to be in on what I'm doing?"

"Do I have to be?"

"I'd feel better if you were."

"All right, Tuesday noon, lunch."

"Fine with me. Maybe you'd better have a good look at this report before then, so you can have questions ready."

He sounded annoyed. "Okay, okay, okay. I'll be here tonight until nine. Drop it off before then."

"One more thing, Herbert." I'd saved the kicker for last. "I was way off about what the stocks are worth. They're now up to about eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Um."

"I said, you're about a hundred thousand dollars richer than you thought!"

"Uh-huh. Well, you just go ahead and do whatever needs to be done."

"Yes, sir." The phone was dead.

I WAS delayed by other business, and I didn't get out to the Fosters' until quarter of ten. Herbert was gone. Alma answered the door, and, to my surprise, she asked for the report, which I was hiding under my coat.

"Herbert said I wasn't supposed to look at it," she said, "so you don't need to worry about me peeking."

"Herbert told you about this?" I said carefully.

"Yes. He said it's confidential reports on stocks you want to sell him."

"Yes, uh-huh—well, if he said to leave it with you, here it is."

"He told me he had to promise you not to let *anybody* look at it."

"Mmm? Oh, yes, yes. Sorry, company rules."

She was a shade hostile. "I'll tell you one thing without looking at any reports, and that is he's not going to cash those bonds to buy any stocks with."

"I'd be the last one to recommend that, Mrs. Foster."

"Then why do you keep after him?"

"He may be a good customer at a later date." I looked at my hands, which I realized had become ink-stained on the earlier call. "I wonder if I might wash up?"

Reluctantly, she let me in, keeping as far away from me as the modest floor plan would permit.

As I washed up, I thought of the list of securities Herbert had taken from between the plasterboard walls. Those securities meant winters in Florida, *filet mignon* and twelve-year-old bourbon, Jaguars, silk underwear and handmade shoes, a trip around the world. . . . Name it; Herbert Foster could have it. I sighed heavily. The soap in the Foster soap dish was mottled and dingy—a dozen little chips moistened and pressed together to make a new bar.

I thanked Alma, and started to leave. On my way out, I paused by the mantel to look at a small tinted photograph. "Good picture of you," I said. A feeble effort at public relations. "I like that."

"Everybody says that. It isn't me; it's Herbert's mother."

"Amazing likeness." And it was. Herbert had married a girl just like the girl that married dear old dad. "And this picture is his father?"

"My father. We don't want a picture of his father."

This looked like a sore point that might prove informative. "Herbert is such a wonderful person, his father must have been wonderful, too, eh?"

"He deserted his wife and child. That's how wonderful he was. You'll be smart not to mention him to Herbert."

"Sorry. Everything good about Herbert comes from his mother?"

"She was a saint. She taught Herbert to be decent and respectable and God-fearing." Alma was a little grim about it.

"Was she musical, too?"

"He gets that from his father. But what he does with it is something quite different. His taste in music is his mother's—the classics."

"His father was a jazz man, I take it?" I hinted.

"He preferred playing piano in dives, and breathing smoke and drinking gin, to his wife and child and home and job. Herbert's mother finally said he had to choose one life or the other."

I nodded sympathetically. Maybe Herbert looked on his fortune as filthy, untouchable, since it came from his father's side of the family. "This grandfather of Herbert's, who died two years ago—?"

"He supported Herbert and his mother after his son deserted them. Herbert worshiped him." She shook her head sadly. "He was penniless when he died."

"What a shame."

"I'd so hoped he would leave us a little something, so Herbert wouldn't have to work week ends."

WE WERE trying to talk above the clatter, tinkle and crash of the cafeteria where he ate every day. The lunch was on me—or on my expense account—and I'd picked up his check for eighty-seven cents. I said, "Now, Herbert, before we go any further, we'd better decide what you want from your investments: growth or income." It was a cliché of the counseling business. God knows what *he* wanted from the securities. It didn't seem to be what everybody else wanted—money.

"Whatever you say," Herbert said absently. He was upset about something, and not paying much attention to me.

"Herbert—look, you've got to face this thing. You're a rich man. You've got to concentrate on making the most of your holdings."

"That's why I called you. I want *you* to concentrate. I want you to run things for me, so I won't have to bother with the deposits and proxies and taxes. Don't trouble me with it at all."

"Your lawyers have been banking the dividends, eh?"

"Most of them. Took out thirty-two dollars for Christmas, and gave a hundred to the church."

"So what's your balance?"

He handed me the deposit book.

"Not bad," I said. Despite his Christmas splurge and largess toward the church, he'd managed to salt away $50,227.33. "May I ask what a man with a balance like that can be blue about?"

"Got bawled out at work again."

"Buy the place and burn it down," I suggested.

"I could, couldn't I?" A wild look came into his eyes, then disappeared.

"Herbert, you can do anything your heart desires."

"Oh, I suppose so. It's all in the way you look at it."

I leaned forward. "How *do* you look at it, Herbert?"

"I think every man, for his own self-respect, should earn what he lives on."

"But, Herbert—"

"I have a wonderful wife and child, a nice house for them, and a car. And I've earned every penny of the way. I'm living up to the full measure of my responsibilities. I'm proud to say I'm everything my mother wanted me to be, and nothing my father was."

"Do you mind my asking what your father was?"

"I don't enjoy talking about him. Home and family meant nothing to him. His real love was for low-down music and honky-tonks, and for the trash in them."

"Was he a good musician, do you think?"

"Good?" For an instant, there was excitement in his voice, and he tensed, as though he were going to make an important point. But he relaxed again. "Good?" he repeated, flatly this time. "Yes, in a crude way, I suppose he was passable—technically, that is."

"And that much you inherited from him."

"His wrists and hands, maybe. God help me if there's any more of him in me."

"You've got his love of music, too."

"I love music, but I'd never let it get like dope to me!" he said, with more force than seemed necessary.

"Uh-huh. Well—"

"Never!"

"Beg your pardon?"

His eyes were wide. "I said I'll never let music get like dope to me. It's important to me, but I'm master of it, and not the other way around."

APPARENTLY it was a treacherous subject, so I switched back to the matter of his finances. "Yes, well, now about your portfolio again: just what use do you expect to make of it?"

"Use some of it for Alma's and my old age; leave most of it to the boy."

"The least you can do is take enough out of the kitty to let you out of working week ends."

He stood up suddenly. "Look. I want you to handle my securities, not my life. If you can't do one without the other, I'll find someone who can."

"Please, Herbert, Mr. Foster. I'm sorry, sir. I was only trying to get the whole picture for planning."

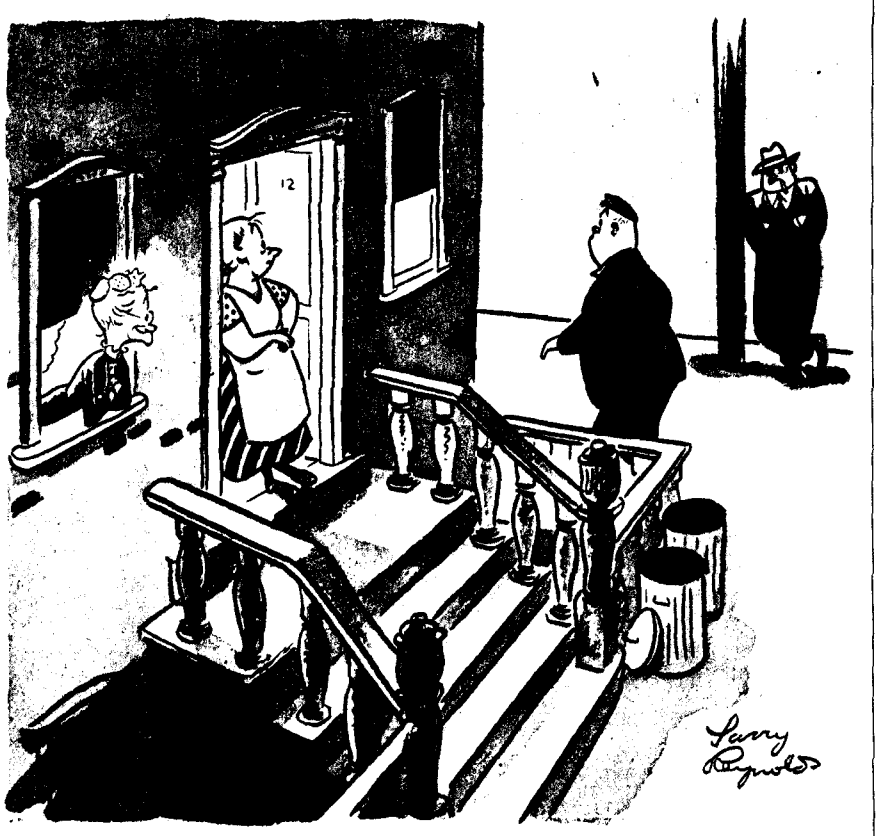
He sat down, red-faced. "All right then, respect my convictions. I want to make my own way. If I have to hold a second job to make ends meet, then that's my cross to bear."

"Sure, sure, certainly. And you're dead right, Herbert. I respect you for it." I thought he belonged in the bughouse for it. "You leave everything to me from now on. I'll invest those dividends and run the whole show." As I puzzled over Herbert, I glanced at a passing blonde. Herbert said something I missed. "What was that, Herbert?"

"I said, 'If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee.' "

I laughed appreciatively, then cut it short. Herbert was deadly serious. "Well, pretty soon you'll have the car paid for,

BUTCH



"Oh, I never worry about Butch. The police are always so nice about keeping an eye on him when he's out nights"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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and then you can take a well-earned rest on the week ends. And you'll really have something to be proud of, eh? Earned the whole car by the sweat of your brow, right down to the tip of the exhaust pipe."

"One more payment."

"*Then* by-by, restaurant."

"There'll still be Alma's birthday present to pay for. I'm getting her television."

"Going to earn that, too, are you?"

"Think how much more meaningful it will be as a gift, if I do."

"Yes, sir, and it'll give her something to do on week ends, too."

"If I have to work week ends for twenty-eight more months, God knows it's little enough to do for her."

If the stock market kept doing what it had been doing for the past three years, Herbert would be a millionaire just about the time he made the last payment on Alma's birthday present. "Fine."

"I love my family," Herbert said earnestly.

"I'm sure you do."

"And I wouldn't trade the life I've got for anything."

"I can certainly see why." I suddenly had the impression that he was arguing with me, that it was important to him that I be convinced.

"When I consider what my father was, and then see the life I've made for myself, it's the biggest thrill in all my experience."

A very small thrill could qualify for the biggest in Herbert's experience, I thought. "I envy you. It must be gratifying."

"Gratifying," he repeated determinedly. "It is, it is, it is."

MY FIRM began managing Herbert's portfolio, converting some of the slower-moving securities into more lucrative ones, investing the accumulated dividends, diversifying his holdings so he'd be in better shape to weather economic shifts—and in general making his fortune altogether shipshape. A sound portfolio is a thing of beauty in its way, aside from its cash value. Putting one together is a creative act, if done right, with solid major themes of industrials, rails and utilities, and with the lighter, more exciting themes of electronics, frozen foods, magic drugs, oil and gas, aviation and other more speculative items. Herbert's portfolio was our masterpiece. I was thrilled and proud of what the firm had done, and not being able to show it off, even to him, was depressing.

It was too much for me, and I decided to engineer a coincidence. I would find out in which restaurant Herbert worked, and then drop in, like any other citizen, for something to eat. I would happen to have a report on his overhauled portfolio with me.

I telephoned Alma, who told me the name of the place, one I'd never heard of. Herbert hadn't wanted to talk about the place, so I gathered that it was pretty grim —as he said, his cross to bear.

It was worse than I'd expected: tough, brassy, dark and noisy. Herbert had picked one hell of a place, indeed, to do penance for a wayward father, or to demonstrate his gratitude to his wife, or to maintain his self-respect by earning his own way—or to do whatever it was he was doing there.

I elbowed my way between bored-looking women and race-track types to the bar. I had to shout at the bartender to be heard. When I did get through to him, he yelled back that he'd never heard of no Herbert Foster. Herbert, then, was about as minor an employee as there was in the establishment. He was probably doing something greasy in the kitchen or basement. Typical.

In the kitchen, a crone was making questionable-looking hamburgers, and nipping at a quart of beer.

"I'm looking for Herbert Foster."

"Ain' no damn' Herbert Foster in here."

"In the basement?"

"Ain' no damn' basement."

"Ever hear of Herbert Foster?"

"Ain' never heard of no damn' Herbert Foster."

"Thanks."

I sat in a booth to think it over. Herbert had apparently picked the joint out of a telephone book, and told Alma it was where he spent his week-end evenings. In a way, it made me feel better, because it began to look as though Herbert maybe had better reasons than he'd given me for letting eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars get musty. I remembered that every time I'd mentioned his giving up the week-end job, he'd reacted like a man hearing a dentist tune up his drill. I saw it now: the minute he let Alma know he was rich, he'd lose his excuse for getting away from her on week ends.

But what was it that was worth more to Herbert than eight hundred and fifty thousand? Binges? Dope? Women? I sighed, and admitted I was kidding myself, that I was no closer to the answer than I'd ever been. Moral turpitude on Herbert's part was inconceivable. Whatever he was up to, it had to be for a good cause. His mother had done such a thorough job on him, and he was so awfully ashamed of his father's failings, that I was sure he couldn't operate any other way but righteously. I gave up on the puzzle, and ordered a nightcap.

And then Herbert Foster, looking drab and hunted, picked his way through the crowd. His expression was one of disapproval, of a holy man in Babylon. He was oddly stiff-necked and held his arms at his sides as he pointedly kept from brushing against anyone or from meeting any of the gazes that fell upon him. There was no question that being in the place was absolute, humiliating hell for him.

I called to him, but he paid no attention. There was no communicating with him. Herbert was in a near coma of see-no-evil, speak-no-evil, hear-no-evil.

The crowd in the rear parted for him, and I expected to see Herbert go into a dark corner for a broom or a mop. But a light flashed on at the far end of the aisle the crowd made for him, and a tiny white piano sparkled there like jewelry. The bartender set a drink on the piano, and went back to his post.

Herbert dusted off the piano bench with his handkerchief, and sat down gingerly. He took a cigarette from his breast pocket and lighted it. And then the cigarette started to droop slowly from his lips; and, as it drooped, Herbert hunched over the keyboard and his eyes narrowed as though he were focusing on something beautiful on a faraway horizon.

Startlingly, Herbert Foster disappeared. In his place sat an excited stranger, his hands poised like claws. Suddenly he struck, and a spasm of dirty, low-down, gorgeous jazz shook the air, a hot wraith of the twenties.

LATE that night I went over my masterpiece, the portfolio of Herbert Foster, alias "Firehouse" Harris. I hadn't bothered Firehouse with it or with myself.

In a week or so, there would be a juicy melon from one of his steel companies. Three of his oil stocks were paying extra dividends. The farm machinery company in which he owned five thousand shares was about to offer him rights worth three dollars apiece.

Thanks to me and my company and an economy in full bloom, Herbert was about to be several thousand dollars richer than he'd been a month before. I had a right to be proud, but my triumph—except for the commission—was gall and wormwood.

Nobody could do anything for Herbert.

Herbert already had what he wanted, long before the inheritance or I intruded. He had the respectability his mother had hammered into him. But just as priceless as that was an income not quite big enough to go around. It left him no alternative but —in the holy names of wife, child and home—to play piano in a dive, and breathe smoke and drink gin, to be Firehouse Harris, his father's son, three nights out of seven.

THE END

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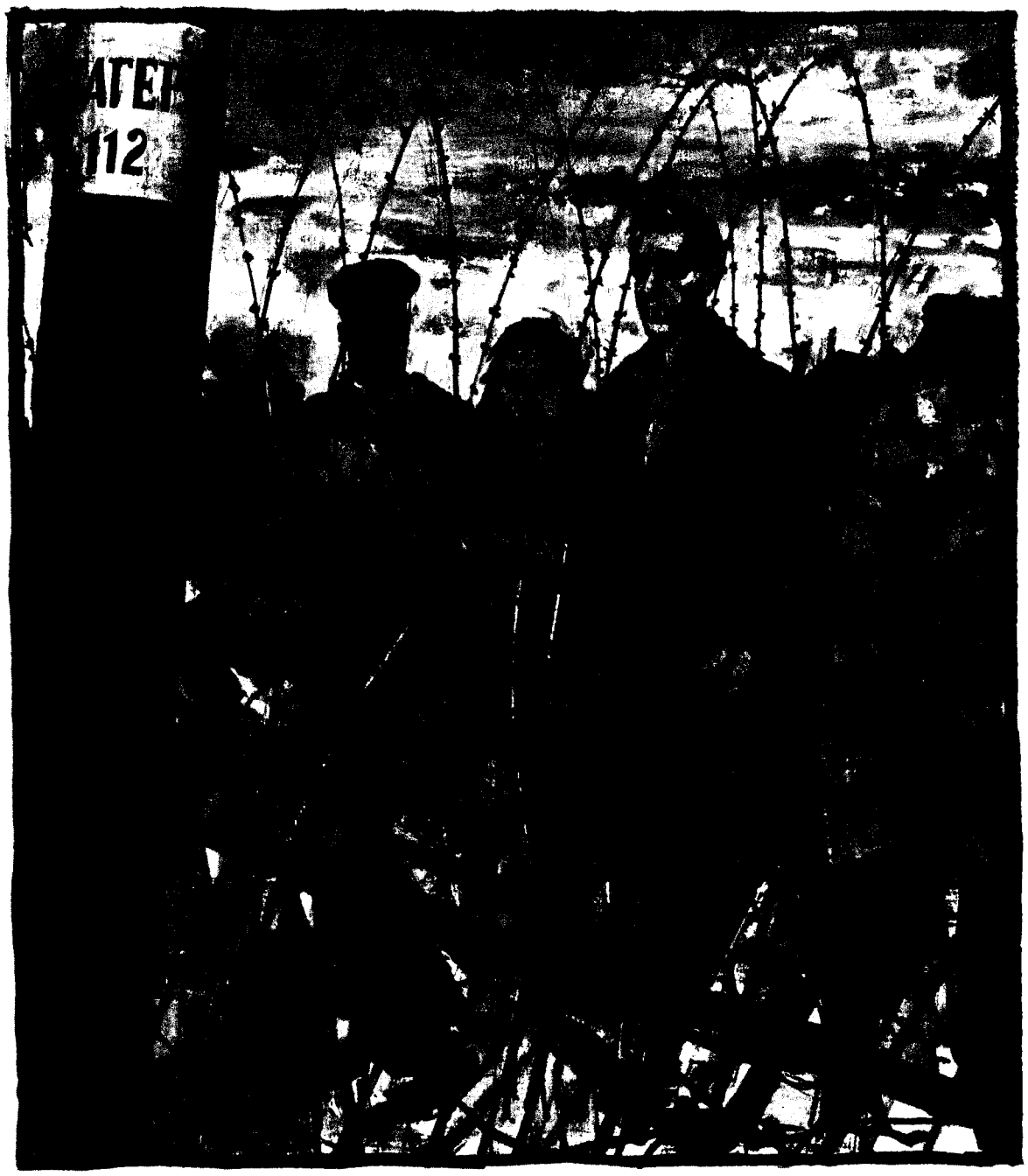

DAVID BERGER

"Personal Freedom" in Russia

IN HIS LETTER to the Russian people which was published in Pravda, British Foreign Secretary Morrison had something to say about his countrymen's personal liberties and Russia's labor camps. In reply, Pravda stated that "in no country is there such freedom of speech, freedom of the press or personal freedom, freedom of organizations, for workers, farmers, intellectuals, as in the Soviet Union." Prisons and labor camps, Pravda explained, exist only for "enemies of the people, for the landlords and capitalists overthrown by the revolution . . . for incorrigible thieves, for subversive agents sent in by foreign secret services, for the criminals who shot at Lenin, who killed Volodarsky, Uritsky, Kirov, poisoned Maxim Gorky and Kuibishev."

Now, the number of inmates in Russian prisons and labor camps runs into the millions. A Russian who had served time in one of those camps and later escaped to freedom from a German prison camp put the figure, in a letter to this magazine, at 30,000,000. (The prison population of the United States is around 160,000.) So there are only two conclusions to be drawn from Pravda's statements quoted above. Either the Utopian Soviet Union has a surprising number of kleptomaniacs and outdated desperadoes who took pot shots at old Bolshevik heroes, or the Russian propagandists are liars.

Most of the free Western World, we believe, holds the latter view. We are encouraged in that belief by the decision of the UN Economic and Social Council to investigate, along with the International Labor Organization, the conditions governing forced labor wherever it exists.

No one should have any illusions about Russia's attitude toward this inquiry. The Soviets have opposed it from the beginning. They will continue to oppose it, and they will not permit any firsthand investigation by a UN commission. But the project is not hopeless, for it can expose to an indignant world one of the most brutal, heartless episodes of history.

The Russians may lie about the number and type of people they arrest, but they have never denied the existence of their labor camps or their use of forced labor. These camps, they claim, are instruments of "political re-education," and their operation is held to be purely an internal, administrative matter.

But there is a weight of sober evidence to the contrary. Opposition, active or passive, mild or serious, anywhere behind the Iron Curtain, is a crime in the Russian rulers' eyes. And in punishing opposition, the Kremlin has borrowed several pages from the Nazi book of horrors. If the Kremlin lacks anything in sadistic cruelty, it has made up for it in numbers. The Russian government does not waste its prisoners in gas-chamber slaughter. It submits them to the slower torture of slave labor. It cannot be too efficient labor, but it is cheap. And it is a basic factor in the Soviet economic structure, a structure erected upon a foundation of human misery.

Slave labor, of course, is only part of the picture. In Collier's June 30th issue, William Attwood and Seymour Freidin told the shocking story of the systematic slaughter, on a quota basis, of citizens of the Baltic States in the article, Why Stalin Must Be Tried for Murder. Recent reports from Russia, bolstered by Soviet publications and maps, indicate that the Kremlin has banished or liquidated the entire population of seven minority groups within Russia during the last few years. More than a million war prisoners are still believed to be held by the Soviets.

The full history of this reign of terror cannot be known as long as the present Russian government endures and maintains its current attitude. But, as in the case of the Nazis, there are survivors who have escaped the terror. Israel, for instance, has many of them. Their combined experience can add up to documented, damning information against the Politburo. A careful and fearless collection of this information by the UN can help to counteract Soviet propaganda. And this is important, even though it cannot free the pitiful victims of Russia's secret police or lift the sorrow of the millions of families who have seen members disappear into the darkness of police-state oblivion.

There are many countries today, particularly in Asia, which are listening with interest and indecision to the Communists' sirupy promises of a better life. A factual, impartial investigation by a representative international group within the UN can do much to show those fence-sitters the frightful facts behind the empty promises. It can add a new and powerful weapon to the guns, dollars and diplomacy which are the present defense against the spread of world Communism.

Don't Be a Sucker

BY WAY OF POSTSCRIPT to Lester Velie's two-part series on Abner Zwillman, "The Man to See" in New Jersey, which ended last week, we'd like to quote the concluding sentences: "Zwillman used everything he acquired in the underworld—riches, connections, organized methods—to achieve his present influence. He began at the local level—his local ward, his home town. If the people of New Jersey want to get rid of the Zwillmans, big and little, they might do well to start in the same place."

It's no secret that a lot of illegal, million-dollar fortunes wouldn't have been made if millions of suckers hadn't contributed toward making gambling a multibillion-dollar industry. Nobody forces anybody else to play the horses or the numbers or roulette, or to shoot craps. But the suckers do it, and the gambling fortunes grow. The bosses' influence grows with their wealth, they turn "legitimate" and infiltrate political parties, and we all share in the harvest of corrupt government. Moral: If there were fewer two-buck suckers, the country would need fewer Kefauver investigations.

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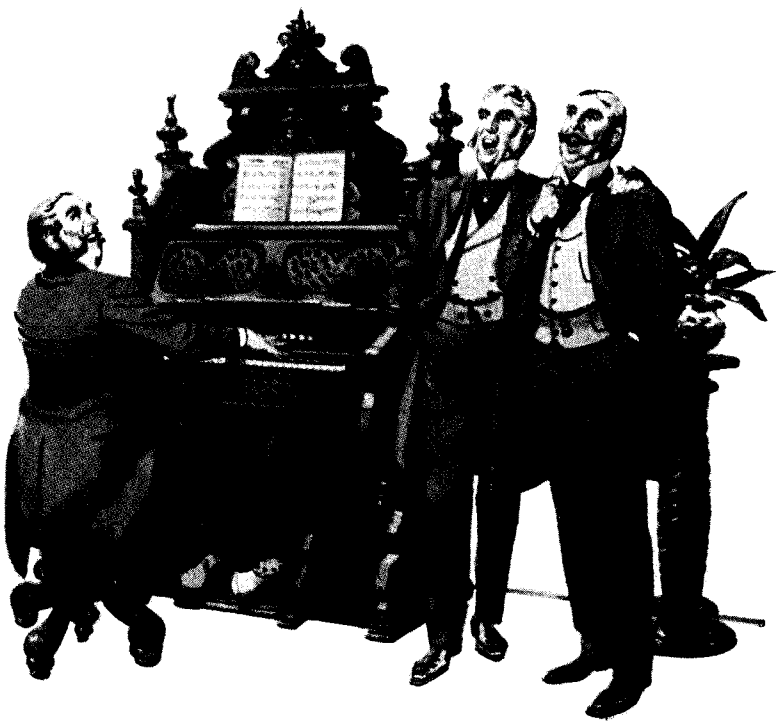
Round the organ in the parlor—

'Round the organ in the parlor
Many times folks gathered there

To taste the joys of friendship
And of old-time whiskey rare



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Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC. PEORIA - ILLINOIS

Just tell the man you want

IMPERIAL

Hiram Walker's 93 years at fine whiskey-making makes Imperial good!

Blended whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

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Joan Crawford says—

"I've tried them all

Camels

"I wanted a cigarette with rich **flavor** that agreed with my throat. Camels have a wonderful flavor and the **mildness** I demand!"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Test Camels in your "T-Zone"

(T FOR THROAT, T FOR TASTE)

Try them for 30 days and you'll know why Camel is America's most popular cigarette!

MILLIONS MUST AGREE — BECAUSE CAMEL LEADS ALL OTHER BRANDS!

Smokers all over the country have made the sniff test, the puff test — *and* the thorough 30-day Camel test to find out the score on cigarette mildness.

Now, after *all* the mildness tests, the smoke has cleared and Camel has its biggest lead in popularity in 25 years! The latest published figures show that *Camel leads all other brands by billions of cigarettes!*

Joan Crawford made her own 30-day Camel test — and compared for mildness and flavor. So have many other smokers. Start your own *sensible* 30-day Camel test today. Enjoy Camel's rich, full flavor — a flavor no other cigarette has. And see just how mild a cigarette can be — pack after pack, week after week!

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking CAMELS!

THAT'S WHAT NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORTED IN A COAST-TO-COAST TEST OF HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE WHO SMOKED ONLY CAMELS FOR 30 DAYS!

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